

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Jayanta Roy()

She's No More

She smiled, I smiled.

She stopped, I noticed.

Her soul started crying, My eyes started crying.

Two tear-drops followed her cheeks, My heart's soul longed for her.

She wanted my hug and elevated two hands, I wrapped her in my arms.

She felt full; sounded not, I kissed on her open eyes and
her eyes got closed.

I pulled her cheeks adorably to make her smile; she smiled, I smiled.

I loosened her cheeks, she's no more - smiling, crying, wanting, or elevating -
that she's no more.

Jayanta Roy