

# *SUBTLE*

: Shuhrath Jamil Chowdhury

The days I was away from him, I was away from myself.

I chose to ignore my soul simply because I could not have the analgesia He demanded of me.

Perhaps I begin to abandon myself as body leaving the soul!

Sewing through one's lips is an absolute art, I agree.

Yet how do you explain this attachment where I could not just move beyond him?

Endangered, wounded as California Condor

Orphan I became.

What if I tell you I lived a prayer song, thereupon?

Life, a wishful thinking?

It was around that time when I left looking for my father's face, in crowds.

In chaos, I met her.

'Pure' was her name, literal to her nature!

Pure accepted me as I am

She embraced the child, wrapped in an adult's body

Nurtured me till I had wings

And when the day arrived, she simply witnessed me flying in the sky

From a mile's distance.

She insisted, she did not want to be my parent.

Who she was then in the essence of God?

You have to meet God couple of times before generosity makes sense.

Before you raise your eye-brow,

Listen to me once!

For if we are able to listen religiously,

If we view things without trying to manipulate --

Only if we listen with minimal interruption

Bridges get built in between

We communicate louder than ever before.

Only if you listen to my prayer-song, you will find God's essence

Flowing from verse to chorus,

From hook to interlude.

And by the time you listen the outro

You will know the title of my song

Generosity it was, all the way along!

Essence of God,

In guest appearances! All the while!

Name it subtle, If you please!