



Poems

Lowercase Moments

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Sometimes I think I write too much,
and yet not enough to breathe.
Each line feels like a promise –
something only my heart can see.

O, happy, happy morn!
I want to live the poetry I write,
not just keep it trapped in ink.
I want mornings that rhyme with warmth,
and nights that let me think.

I want my days filled with verses unrhymed,
found in the ordinary –
to laugh in lowercase moments,
and let silence be momentary.

I dream of love that feels like metaphor –
gentle, yet hard to define,

like when the moon that spills into your room
and you think, God, that should be mine.

I know it sounds pure gibberish,
mere marginalia, far too much,
but sorry –

I was never good
at keeping dreams out of touch.

I want to walk through cafés
that smell like unfinished poems,
leave smudges of ink on paper cups,
and talk to strangers like I know them.

I want to sit at bus stops
and write about the rain –
the way people pretend not to care,
while harboring all that pain.

I want love like prose
that forgets it's meant to end –
to hold someone so close,
our silences begin to blend.