

Poetry Section

A Spineless Protest

by Dr. Arijit Bag

It is the night at the door of the bar
The outstretched hand ignores the embrace of the wind
Moonlight waves are flying on drunken wings
In this hungry dark sea, there is no island

Only a veil is sinking aloof

A couple of unsuccessful attempts
That stuck on the tip of the bushes
Are sheer witnesses of the story.
The frustrated stars of the Milkyway galaxy,
Are you standstill in protest?

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