

Collaboration

The mango tree my father and I planted
drifts blindly along the monsoon rain,
the air underneath its branches
is deep, cold and clear.
His dead face is poised vaguely somewhere
in the soft talk in the corridors
of my childhood I haven't left behind.
Dogs bark in this lost hour of mine.
We were so close to each other that time.

Windows open in the tree today
with an inflection of farewell.
Maybe no one will have to pretend any longer.
Neither I nor the rare air of promise.
The leaves fall, beautiful as life itself.
And rain grazes on in the light of dead things.

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