

ARTHITA MANDAL

The Moon and I

The moon is hanging on the wall

I saw, but I cannot touch it.

I am crying, and crying

My dark room is sinking slowly

Dear moon please kiss me.

COFFIN

Oh priest, are you waiting for me?

I am tired, so tired...

My sweet home in the coffin

Oh priest I love you so much

Are you waiting for me?

BREAK

Please give me a heart

Heart! What heart dear?

My heart, remember it.

I can't remember, I can't understand

At that time, we saw

A broken heart in the broken moon.

About the Author

ARTHITA MANDAL, teaching in Subarnarekha Mahavidyalay, Pashchim Medinipur, is the Editor-in-chief of a UGC recognised Bengali journal, *Kingshuk*. She writes poetry, short stories, essays etc. *Baishadik*, *Tomay Uriye Dilam Katha*, *Jyanto Bhooter Goppo*, *Ichchepatar Deshe* are some of her famous collections. She is pursuing PhD under Vidyasagar University. She may be contacted at arthita.mandal@gmail.com