

Decadence

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The sun was never high
So did the burn.
Each of the drops
Leaves and green
Are sunken in dust.

The burns itchy
The dust cataractic
The foot going down
To the parched
Lips of earth.

Where the desiccated
Ground parted
The fall is deep
Beneath the molten,

They once etched
The walls millennia
They hunt, drew channels
Painted, penned,
Killed and cropped

Now the fall is deep
Down, where the caves
Abandoned. Thrones rust.
Thorns grown. Barren.
And frozen creeps.

A Usual Love Plot

I wish you to look at me
How the first time you looked at the stars,
How you could not take the eyes off a beautiful flower,
A genteel kid

I wish you to touch me
How the sweat on your palm sticks,
How the blanket covers up you in bed,
And how the water drip down from your lips to chin.

I wish you to listen me
How the morning rays embrace the birds' chirps,
Exquisite fluttering of a butterfly wings
And a neat melodious raga soothes your ears.

I wish you to have my odour
How the coffee beans spill out the same,
How the milky mouthed child plays in the mud,
And how the earth soaks the first drop of rain

I wish you to whisper

How intimately you want me to hold your each syllable by heart
How eagerly you wish to have them all above,
And how your each breath inhale loves me
And how your each breath exhale finds me