



02

IMPASSE

Tamoghna Mukherjee

Research Scholar, Department of English and Culture Studies, The University of Burdwan, West Bengal, India

Meandering through my labyrinthine name.

Catching my breath after moving uphill for two hours
and then coming down at a deadly pace,
as if a frantic wind brought the news
of my mom's demise.

Swerving away from my ephemeral name.

Yet an ancient dream returns every night—
long-lost, boisterous high school friends
beckoning me for a cricket match...
Iridescent bursts of laughter, dishevelled
afternoons, sounds of conch-blowing ushering in
a maverick twilight over our Bengali neighbourhood,
and a soft, oneiric voice asking,
“Is she still mad at you?”

Rifling through my nebulous name.

A charred, unsent love letter,
a dead sparrow once befriended,
a worn-out fountain pen, a diary teeming with
pug marks of old, beleaguered days,
a few songs once learnt with utmost fervour—
all lurking in its bleak crevices.

Ensnared by my apocryphal name.

O native tongue,
does it still mean

‘light’ to you?

Article Received: 11/06/2026

Article Accepted: 20/06/2026

Published Online: 30/06/2026



To Cite the Poem: Mukherjee. Tamoghna. "Impasse." Literary Cognizance: An International Refereed/Peer Reviewed e-Journal of English Language, Literature and Criticism, Vol.-VII, Issue-1, June, 2026, 06-07. www.literarycognizance.com

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