

My Eyes Thirsty

by **Sutapa Chaudhuri** (May 2016)

The heart had long seen through

the deception, it was the mind

that has always refused to believe—

the blood that ran through the veins

had long dyed blue, chill with

the touch of a false love; yet lonely,

the fingers had craved warmth, learning

to trace lies on the skin of a truant lover.

His voice, smooth and seductive,

has forever entranced his gaze

with death, leaving my eyes thirsty

for a drop of life to hold on to.

Sutapa Chaudhuri has two poetry collections – *Broken Rhapsodies* and *Touching Nadir. My Lord, My Well-Beloved* is a collection of her translations of Rabindranath Tagore's songs.

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