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GORY GULAL

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Red splatters first, murky as the stains of blood,
That was like a crimson tide sweeping the ground where she trod.

Not bridal grace, nor vermilion bright,
But the hushed cry on a bruised face.

Pale gold, like the promise she draped,
Now withers behind a barred door.

Sunlight sealed in jail walls-
A lament unheard, a retribution halted.

Green once blossomed where torrents ran,
Now polluted by a brutal hand.

Lush fields turned vacant, dead,
As rapacity swallows what hunger bred.

Blue, the horizon of liberty lost,
Chained by shackles-a burdened cost.

Dreams melt in the burning rain,
As oppressors dance on the public's pain.

And yet, they play, they laugh, they cheer,
Flooding the roads in revelrous smear.

But crimson remains-abyssal, unclean-
The hues of the atrocities are unseen.



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Composition Received: 18/04/2025

Accepted: 30/04/2025

Published Online: 27/06/2025



To Cite the Poem: Kundu, Deboleena. "Gory Gulal." Literary Cognizance: An International Refereed/Peer Reviewed e-Journal of English Language, Literature and Criticism, Vol.-VI, Issue-1, June, 2025, 06-07. www.literarycognizance.com

