

Poetry Section

THE LAST PUFF

-Shaswata Sengupta

As the gates of the factory drew back,
There emerged a man, covered in black.
The mill, the oldest in the industrial town,
Would permanently throw its shutters down.
In the way of savings, a little he had at best...
Money-lenders had swallowed the rest.
As he lit a bidi, in his mind unfurled,
Unvented wrath against a dead God's world.
A family of four he had to feed.
Whom could he turn to in his hour of need?
He, like his peers, had been a goat at scape.
His mind now desperate for escape...
Bidding adieu to his strife-stricken mind,
He trudged along, mindlessly blind...
A bus hurtling along in a racing spree,
Rushed upon him to set him free...
With his last breath, one final time he puffed.
The rest was silence as his misery was snuffed.