

Sable Shroud

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Why ruin the purity of white
When rude beings pass
Whose lives are testaments of sins
Why bury them in white of dove
Sable is suited for such souls
The degraded wasteland is our deed
So why put on a charade?
and put on white when we go
Let's not mourn the closing eyelids of knaves
Black is greed and lust and all other sins
The crown of thrones is what we deserve
The sable shroud is what we deserve.

Shallow

How insensitive of me
What a fool I am
trying to fathom

the depth of the river
by glazing it from above
It sure looked blue
with a tint of green
long and wide
floating and sheltering in it
a lot of lives
but no one knew
the real depth
until I plunged into it
immersed myself completely
into it's shallow waters
which looked so enigmatic to me
only to find out the dirt makes it opaque
bewildering my mind
to confuse it with depth.