

FEATHER

Dhanya G Mohan*

It flew like a feather,
stuck on the right field,
the seed got dismissed,
a new one began to sprout.

DARKNESS

All the morning stars seemed blur,
even the sunlight went dim soon,
the brighter moon also faded and
I felt darkness everywhere...

“Mere anarchy is loosened upon the world!”
the refugee blues, demoted Dalits and
wailing women all around,
Cries of thousands shatters me...

Annihilate...! I cried! But,
it went weak in the dismal abysses,
now I have only stones of silence,
“I fall upon the thones of life and I bleed!”

*MA English Literature (Final Year)
Dr Palpu College of Arts and Science
Puthussery, Kollam