

## Deluded by the Spectrum

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I saw me searching for a colour  
To paint the heart I made  
When I found a tinge of crimson  
Abandoned on the streets.  
The crimson heart had shed violet blood.  
With the day came the fay and the say.  
When you go too deep within, reach out,  
Lest you be lost, I heard.  
  
I saw me banging the door.  
Open the door I am cold.  
There were three rooms  
And there were occupants.  
One room had no wall.  
The other one had iron walls with cracks.  
I took the third one without a window.

Leave me or the other world,  
The windowless room whispered to me.  
When you go too deep within, reach out,  
Lest you be lost, I heard.

I did not see me sulking away  
With sagging breasts and deformed shape.  
I did not see me because I am hidden  
In the skies and oceans of yesteryears.  
I did not see me for I was not alone  
And my company had long gone.  
I lied.

I saw me running  
With sagging breasts and deformed shape  
To hide in the deep blue hue  
For I did not want to be alone.  
When you go too deep within, reach out,  
Lest you be lost, I heard.

I saw me tangled in what you call a tree  
Am I a tree?

I should be because I flower  
Or I should not be because I devour  
The green tree.  
I do not wait for the answer or for you.  
I want to see the tree I devoured.  
When you go too deep within, reach out,  
Lest you be lost, I heard.

I saw me sliding away  
To happy lands  
Where smileys lived.  
Their wink was answered with a wink.  
Their smirk was returned thrice fold.  
The kisses were shot and I am lost.  
Were my smileys stolen?  
When you go too deep within, reach out,  
Lest you be lost, I heard.

I saw me as I came to a close.  
What are you cooking?  
I am cooking dreams

With spices the color of scarlet

And flavor the scent of harlot

Wake up.

Ah! The dream you cooked had dried up.

When you go too deep within, reach out,

Lest you be lost, I heard.

**I** saw me coying with you.

If you be my quagmire,

I will gladly step in,

Spoke the eyes that

Carried you within,

In drains and dreams

And do's and dont's alike.

When you go too deep within, reach out,

Lest you be lost, I heard again.

**I** saw me seeking the white light

In the darkness of the space within.

You were the promise I probed.

It has always been for you

That they came, I came.

Silence followed by cacophony

And more silence.

Bored, disheartened, desperate and scared,

I reached out.

Oh! Am I already lost?