

04

WORDS

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I want to shriek out
But-
Alas! I lack proper words.

I want to pacify my head
That is being hammered
By the multitude of passing thoughts.
I feel a silent explosion in my brain
I am helpless like an injured cow,

Nothing to do –
Except sliding
Into oblivion-
So much buried words-
I have inside me
I am waiting for the time to explode.

Explode to those souls who can bear the heat of the Explosion.
I am a volcano,
I plunge my body into the sea of restlessness
I try to break the wall of silence.
The ramifications of human bonds seem to me
Futile,
Futile as a glass, vulnerable as a vase,
Tempting like ripe fruits--



Hanging from the bowed boughs

Of an unknown tree.

The loophole of memories,
Grinded me
And turned me into ashes;
A mild wind is enough to erase my existence;
I write
Because I cannot reveal
The half of the passage of my mind
I feel a lot-
I say so little.
To whom

Should I talk?

To whom

Will I go?

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