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Whispers from the Soil

Eptisum Laskar

The earth hums beneath my bare feet, a low, forgotten chant of greenof roots twisting in stories untold, of leaves holding secrets in their veins.

There are no maps for the path I walk, only the murmurs of soil and sky, where time drips like dew from branches, and history blooms in each petal's sigh.

The air here is thick with memory, of ancients who carved the land with whispers, of rivers that once carried the names of gods long lost to the winds.

Yet still, the fern unfurls its tongue, and the fern's tongue tastes the wind, sings it back into the soila symphony of forgotten things.

I bend to touch the dirt,
its coolness speaking in tonguesnot of past or future,
but of the here, the now, the always.

The earth is patient, but it remembers,



and with each step I take, it learns. For in the cadence of my breath, there is a pulse that beats the same.

Do you hear it? The ancient hum, beneath our cities and our wars, still calling, still waiting, for us to listen.

Bio Note:

Eptisum Laskar holds a Master's degree in English Literature from Diamond Harbour Women's University and completed her undergraduate studies at Al-Ameen Memorial Minority College, Kolkata. Her research interests include memory studies, food studies, postcolonial studies, popular culture, and social poetry. An independent researcher aspiring to pursue a Ph.D., she is passionate about exploring the intersections of language, culture, and creativity. Beyond academia, she enjoys reading, writing, and creating artwork.