

## **Ferris Wheel**

This ghost of a carnival dozed off  
Just a while ago.  
It will disappear when the cosmos  
Will eventually roll back to the Sun.

I am somewhere,  
Up in the ferris wheel—  
Remembering your candyfloss eyes,  
Remembering the supernovas  
That we used to count,  
And the red tail of a primitive comet  
At the end of your hair.  
And the blood moon at the horizon,  
Red, like a lobster shell.

It's just the minute before  
The break of the dawn  
And the second before  
I wake up from this dream,  
The curtains fell, the moon set  
I am up there somewhere,  
Fading from that ferris wheel.

*Subarnarekha Pal is still figuring things out. Amidst everything, she struggles to be an artist.*

~ \*♦\*❁\*♦\* ~

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