

## **RAJAT SUBHRA DEBNATH**

### **Unbreakable**

Two rounds of clock cannot explain us  
Nor all the rounds too.  
Our hearts may stop before the clock,  
Our bodies will fade as they do;  
But, our love –no one can block;  
After the hearts our immortal souls will carry it too.

### **Mixing their hands to three**

The black sky has laid its charm;  
Mixing their hands to three,  
The loveable hearts walk now free;  
With no destiny the end unwill to come,  
Sudden rain joins them with an invisible gum.  
The hearts in fear beat now similar  
Which, except them no one can hear.  
The four lips then murmur some words for seconds few,  
Which if broken will turbid their far view.

## To Hear You

Many a time I wish to hear your voice,  
But without calling I remain with no choice;  
And so I call and thus I hear  
Your voice soft and sweet, mesmerize my ear.

Doesn't matter how long we talk, a sadness always prevails;  
Since I know I cannot talk till my life remains.  
To hear you every second becomes a wish of mine,  
Though I know long to be waited to get you in my every dine.

### **About the Author**

RAJAT SUBHRA DEBNATH is an MBA student with graduation in English Literature. He hails from Kolkata and has taken up writing and drawing as his hobbies. His works mainly concentrate on nature and love. He may be contacted at [rajatsubhra12@gmail.com](mailto:rajatsubhra12@gmail.com)