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POETRY

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SHAMAYITA SEN

In the middle of a poem

I think of you,

mid-sentence.

Like a broken spoon,
my tongue still unwilling to let go of
your taste.

And then,

I forget. You become a lost strain of thought.

Mid-sentence, my mind meandering past
Another spoon Another meal –

I tell myself:

I've bettered the art of giving up,
consuming whole pieces, not requiring
a fork, a knife, the cold steel of a spoon
to taste delicacies graciously.

You aren't a fish bone stuck in my throat
anymore.

I've mastered the art of eating –
I don't fine dine, neither do I prefer
road side *dhabas*. I cook. I cook for myself,
exactly the kind of *dal* I like, the fish curry *Maa*
cooks at home. And rice.
The right consistency of each dish.

You don't hurt like a fish bone out of place
Anymore.

In Love, In Rage

I

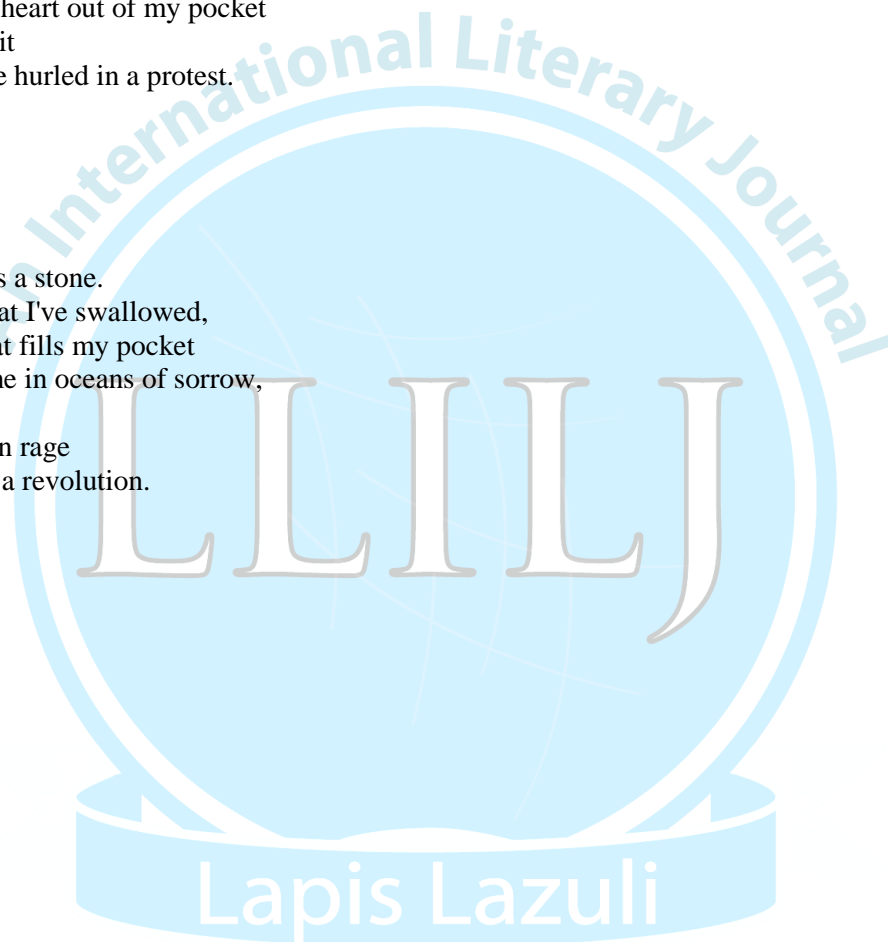
If you tell me to love you
I shall gift you a poem.

A poem about a heart break.

I fetch my heart out of my pocket
and throw it
like a stone hurled in a protest.

II

My heart is a stone.
Not one that I've swallowed,
not one that fills my pocket
to sink me in oceans of sorrow,
but one,
to be pelt in rage
to enzyme a revolution.



BIO-NOTE

Shamayita Sen is a Ph.D. research scholar at the Department of English, University of Delhi. She has been writing poetry since her Bethune College days in Kolkata. Her poems have been anthologised by *Muse India*, *WE View*, *Hawakal Publishers* and *Inner Child Press International*. Her first collection of poems, *For the Hope of Spring: Hybrid Poems*, is forthcoming (*Hawakal Publishers*, 2020). She is from Kolkata, currently based in Delhi, India.

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