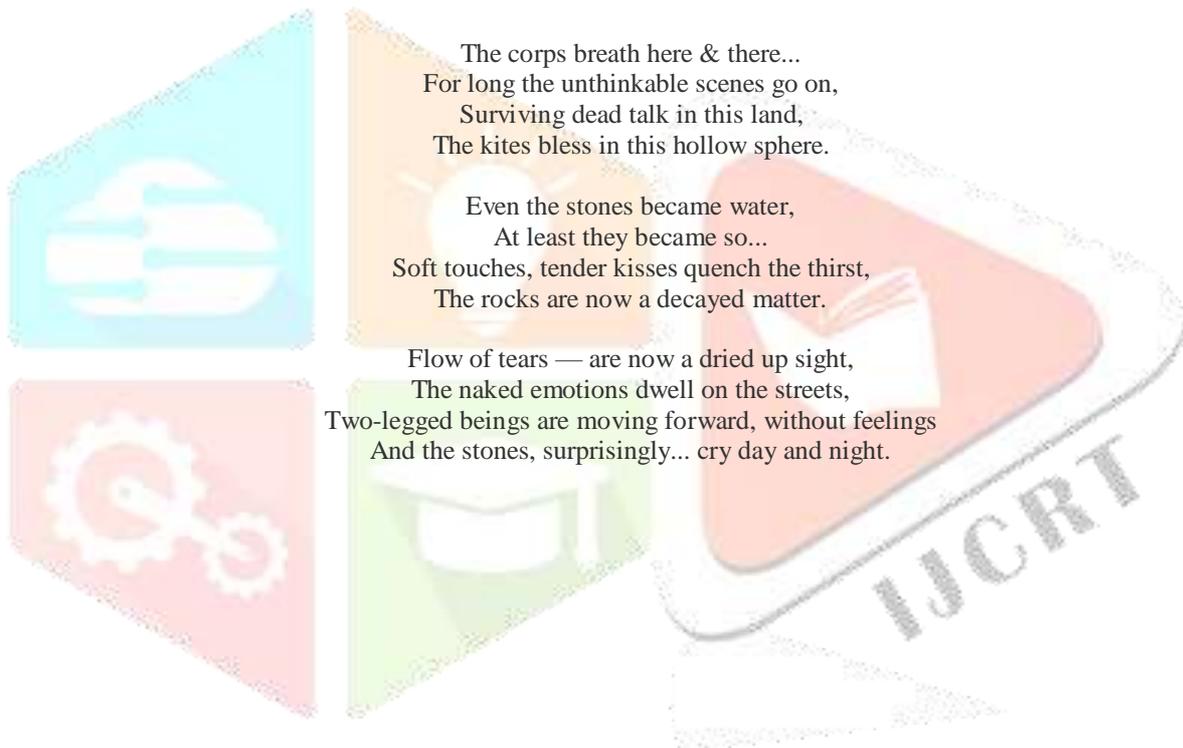




The Land Where Stones Live

Tanaya C.

Poet & translator, M.A. (English) IGNOU, Siliguri, India



The corps breath here & there...
For long the unthinkable scenes go on,
Surviving dead talk in this land,
The kites bless in this hollow sphere.

Even the stones became water,
At least they became so...
Soft touches, tender kisses quench the thirst,
The rocks are now a decayed matter.

Flow of tears — are now a dried up sight,
The naked emotions dwell on the streets,
Two-legged beings are moving forward, without feelings
And the stones, surprisingly... cry day and night.