

## **My Arrival by Himasri Baishya**

The aroma of the suffled up feelings  
filled in the air –  
Happiness tilling upto heart's ceiling,  
along the chaos of painful fear

With closed eyes, the lady is lying,  
Dreaming, admiring the innocent face  
After few hours –  
That opened eye views a face crying  
Arriving several hands, showering grace

Brightening the house by being a lamp,  
Seems a gift attracting every glance  
It's me arriving as my family's champ,  
Lying under the tenderness of every heart

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