

SATYAJIT DAS

LOVERS IN YELLOW WAX

Stately and grave, she sips a liqueur
And sighs, she has nothing to say,
She pictures him already
In the train, on his way home,
That is the limit to her imagination,
His absence would make no gap.

He will sit in the armchair with a book.
She will sit, a small emaciated figure
Huddled in the evening.
'The child is cutting teeth.'
'Your mother will be here next week.'
'My sister is getting married next month.'
There will be nothing to say.

A middle aged man in the banking business,
Her world stretches from the dusty sideboards
To a flat expanse of glass.
The cells multiply, the cranium ossifies
A fate that is written upon the flesh,
They must eke it out, minute by minute,
A fate, they think they have discovered
For themselves.

JILL DAVIS

SUNSET

The sun, its fires banked blood-red for the night,
Sinks in the ashes of a smouldering sky.
Where are you now? Do you, too, share this sight—
The sun, its fires banked blood-red for the night?
The cinders of my hopes grip chilly tight
The warmth you left me when you said goodbye;
The sun, its fires banked blood-red for the night,
Sinks in the ashes of a smouldering sky.