

Being A Tree



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Originally from Kolkata, India, Barnali Saha (née Banerjee) presently resides in Nashville, Tennessee, USA. Creative writing, painting and photography are her hobbies.

A tree I am,
 Leafy, green, tall, alone I stand.
 The wind is my friend,
 It whispers words unknown,
 Silent words nod my leaves,
 Weary tales, sobs, and sniffs.
 The cloudy azure,
 Looks at the dull ground where I lie,
 Bewitched by its stupendous beauty,
 I look at it agape.
 The clear blue color mingles with the floating white cotton,
 It looks so pretty, the sky, Oh! The sky,
 How I long to touch you!
 I feel the eternal beauty of the blue majesty,
 Mollifying my lonely spirit, it allays my deep fears.
 It gives me the strength to stand alone.
 The sky is what I long to be,
 And the world is what I want to see,
 Stuck in a bit of ground,
 Howling winds, whispers and sounds,
 Overlooking the peccadilloes of the nasty,
 And the smell of the world round and rusty,
 The green splendor and the canopy,
 The beautiful flowers and the honey bee,
 Are all I want to see.
 Be a gypsy and peep at the world unknown,
 New countries, cities, rivers
 Where bright sun shines,

The snow capped mounts,
 People – white, dark and brown,
 The embellished blue, bright sky,
 Take me, take me, and make me a part of thee.
 Standing on this rooted nest,
 Painfully every day I rest,
 I long for summer, autumn, spring and jest.
 Praying deeply and trying my best.
 The sky smiles at me,
 “Thou, a tree and you want me to be a part of thee?
 Nay, dear tree, thou must stand and see the mighty me.”
 Alas! Now I stand and the mighty blue I see,
 Morning begets night and alone I stand with painful glee,
 Longing to be the sky and being a tree.