

I am told

ANANNYA DASGUPTA

Watch your anger, I am told
not in hate nor blame
Wait for it to fully unfold
let it stake its claim.
Claim the hurt, it's every fold
tucked away in childhood's name.
Far into the deep and cold
forgotten from whence it came.
It's still young though you grow old
the pain sharp as an arrow's aim.
Recall that child with nothing to hold
tell her, tell her it won't be the same.
The child has put you on the stand
Now reach out and hold her hand.

A Rain Drop and a Cloud

ANANNYA DASGUPTA

So achingly beautiful the moment
Of a rain drop on a green leaf's tip
Slid down the vein of the leaf bent
Holding back the drop only to let slip.
On the drop's curve in sharp detail
Is a minute reflection of its outer world
That thinks itself to be a lot less frail
Though hooked in fingers briefly curled.
Joyously sparkly on its only perch
The drop returns light doubled with light
Light it came to without having to search
The deep darkening of endless night.
The cloud it came from is another matter
Its aching heart so heavy it had to shatter.

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