

## **Bokul Phool**

October strikes with the smell of Bokul Phool again  
I wait, I sniff, I let my memories flow  
Clogged pain, unexpressed all comes flow with a jolt  
It carries her smell, her wisdom washes over me  
Her toothless smile, the wrinkled warmth of her skin  
October strikes, but Aaita doesn't make the dish again  
I don't go to collect the flowers, with my tiny hands.  
They belong to the earth now, just like her smell  
October brings her smell back again.

## **Fury**

It's another day and I am still wondering, am I feeling the taste of bile rising from the pit of my stomach?  
All of my anger running amok.  
Should I be angry with my choices?  
Or should I shout finally with the collective power of all my voices?  
So many times, so many curses.  
Among all the blocked conversations and the lost discourses.  
I recognised, this wasn't just anger that had awoken.  
Was it for me? Was it for him? Or was it directed generally?  
Who knows.  
But in this I definitely wasn't mistaken...  
That Fury was feeling that was brewing.

- Tina Borah, MA Fourth Semester