

## **The Events**

By Aju Mukhopadhyay

Last of them, a couple, left an hour before noon

it started from the second midday

in a two-day literary festival;

taking leave one by one.

The third is a no-programme sunday

many left in the morning flight

alone I stay put

in the vacant guest house;

a hiatus after tremendous hullabaloo

as if nothing happened in the past two days;

a gulf of silence

island of non-existence

nothing prevails:

No talks no grudge no banter or smile

no hearty laughter or impatience senile.

All impressions and remembrances

as if in a faded film

dumped in the waste-bin of time.

Life after life

events after events  
it has been happening;  
everything is in a flux  
everything flows into the void  
yet they take place  
the evanescent events.

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