

# The Blue Diary

by Bibhu Padhi (October 2013)

The days look back at history  
even as they appear to be  
unjustified, same as other days.  
What is lost is only a thin  
blank space between undated pages.  
Even the mind goes back  
in search of dates.  
What took place then  
is only a story now, a story  
which skilfully avoids the dates.  
This is the time when  
the days are remembered, fade.  
I remember how currency notes,  
insurance papers and progress cards  
remained in the safety of place  
in between two ultimate pages,  
how the intimate fingers felt for things  
where they rested for years  
since it was kept away  
for lack of further dates.

Today, it remains where it has been  
for years, but containing  
little or nothing that might affect me  
at this fine morning hour, this day.  
A blue cover, frayed at its edges,  
remembering what it has lost  
in the company of distance and days.

---

here.