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When I Write...

ANUPAMA SURESH

I paint not a picture
but a sound
sound with all its beautiful shades
as the scenery of the thundering clouds with noisy
colours.....
when lightening erupts all its melancholy of dark
shades into the laughters of white.....
when the sky showcases all its white teeth on its black
face.....

and then the clouds reappear.....with their cottony
fabric
in all cottony shades of the mind....
blues of blue
whites of white
and grey's of grey
as if in the grey matter of the mind.....

then I want to write a poetry on the night
when black mixes with white.....

