

## **Sourav Chatterjee**

### **If, on a Winter's Night**

Empty roads drag along  
in winding arguments  
past suburbia fairytales.  
White eternities remain,  
and the indifference of strange lands.

Once she sat by the fire.  
The lines of her aging face  
sorrow in her deep lips  
and the stains of wine.  
She mourned; Like thought

the snow fades in silence  
over my window panes.  
Christmas pines stare like strangers  
At a drunken loneliness.  
Images pass in monotony  
on glossy screens, our colored dreams.

The warmth of naked bodies, of  
conversations, cold tears.  
Haunt me like passages  
From forgotten books

If on a winters night  
Her footsteps stain  
the white eternity.

In silence, I write.

**Sourav Chatterjee** lives in Pittsburgh. He swears by coffee, chocolates, Yeats and Dylan and does science for a living. He blogs at <http://with-eyes-wide-shut.blogspot.com/>