

well-loved Calcutta faces.

I will not forget you,
nor will I remember,
for the memory of you
is like even in if I remember.

Warms for a brief minute
then goes & the frost is on you
& you cry with a sense of any wish
"Why did the gods begin it?"

Why?

Why is the sunlight on your shining hair
twisting my eyes as I stand here & stare?
Why is the look in your eyes as you sit
making me weep with the beauty of it?
Why are your hands that are gentle &

strong
music to me — a melodious song?