

The Last Wish

by **Sutapa Chaudhuri** (October 2015)

Promise me the monsoons

When the summer-heat swelters

In a pitch-melting afternoon

And the lone white car

At a red traffic signal

Becomes just a vignette

Reflected on the glassy roads

Promise me the monsoons

When irreverent shadows

Of happiness play nonchalant

At the crossroads of pain

And the thirsty traveler

Dreams futile in a seductive

Mirage of oasis and dark waters

Promise me the monsoons

When the air smokes of

Ashes and burning funeral pyres

Moistened only by the tears
Of the broken earth and scorched
Red rice scraped off a broken pot
Staves off the hungry children

Promise me the monsoons
When green palm-fronds
Stretch their arms reaching
Up to the heavens on tip-toe
And the lightning-clouds
Thunder out a deep reverence
A play of light in the darkest storms

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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