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MYSTIC MIRAGE

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Listening to the endless prate of the raindrops  
I sat by my window pane with a cup of brewing hot coffee.  
Monsoons and coffee are my favorite pair.  
Just like remorse and the rains.  
They carry me to a sequestered speck.  
A verse is stuck like a lump in my throat.  
I need to swallow it with my tablet of grief.  
I gazed at the clouds and spoke to them in metaphors.  
"You are the trill to my weary soul, I said.  
They sang to me in metaphors.  
They acted as a suture to my wounds.  
Cajoling my pains with acute fitness.  
As I finished sipping the last drop, I had a mirage clasped in my palms.  
Like a student playing truant  
I tried to be an absentee in the school of pandemic.  
In the cyan cajoled red sky,  
I raised my hand  
I made gestures to the shadow of memories.



The morning has arrived empty-handed today.

My body melted into artefacts

with the soprano of the rain drops.

Sprinkling stardust on my plate they danced away to a distant Riviera.

Meanwhile, I managed to scrounge a date with myself midst the quarantine.



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