

Lost

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I was lost,
Feeble to hear the beats of my heart,
Missing the track my breath flew in,
I was determined to die, to kill me within,
To live as a carcass with no existence.

Like a bare pot, I found nothing in me,
Wrapped with enough flesh to feel the pain,
The pain of turmoil; the pain of being,
It was more than a pinch; it was a puff.

Nevertheless, the 'Me' declined death,
With fuming flair the battle began,
The more I was disposed to the world,
The mightier the battle hovered,
The battle of 'One' or the battle of 'Two'.

I yelled; I shrieked; I howled; I moaned,
But no help to take; no help found,
Though I was tattered and rattled,
I decided to stand firm to win the battle,
To forgive myself,
For whatsoever it is.