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The Hues of My Garden

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I saw a flower blooming in my garden,

I called her life,

As she grew, she grew with hues lively

I called her hope...

I watered her every day and night

And saw her switching with every pulse of mine.

I wished for her if I could freeze the clock

And stop the motion,

But it slowly started fading away from my sight...

All I could do is to be a spectator...

Whose hands are confined,

Mouth is sealed...

Confined with inactivity and stillness.

Oh, I saw her evolving,

my soul pierced with agony

And I made noise of futile protest.

All that I could be a spectator...

A spectator of its doom.



About the poet:

Borkha Dristi Dihingia is an emerging poet of north east Assam, India. She is highly passionate about writing poetry. She pursued her master degree from Dibrugarh University, Assam. Her area of interest are eco criticism, feminism, gender studies, and post colonialism and so on. She is an aspiring mind with vision.