

Who Else?

Sangram Jena
Khurdha, Odisha

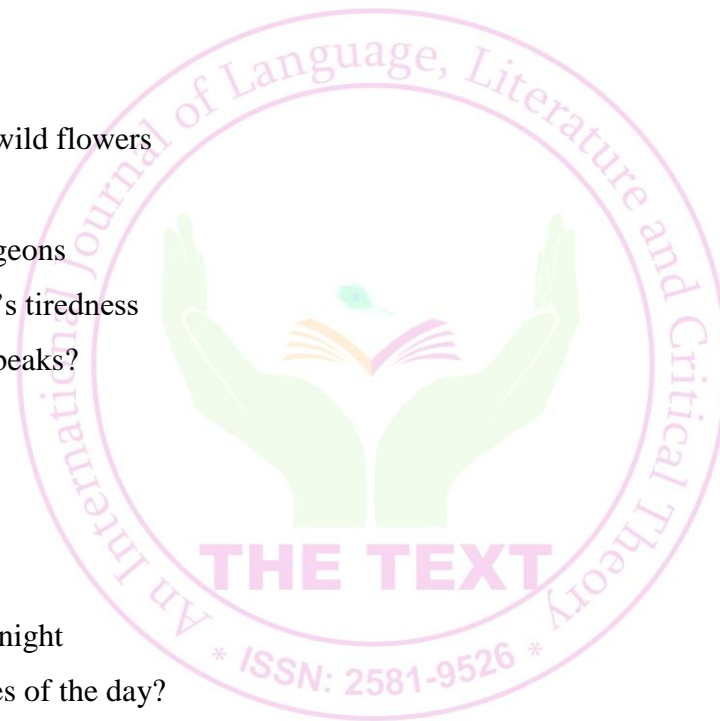
Who else can
speak to me so much
in my dreams
in my happiness and grief?

Who else can
cross the valley of wild flowers
to meet me
where a flock of pigeons
carry away my day's tiredness
like grains in their beaks?

Who else can
fall in my eyes
that long for
a quiet sleep in the night
ignoring the troubles of the day?

Who else can
enter the cave of my desires
like tender sunlight falling on the ground
through the mango leaves in this courtyard?

Who else can
leave me in my fantasies
mindless of the distant unknown street



where silence make me alone and happy
in a darkening time?

Who else can
understand my voices
declaring my love
for rain and storm
coming from the sea.

Who else can
see my today and tomorrow
love me and betray me
with the same smile.

