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TIDAL ELEGIES

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Beneath the drowned cathedrals of coral,
where anemones opened their soft liturgies
to the moon's cold host,
a fever drifts through the water.

Not Poseidon,
crowned in green foam and stormlight,
an unseen chemistry
moves among the tides.

The herring shoals,
silver as coins from Charon's hand,
break apart in warming currents.
Their bright script dissolves
upon the dark page of the Atlantic.

Far north,
the glaciers abandon their ancient thrones.
White as the swans of Yeats,
they descend from the last kingdoms of ice
and enter the sea as prophecy.

An albatross circles above
a floating continent of plastic.
Coleridge still hangs upon its wings.
Below, bottles and torn nets
turn slowly in the current
like relics from a faith of consumption.

The whale song interrupted by engines.
The reef whitening beneath a merciless sun.
The rusting hull swallowed by salt.
The drowned bell tower
survives only in memory.

At evening
the sun falls like Icarus
through a haze of copper and smoke.
The horizon appears unbroken.



Beneath that calm line
currents carry centuries of sorrow.

Though not the sorrow of tempests,
but of extraction.
Oil drawn from the earth's black sleep.
Coal lifted from geological night.
The ancient dead transformed into weather.

Outside conference halls
and chambers of policy,
the floodwater rises
with the patience of a classical chorus.

The sea speaks in erosion,
in salt,
in mangroves gripping the shore
like prophets refusing exile.

It speaks through turtles
mistaking our inventions for food.
Through icebergs calving in Arctic twilight
like fragments of a ruined cathedral.

Above the harbours
the gulls cry over waters
where the ships of Achilles might have rested.
Their voices bind together
Homer and hydrocarbons,
myth and market,
epic and inventory.

Night gathers across the ocean.
The constellations appear,
older than empire,
older than profit,
older than every chart
that taught us to divide
water from history.

The sea remembers.

It remembers rivers arriving
clear from the mountains.
Estuaries carrying starlight.
The moon unbroken upon the water.



It remembers a world
before abundance became appetite.

Across the darkness
the tide continues its long return.

Wave after wave,
it carries our reflection toward us,
until one morning
we recognize ourselves at last,

not masters of the shore,
not owners of the deep,

but brief inhabitants
listening to the blue breath of the earth.

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