

## **Thoughts on Belongings**

*Purbasha Roy*

Lately I have been thinking  
about what does belonging  
signify. How the birds belong  
to skies are the mirror of how  
a dream belongs to a body. In  
that dream it was you for whom  
I yearned with such an intensity  
that puzzled me like a word whose  
meaning tumbled out of it.

All I want to say, how could I  
eulogize that part of me that  
dares to display the lostlessness  
it feels without you. If a field  
learns attachment for a boat.

How can that give the world  
a new spectrum of belonging.

The manner in which a song opts  
stay is its belonging to any chosen  
memory. I remember how my  
body hummed itself near you.

What is the metaphor for a portrait  
that invents a bridge. How it ended  
elsewhere. And how the more I  
closed in, more I felt homely...

In the medium called missing, I am  
it. How I belong to my missing is  
the way a ripple belongs to a river.

This makes me remember how my

Poetry: *Thoughts on Belongings* by Purbasha Roy

name in your mouth was a small  
light lingering in my ashes. A faint  
dewdrop in an autumn leaf.

**Purbasha Roy** is a writer from Jharkhand, India. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Channel*, *SUSPECT*, *Strange Horizons*, *Acta Victoriana*, *Pulp Literary Review* and elsewhere. Roy is a Best of the Net Nominee, and attained second position in the 8th Singapore Poetry Contest.