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Editor-in-Chief: Dr. Siddhartha Sharma

www.TLHjournal.com

sharmasiddhartha67@gmail.com

a moment with 'i'**i can be u.**Jimin S Mathew
M.A. B.Ed

born to live
 born to die
 i shouldn't say both!
 let the mist pass by
 let me see it as whole, from head to toe-
 the eighth color in the rainbow;

shabby purple and orange born.
 now i see it eating the rest
 the one wipes out all seven.
 let me think
 let me think
 life or death....
 Oh! NO!, i don't have any thoughts left.

Note: words like 'i' are written in 'small letter' on purpose. I feel it would serve the purpose of the poem better.

The Wounded Storyteller

Hola! Amigos!
 i am a wounded storyteller.
 The pricking piercing pain- the sole companion in my side.
 i would like to describe myself
 but, my vocal produces only one sound- Silence.
 let me seek pardon, forgive me Oh..Romantic "Grecian Urn"*
 what you said is all wrong.
 the "Unheard Melodies"* are bitter
 until you decide to release it.

Hola! Amigos!
 i am a wounded story teller
 i am telling the story of Silence
 is it much audible than a voiced one????!!!!
 * Keats- Ode On A Grecian Urn.