**Explorer**

Chandan Dey

winter has begun

a thoughtful nightbird,

watching through the darkness

in all dimensions, is on a quest

for its warm core.

the echoes of soundless sound,

are striking the walls at random,

giving rise to a heavy air

in the empty sky of my room.

a slew of questions

are triggered toward me

from the matrix of hollowness:

what should we do,

if life fails to provide

justice to us?

where can i find love?

is it in the emptiness

or somewhere else?

the answers

are seemingly hidden

in the sea of dense mist,

testing the ability of my

vision strength

through the window glass

i see the cold, smoky fog

forming

a complex time warp

around the trees,

striking their hearts

and making them droop.

but, i can't bow down.

up there,

that nebulous sea awaits me

adversity makes us

more insightful

and more dynamic.

the explorer in me

has no other choice

but to move ahead…