

The Blue Diary

by Bibhu Padhi (October 2013)

The days look back at history
even as they appear to be
unjustified, same as other days.
What is lost is only a thin
blank space between undated pages.
Even the mind goes back
in search of dates.
What took place then
is only a story now, a story
which skilfully avoids the dates.
This is the time when
the days are remembered, fade.
I remember how currency notes,
insurance papers and progress cards
remained in the safety of place
in between two ultimate pages,
how the intimate fingers felt for things
where they rested for years
since it was kept away
for lack of further dates.

Today, it remains where it has been
for years, but containing
little or nothing that might affect me
at this fine morning hour, this day.
A blue cover, frayed at its edges,
remembering what it has lost
in the company of distance and days.

here.