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## Because Death Opens the Door to Another World

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**Kumara Swamy Ravipati** Assistant Professor of English, Koneru Lakshmaiah Education Foundation (Deemed to be University), Green Fields, Vaddeswaram, Guntur, Andhra Pradesh, India.  
Email: [rkumaraswamy42@gmail.com](mailto:rkumaraswamy42@gmail.com)

Once, fragrance was intense-  
crushed petals dipped in silence,  
offering whispered chimes onto self,  
dressed on the pulsating hands.  
Now, the incense hovers in glass,  
branded by rustic hands on shelves of reflection,  
each a promise:  
the scent will make you sense,  
this world that you belong.  
But both the atomizer and the perfume  
speak the same tongue:  
how they choose to be remembered.  
A drop on the wrist,  
a dab off the cuff:  
the wind whispered through the wild jasmine,  
or a pensive mist quiet after rain.  
The gentle plume dissolves,  
and so do we:  
our careful choices evaporating



into thin air,

leaving only traces-

not of what we were,

but by the scent of becoming.