

It's too Loud Inside My Head

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It's too loud inside my head,
That I cannot even hear myself.
It's so loud inside my head,
That the turmoil drowns the whispers of my heart.
Utter chaos.
That's what is happening.
It's World War Three.
The ultimate battle of the sounds.

Trillions of voices.
Advices, scoldings, scornful words,
Some soothing words, inspiring words,
The ghosts of the past,
Long dead and gone,
All engaged in a battle.

And in that battle of 'other sounds' inside my head,
I cannot hear the whispers of my heart,
I cannot hear the whispers of my heart.

SUICIDE

Sighs heavy with grief...
A lump in the throat,
hard to swallow..
Eyes that threatens to overflow,
The held breath that prevents it from doing so..
A head that tries to reason,
And a heart that knows no reason..
Two years have passed,
But the wound is still fresh.
Two years have gone ,
Two years since her SUICIDE.

Those dreamy eyes ,
Veiled a sea of worries.
Her perfect lips,
Sealed untold miseries.
But alas,
We were deceived by that carefree laugh,
Oh, how we failed to unmask that broken heart.

Gifting us eternal sleepless,
She went to sleep.
Killing her parents dreams,
Stealing her sibling's joys ,
Taking a chunk of her best friends heart ,
She went to sleep,
Eternal sleep.