

Dead Letter

By Dibyendu Ghosal

A missing place,
Within my heart,
One I cannot escape,
It tortures my soul,
I am not whole,
No comfort shall I take,

I look back on my homeland,
Abounding with memory and happiness,
What happened to it all?
How did it come to this O'Lord ?
When did I so tragically fall?

When I see my dwelling,
All the memories of old,
I no longer see the beauties of life,
I see anger and sadness,
My own grief and pain,
Now that my time there is through,
The old happiness I cannot feign,

A dream it may seem,
To be out on your own,
But once the realization comes to pass,
Your ambitions never shone,

My whole life spent in dreams,
Not that they are vain,
Now all I want to do is turn back,
And escape this onrushing pain,

The word strikes up the curiosities of hearts,
To dream of exile, free of many things,
But those who have gone through it,
Will give up so much to alter what it brings,

To come back to the life they once loved,
To cherish and believe once more,
To love the land I had once known,
And thrive not in the darkness of the mourning dove,

The word no common man really knows,

The description we all long to possess,
The fountain of regrets,
As I write my dead letter to the world.

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