

## The Interpretation Of Death

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The drops of rain come swooping down to meet their deaths.  
All of them are passengers and their guests are their breaths.  
They merge with the tawny sands just like the memories conflate with the arid  
lands.

We relish the sensations of being touched by someone but there is a catch.

We don't want the drops of moments to die.  
We don't want the truths intertwined with the lies.  
Is it possible to arrive at such a place?  
Each answer that I arrive upon is itself a maze.