

## THE UNWANTED PLIGHT

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I feel the acute hollowness,  
The acute numbness,  
The severe aggravating pain.  
I try to boost my heart,  
Deviate my mind and be cheerful,  
But slash! All in vain.

My eyes start getting filled up,  
I feel heavy on my chest,  
Can't breathe, Gasping for air,  
Wanting to be calm and free.  
Tears still don't drop,  
Just gather in the eyes,  
Like clouds in the sky.

I feel the acute darkness,  
The overwhelming presence of being meaningless,  
I wait for the pain to subside,  
So that in a corner I can reside,  
I ask for freedom and I ask for light.

The tear drops fall, my pillow gets wet,  
The air enters, I feel at peace,  
And this marks hopefully,  
The end of my regular plight.

### THE DRY SPELL

As I lay in the dim light room?  
I can feel the waves of anxiety,  
The uncertainty that contours my face.  
The eyes search for happiness,  
The cold wind plays like child,  
And mocks the way fate chides.

The days and nights pass,  
comes and goes the sunlight,  
There seems to be no end to my plight.  
In this dull, gloomy room,  
I try to avoid the certainty of the doom.  
I search for passion, I search for hope,  
I lament for my imagination that eloped.

I pray for this dry spell to end,  
I pray for the bouts of imagination,

I pine for the bounty rain of passion,  
For that ultimate inspiration,  
I plead for the words to return,  
I pray for the fate to turn,  
I want my imagination to run,  
So that I can feel the ultimate liberation.

### AS I SIT NEAR THE WINDOW

As I sit near the window,  
And look at the bright moon,  
As it peeps through the bars,  
I can feel the hurdles and the scars.  
I sit and look at the moonlight sky,  
Brighter than the usual but still dark,  
Its quite gloomy, yet thousand word it speaks.

I can feel the cold wind touching my hair,  
The nerves unsettled and I am panting.  
I try to feel my legs, hands and lips,  
I try to catch hold of every moment,  
But I feel shallow and all of it slips.  
I crave for the last drop of happiness,  
The last ray of hope, the shower of positiveness.

I wish I could feel the blood rush in my veins,  
In this never-ending saga of torment,  
My soul is bruised, my mental peace is marred.  
I could feel the blue scar at the core of my heart.

I can feel how caged I am in sorrow,  
It burns like the reddish coal,  
I breath harder, I almost choked!  
My legs shake and my hands tremble,  
Then my tears come rolling, the sweat appears on my brow,  
I lay calm and lifeless, as all the pain I swallow.

As I sit near the window, I see the light coming,  
It makes my face glow,  
Reminding me of the sacred vow,  
I made to myself,  
To live the life I want, to break all norms set,  
To eschew all the values engraved.

I may be the ferocious fire,  
Who will burn every bit that comes its way,  
I will not care what is ancient or modern,  
Anything that's profane needs to end.  
I may be a like a caged bird,  
Who is given food and water,  
Who is owned and ruled,

But every night craving for freedom.

Yes, I will fly, I will have to fly,  
In the open and the wide sky,  
Travelling every length and breadth,  
I will know no limits, know no rules,  
Just a vivacious spirit willing to live.