

Poetry

The Room They Know As Paradise

Sayan Chattopadhyay

(I)

I've left rhyming the lines
For who justifies, shall well adore
At every step at every door
And I, I'm here to make a judgement call
For now, you seem to end in pain
In vagueness and in despair
Broken beyond repair, you seek solace
You search for love and empathy
For you have none to lose again
And I, I have none to win.

I've left the meter well behind
For I'm now better free
And I've known enough to see
The pretense of love and care
Well beyond repair, you search my heart
For you have known truth now
You have seen the fictional lies
The masks, the fading vow
The starry cloudless skies
And I live now in an empty room
The room they know as paradise.

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It's strange they said
You'll soon be here
And I'll be meeting you
And I'm here for an eternity now
To get that fictional view
And yet I feel, I feel you care
For all the hearts in despair
For every mask that ever loved
Or seemed to be yours
you seem to end in pain
For you have none to lose again
And I, I have none to win.

I do think of what I won
of what I see, for what is gone
For everything that's yet to come
And all what I have lost
As I am now a bird to fly
And fly towards the eternal cry
For I have known the voice myself
It's yours from the eternal chaos
Deep within the place I left

I left for you love, long ago
And choices are all we had
Choice of worthy truth and lies
And for you again, I've left my room
The room they know as paradise.

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