



## **Vagabonds of the Countryside**

Umangee Sharma (Ulupi)

There goes seldomly the Vagabond  
Lingering in the Cotswold Hills.  
Unequivocally in search of another barm cake,  
Yet his favourite seems to be some marble rye cake.  
Where is he from? What does he want?  
Unlikely are the questions that will always daunt.  
I reside in the selfsame lane as his Cotswold Cottage,  
Nevertheless I ever found him rakishly dressed.  
The moonlight shines through his saggy and wrinkled cheeks  
Although his clothes shabby and his hands remain filthy.  
Drenched with all the escapades and affairs of the past,  
Something bitter has caught him to dawdle with utter ghast.  
Should I talk to him once?  
Maybe he might sense a dash of jubilation.  
Not quite harsh are his doe-eyes  
Presumably are vividly virtuous and wise.  
I saw him for the first time in the canal of the Countryside  
Sitting alone by the bench;  
Starring at those flock of pigeons  
No wonder he has always remained lost  
In the deeds and battles of his yore.  
Gone are his blooming days during springtime  
Now finally arrives the autumn days,  
With recollection of his salad days.  
I heard from the neighbours,  
He disappears like the overcast after a massive downpour.  
I couldn't succumb to my fears and so... I probed  
'When do you plan to come back again, Dear stranger?'  
Quite sophisticatedly he replied,  
'I am neither an eager beaver nor a benedict;  
I am one of the Vagabonds of the Countryside who lingers in vain'

20:20 PM

## **BURNING ECSTASY OF A PARAMOUR**

The soul drenches  
Not with the freshet of beatitude  
Rather filled with spicules of ecstasy  
A paramour enquired,  
'Why does the rosarum spicules?'  
How implicit of a question could that be?  
A paramour enquired,  
'Can she have an identity that disparates her essence?'  
Isn't she created out from the homphonic hands of the Universe?  
A paramour enquired,



‘Why is her aplomb always contested and protested?’  
Why is she the epitome of desperate impugn of debate?  
A paramour enquired,  
‘Why is it that the cascade of passion crunches calamitous adversities only for her?’  
Is it her frailty to fall into the spicules of rosarum?  
A spicule enquired,  
‘When did we drench you with our weapons?’  
The esoteric women within the paramour retorted –  
Passion is what pirouetted me into a paramour,  
Drenched me with those spicules of rosarum  
That were once merely the Life of Riley.  
With the unwavering relinquishment of my John  
I have departed from my bordello.  
Only with spicules of ecstasy,  
Fantasies turned into shattered chimeras,  
That will agonize my soul in perpetuity.

### **Death and Departure.**

Tickling the ivories  
With lonesomeness in heart,  
And the envisage of the essence of culmination.  
Everything keeps me secluded from it.  
Frolicking has abandoned me long ago,  
And now what is left is just a mere manor dwelling in abandonment.  
With desolation filled in it’s walls,  
And portraits of dark black forests where a girl lingers barefoot and with a night  
lamp.  
Souls screeching in pain,  
As they are discarded and forsaken by nature.  
I am still clinging on to life with no zeal to survive,  
And yet there seems no sign  
Of death and departure of my soul.  
Of all those souls that shared the same room, space and energy with me,  
Am I preordained to ache and agonize just like how you do in this wretchedness?  
My purport was loneliness  
To live every inch of it,  
And thrust my every nerve, vein and stream of blood with it’s poison.  
I left the warmth of delight and pleasure a long while ago.  
And now with the memoirs of its mere existence,  
I wish to suffer with hindrances of hopes and happiness.  
Hopes of death and departure  
Will my soul bleed in sorrow too?  
Like the ones that I saw being tormented.  
This mansion has ages of history,  
And has painted its walls with the tears of it’s Masters and Mistresses.  
I have painted a wall too in my room,  
Not with tears but with the blood of my own hands,  
It does look beautiful, horrifyingly beautiful.  
Ofcourse that’s who I am or claimed to be, leastwise.



Stains of horror and blood,  
Amalgamated with abundance of loneliness in heart.  
With no signs of death and departure...  
I still long for him to arrive,  
In black trench coat, with fangs and a magic wand in hand.  
The scarry sound of his boots that trembles even the ancestors...  
Helping me in crawling towards hell  
Where my soul shall burn and rot.  
Filled with the atrocities of the past,  
My soul too shall linger around.  
And bring loneliness to others that are about to come...  
Oh dear walls of loneliness! I will come again,  
But with no existence of flesh and breath inside me.

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### AUTUMN

Boulevard filled with drizzles  
Of sparkling dewdrops on the autumn foliage.  
Eclipsing over the cluster of trees  
Just like the supermoon overshadows anything that comes it's way.  
There is cloudburst, constant cloudburst  
Over the bridges, over the dorms, over the houses,  
Over the pasture, over the streets, and over the earth.  
I am here sipping my late night coffee  
Down the lane runs a man covering his head  
I had some similar encounter with him  
On a November beaver moon night.  
Although crestfallen thenceforth  
Despite the incessant endeavours  
It was all futile.  
Yet I kept on gawping  
At what?  
Ofcourse at my own splintered fate,  
Wrecked and destroyed.  
Was it nemesis or some astral influence?  
Or my innate knack to chase it all away.  
Still sipping my late night coffee  
Reminiscing all my sweet juvenile blunders  
Returning to the ashore  
Appalled me with the evocation of the gone by days.  
How ludicrous my existence was!  
There were no adequate traces of the man and me  
And yet we were never torn apart by any thunder or by any autumn  
And now I stand here in my porch  
Far away from the autumn sadness,  
Still contemplating the encounters.  
My goodness, The storm doesn't seem to cease



And neither my overwhelming thoughts.  
Still sipping my late night coffee  
Harkening back the grotesque mansion,  
Of irritating bay windows.  
Where I just stand and peep into everything  
Everything that I ever wanted for myself.  
And now I stand here in my porch,  
Repulsing over every brick that made the mansion and the man.  
Although there are still no adequate traces of the man and me.  
Yet my coffee starts tasting bitter  
As I ruminate disgustingly  
Of all the foolishness I had performed excellently  
Far away from the autumn sadness  
Yet traces of rancor still continues to persist in my veins..

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**Umangee Sharma** is a writer, researcher, and trained Bharatnatyam dancer from Guwahati. With a Master's in English Literature from Amity University, Kolkata, and a Bachelor's from Assam Don Bosco University, she has explored literature both academically and creatively. Her research on feminist interpretations of mythology was published in *Indian English Fiction: Recent Critical Dimensions* by Dr. Ranjan Lal. She has also presented papers at national seminars, reflecting her keen analytical mind and passion for storytelling. Writing has been her lifelong companion, shaping her thoughts and interactions. Fluent in English, Hindi, Assamese, and Bengali, she weaves narratives that bridge cultures, emotions, and intellect. Whether through words or movement, she believes every story deserves to be told.