

## *Deferred Answers*

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*The drops of rain  
Pierce heart like arrows,  
Gushes of wind  
Scorches not only the skin  
Sink deep inside marrow;  
The beds of roses are like  
The rows of flames;  
The answers remain deferred-  
For what should be done,  
And who is to be blamed?*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Hard to guess  
Where the path leads,  
Or that- will it ever be back?  
Seems elusive!  
How to determine  
The way self is to be treated?  
How far the trust could be insane?*

*Crazy are the ideas?  
Or, is it on their part that is wrong?*

\* \* \* \* \*

*If they look for  
Surely will find someone in the sky,  
Or in the ocean, or whirling nearby;  
Certainly, they will be seen*

*With the eyes of love,  
But where they will find  
That image glinting  
In those ardent eyes  
Far impassioned!*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Unacceptable it is,  
For a heart to be stiffer than stone,  
Or is it the optimist  
Toiling in the storm?  
The lover knows  
They are haled to do so;  
But the hoper knows not  
What urge makes them to.  
They can't help*

*Will continue spreading their voice;  
Yet they'll coerce never,  
To change their choice!*