*Sabyasachi Roy*

# THE FIRST ENROLLED CLAIRVOYANCE OF DISEASES

Alone in your wilderness of impersonal sorrows
Let me disclaim your mind
Let me confess like a thatched roof
Right under an evening sky
Rendering wealth with dripping gold
Your mask is new and fresh and false
False mask! Did I say?
Yes! You are too naked to be yourself
Common yields yield common yields
And you, on the other side of conjuncture
Ever always loved to love and to be loved
Here in my canopy of truth and lust and vices
Burning fair skin — fairly burning
True north! And true north it just might be
Endless ages of seas, mindless anchors
Ropes, ropes, fancy ropes to the abyss
Wondered, wondered and wandered long enough
Among the dreams of dolphins and nymphs
And there was she with her trusted humming bird
Among the corals of the coral reefs
"Aren't you feeling lonely? Aren't you true to yourself?"
And you,
Never asked why, never how, never if, but, or then
Never was a volcano such bleak; never was the eruption so frequent
I needed a bridge, a fly-over, a crossover jetliner

And you, on the other side of conjuncture
Sleep easy; dream sweet sorrows on your divine bed of nightmares