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BE QUIET ! WORDS

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I thought I would write something-

But a sudden strong wind came, at the end of night, at the moment of falling stars;

All my thoughts were crumbled and ranged a sad tune in my mind guitar.

I thought I would write something-

But a deep depression came, at the moment of dousing the last light, at the moment of decimating the last sight;

All my eyes were awakened and shed drops of tears in my face white.

I thought I would write something-

But a formless expression came, at the moment of painting with colors, at the moment of sketching with brushes;

All my words were broken and burst into my hand glasses.

Then!

I look at my own drowsy eyes,

I begin to walk in soundless silence in sighs.

I have been away from words for a long time,

The clamors around them are not the residents of my rhyme.



The words that I have embraced and applauded,

They are now living in abroad, I feel neglected,

They have no desire to return to native home, I feel ignored.

So many words die prematurely,

Words are difficult today truly.

Who knows where they hide, in whose sleeve;

Words those are now popular, none of them came to poet's believe.

I have seen protesting with words, standing together;

But those words are fleeing like bird's feather.

Becoming a protester I am only having lack of words;

I decide, I will not wait for words to receive awards;

Rather, I will make my own word-world and those words will design my new rewards.



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