

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  
brightening 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?