

## A Love That Was Long Lost

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I chose to be the traveller,  
never tried hard for destination.  
The path that I had traversed for,  
twas all SHE, the beautiful creation:  
sound so soft, dark were her eyes-  
unfolded with stricken look; and then SHE  
arrested in shrouded suspense as much alluded me.  
Twas easily roused me,  
with stirring thoughts wafted through mind.  
Oh...long she duped me.

O... SHE tricked me  
and murdered my soul piece by piece.  
Pains caused by she –  
long sustained, shrouded and leashed;  
was deeply tucked in the soul and restrained.  
Yet it ripened for struggling passions to free;  
those endless trails of long turmoil,  
which screaming through ducts for a leeway,  
as in shutting bud- a trapped bee.  
The briny blob of pale hues pearls that of pains,  
for caressing the soul, had rolled onto cheek.  
So forth, washed the poisonous memoirs and all its stains...