

Monsoon

by Sutapa Chaudhuri (September 2015)

Obliterate all paths across the scorpion trail—
the venom deadly, fill up, overflowing,
the empty fate lines imprinted on my palm.

Take away the pain that sears a dead weight
athwart my chest, the spread of numbness,
slow and stealthy, crisscrossed over a wild,

palpitating heart. Wash out the tales
of falsehood and betrayal; of deadly lies
spoken in jest or casual encounters

of intimacy etched deep and fathomless
in un purgeable residues. Let your mudslides
annihilate civilizations, the wistful nightmares

of trysts and togetherness. Let flash-floods
in sudden waves wreck fake lives and fruitless
dreams; let a cloud-burst drown, in a deadly

downpour, false lost loves or indelible,
truant memories. Let life die and then,
if you can, touch my heart with love.

Sutapa Chaudhuri has two poetry collections – *Broken Rhapsodies* and *Touching Nadir. My Lord, My Well-Beloved* is a collection of her translations of Rabindranath Tagore's songs.

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