

K. R. Swathi

Winter Painted

He left me with a stone cold face
no love anymore
Nor could I see a trace of remorse.

He told me I was winter to him.
Too cold for him to touch my skin,
bitter to be tasted,
harsh to be caressed the way I used to,
as he left me without a kiss.

He forgot that this icy person was
the one who filled his life
with the warmth of her love.
This stone cold flower never denied him her fragrance,
as he came back for more.
He just left in poor taste.
I tried hard, all put to waste.
I could have cried. I would have for sure...
I am fine being winter, though.

For it's the cold gush of wind
striking the face like a thousand needles
piercing your skin,
That makes sitting beside the fireplace so warm.

It's the deathly darkness
down the desolate alley,
That makes lights and stars
On the Christmas tree glow.

It's the white winter
that weaves soft snow
that adorns hills and valleys,
A blanket of which shuts the cold,
While making icy shards
that can cut through your hands
And bleed you till you turn pale.

I am happy being the beautiful painting of winter
that makes white, colourful.
And I will wait for him who is prepared
to look after this picture.

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