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## LOVE, NOT LOVE!

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It was a day of dark sunshine,  
When I got to know, what I thought was mine was never mine,  
Dark clouds succumbed towards deadly despair,  
Thunders in heart gargled tears through fierce lightning in air.

Tears rolled over and over, pain unending,  
Heart toppled, burnt and crucified in its inn,  
Not a word could move, a thought could never cross,  
Blank became everything, like shot down albatross.

How could you, I wanted to ask, do such a thing?  
Why did you, I never knew,  
Is there no heart in that broad chest of yours?  
which never spoke when you made love with what was not yours,  
Did God not speak to you? Lie after lie as you spoke to me,  
Guilt you say, after you blame me?

Love, Yes! It did wonders.  
It made my knees weak with cold shutters,  
But as my heart went to know about you,  
It became insane as a horrible hew,  
Mercilessly I did, verbally un-shame myself,  
Before a stranger and thyself,  
Axing myself over and over,  
For God and only God to take power,  
To lift this broken, burdened and obnoxious me,  
Into his arms, heal and save from thee.

But still this heart mourns for you,  
 Not with anger but for the alien in you,  
 I ask God to take thee to him,  
 Heal you too from within,  
 I pray for you for your good health,  
 May be, this is the power of Love's wealth

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### OXYMORON

*Deep lay a sorrow unseen and at bay,*  
 Fearing people's piercing eyes just to sway me away,  
 I bore the sorrow with the pain, only to gorge,  
 Sorrow gave sorrow, and pain has given pain.

Like a phoenix I arose but within myself,  
 Gleaming with wisdom of being good to self.  
 It has nothing to do with the world I would say,  
 It would never see through the yarn I had spun to show them away.

For, to this world is there the strong and mighty 'might',  
 And with all gaiety also the absurd helpless, with a hope, 'might',  
 Never was it the fiercely 'fright',  
 Nor is it always the heavy, powerful, and loads full of 'freight'

It is always what I am draped in, and choose to show with élan,  
 That is what they choose to see, and never through it anyway,  
*The world is such an oxymoron I would say,*  
*Deep lay a sorrow, unseen and at bay!*

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**About the Author:** Ms. Farheen is an Assistant Professor for Business Management and Administration at a reputed college, affiliated to Osmania University, Hyderabad. She is currently pursuing faculty development program (FDP) at IIM-Ahmedabad for Management Faculty. She has immense interest towards English literature, and has written several poems and short stories.