



01

MY SOLITUDE

Soumen Roy
Kolkata, WB, India

I talk to myself very frequently when I am hurt
When I feel pain I cry alone
I don't say it to anyone cause it's my very own
I just share my love and happiness
Or might say it a crazy one
But its genuine
Since it beats only for you from a pure heart of mine
I have never been to school to be smart
Smart enough to deceive in the name of feelings
I cry but never it was a crocodile tear
I can't gain anything like that
No, never it was
I didn't grow up in many ways since I grew up enough to love
And when I say sorry I just wet my cheeks with tears running from eyes,
so salty
I believe love can heal however the wounds are deep
Cut me in slices I will heal immediately and will forgive
I refuse to weep
Just a while ago I saw you coming so near to me
My heart sung in joy
Seems someone is playing the sweetest melodies from the heavenly
guitar
But now I can't see, it's so dull and hazy
Your fingertips seemed unassuming
The cruel fog has snatched you from me and I remained just watching
and waiting.



This is an Open Access e-Journal Published Under A Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 International License

To Cite the Article: Roy, Soumen, "My Solitude". Literary Cognizance, III-2 (September, 2022): 03-04. Web.

