

Learning from T.S. Eliot

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While penning down a poem,
I look for thee.
But in seeking thy presence,
my poem burns.

My heart falters at the sight of thy memory
just like a rising wave falls down at the feet of the sea.

I drown in this pool of madness
where you give meaning to my sadness.

I don't want to be the poet.
I don't wish to be a poem too.

I just hope that this poem merges with the extant beauty of the cosmos.
And, I wish for this poem to be liberated from me
just like the way I want to be set free.