

## Poetry

# The Room They Know As Paradise

Sayan Chattopadhyay

(I)

I've left rhyming the lines  
For who justifies, shall well adore  
At every step at every door  
And I, I'm here to make a judgement call  
For now, you seem to end in pain  
In vagueness and in despair  
Broken beyond repair, you seek solace  
You search for love and empathy  
For you have none to lose again  
And I, I have none to win.

I've left the meter well behind  
For I'm now better free  
And I've known enough to see  
The pretense of love and care  
Well beyond repair, you search my heart  
For you have known truth now  
You have seen the fictional lies  
The masks, the fading vow  
The starry cloudless skies  
And I live now in an empty room  
The room they know as paradise.

....

It's strange they said  
You'll soon be here  
And I'll be meeting you  
And I'm here for an eternity now  
To get that fictional view  
And yet I feel, I feel you care  
For all the hearts in despair  
For every mask that ever loved  
Or seemed to be yours  
you seem to end in pain  
For you have none to lose again  
And I, I have none to win.

I do think of what I won  
of what I see, for what is gone  
For everything that's yet to come  
And all what I have lost  
As I am now a bird to fly  
And fly towards the eternal cry  
For I have known the voice myself  
It's yours from the eternal chaos  
Deep within the place I left

I left for you love, long ago  
And choices are all we had  
Choice of worthy truth and lies  
And for you again, I've left my room  
The room they know as paradise.

....

**Sayan Chattopadhyay**

Ph.D. Scholar, Department of English, Adamas University, Barasat,  
West Bengal, India.