

Arthita Mandal

## **Beggars**

Dear, What are you doing now?  
Look at me, look at your hot coffee  
Your dearest coffee is dry out.  
What can I do?  
My sweet home is now hard and crude.  
I am so hungry and wear away slowly.  
Please remember,  
when I were your black coffee,  
loved me too much.  
Today, everything is black  
We, two blind beggars are begging blood.

## **The Crow**

I returned from a fairy mount

One angel kissed me.

At present, some smell is coming

And flowers bloom in last train.

I want to see mountain again and again,

I want to return kiss

But The train ruined away.

Now a crow is flying and everything is meaningless.

### **About the Poet**

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](mailto:arthita.mandal@gmail.com).