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merry round the summer dance.
For non-so tender are the gushes
of wind that blow by
than
your gentle breath upon my cheeks.

Memories that flag more often
and with greater fragrance
than orchids on the Scottish spring fields.
I bear in my heart
only your smiling glory and praying lips.
Your eyes gaze, and murmuring lips,
my hands beat the lone song lover.

No talk so fancy, as the words that you say,
all that echo hopes to my stead.

No view so lovely without you in the ray,
like sun kissed a dew and seven colors spread.

Why that darling gaze, piercing my daisy self,
those moments of glee and ecstasy,
times left behind for only a golden fleece
on voyage to Hellenic sprees?

Lo! How I stay longing...

Dream...

awake long nights, blessing every frame.
All those times that hand clasped were we,
dream my relief those times we met,
For the salvation of a storm struck ship
when furlongs away we left behind
the lighthouse geese.

The still calm of melodic voice,

Whale tails lift and spray,
the deep blues beckons tartar depths.
But I deny death for I have a gift to bear,
a smile, a hug, a ring, and a stare.
With true heart I sail away,
escaping to the seas, I promise to come back one day,
return this boat to those fateful shores,
where love will keep faith again.

God, in best of wills,
brings together.
But bring us to wail.
Lament I, these days apart,
for there lies ahead more love filled days.

Do not cry nightmares
but sleep with dreaming eyes,
for I keep praying through these long nights
when love will be here again...

It will be Spring Once Again

He complained of the shrill,
the damp
and the cold winds

that cut through the dry birches
dripping icicles,
ravens that peeked into meek days.
blanked hopes,
and wilted flowers that wept.

Yet all he needed to do was come out of the groundhog burrow

to hear the
greetings,
chirpings,
blooming-s,
laughing-s,
and damsels dancing dandy lot more.

A new sun raging in a new day,
with wonders that it ushers in...

tiny hummingbirds sweeping nectar from mighty hosts,
fishes in the brook that fly past the serpents and ghosts,
the shine on children's faces,
for a day full of friends and plays.

Hear!
Hope is not lost,
but much begotten
as new days spring yet again.

About the Poet: A Calcutta boy, Allen David Simon defines himself as “a poet, on days he is read; on other days a scribe.” Although not trained in the literary arts, Allen believes that genuine words ‘ring’ emotions, not merely relay meaning to the human experience. A self-affirmed “romantic pessimist,” whose passions vent out in poetry, he is his truest when left to rant his heart out. He is an M.A. (Political Science) candidate at St. Xavier’s College (Autonomous), Kolkata (University of Calcutta); with recent works having appeared in the *Literary Cognizance*, *Five Fleas Itchy Poetry*, including anthologies like *Stardust and Sentences*, *Beautiful Lies*, *Sakura Haiku Challenge 2025* anthology and has been accepted in the upcoming *Alien Buddha Loves You Too*, *Some Feelings Don’t Expire* and *Quietly Blooming*.

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