

The Face of Memory

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A man here takes after you.
Today again I was on the verge
of addressing him Bhaskar, you know!
Why this confusion when I am sure
you are not here? Turning the month
of April on the table calendar
gulmohurs, a riot of red,
on the roof, all alone with the comet,
Hale-Bopp, strolling late at night
you find yourself sipping coffee
in railway station, the rail
still like fatelines on your palms.
That man resembling you, how is he
related to this lone cockroach in your room
climbing the wall under the naked bulb,
or to the pot-bellied cow picking at
the thin grass across the window?
How oblivious of you is this world,
tiring itself sitting on the fence
of relationships! This night, an orphan
of memory, this night digging
a secret tunnel to the heavy heart
to end the hostage crisis, this night
turning its face away from the question
as to why you are forgotten
by the one you remember so fondly.

