

06

THE VISUAL

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I placed the butterfly
On my palm,
Sensing the motion of its nerves;
Crawling, pausing
The eyeballs of it
Radiated light
The light got reflected into my eyes
And took the structure of a colourful lung;

It reminded me of
The day when a bird sat on my shoulder,
Shedding off its feather
It was saying some soft vowels
That was beyond my grasp.

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The noise of a loitering soul in the hallway
Hit me hard
Hit at my brain
Brought back

Literary Cognizance

ISSN- 2395-7522 (Online) Imp. Fact.6.21 (IIJF)

An International Refereed / Peer Reviewed
e-Journal of English Language, Literature & Criticism

Vol.- V, Issue- 4, March 2025



My consciousness into reality,
And made me realize
I was standing
In front of a painting
And stayed there
For the next few time.



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To Cite the Poem: Dutta, Srijani. "The Visual." *Literary Cognizance*, V-4 (March, 2025): 16-17. Web.

