



07

**TODAY**

*Subhadip Das*

*Assistant Professor*

*Government General Degree College  
Muragachha, Dist. Nadia, W.B., India*

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You walk down the streets lit with halogen,  
And wonder how things have changed  
They are charred barbecue and drunken men.  
With success and accomplished dreams that's how it was arranged,  
I have no answer to things as such  
People chase stars and like stars they often disappear.  
And like stars they too are sporadic brilliant much  
So distant so far so disillusioned that faith is entwined within only seen  
by a seer.  
But I on other hand can't afford to remain expensive.  
And mysteries of world? Well I am too small and too attached  
I am a red balloon in the night sky and I do not think some high hill sage  
will count watching me in his years pensive.  
Do you think neon and stars are mismatched?  
I would rather be called neon light of a drunken bar...  
Where a broken heart may stare for long days of his broken heart  
His perfect tear and perfect scar  
will be the stars and I will come to you like the Blue Rider Art.



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