

**Life for some follows an Elusive Horizon
A Writer's Interior Monologue**

Dr. Atiya Noor

Assistant Professor in English
Cluster University of Jammu
(Maulana Azad Memorial College Jammu)
Email : noor_iju@yahoo.co.in

Life for some follows an elusive horizon,
for who are more sharply aware and conscious of their existence.
For who are not, life becomes a cup of poison.
Life is governed, momentarily by perspectives that give persistence,
the essence of life is radical change to gain insight
to broaden the vision and make life bright.

Intellectual pathways, elusive essence
to pursue the fount of knowledge.
thoughts never remain the same;
if they did, it would result in a stagnating pool of views.

Thoughts are dynamic, and undergo a lot of change
steadily, beautifully, mould into concepts.
Until here, things just progress smoothly,
but the hitch comes when ideas don't materialise into creation.

The stage where indolence or some laxity

cages you into the intellectual deadlock.

It makes me wonder if idealism is responsible
for intoxicating with so much pleasure
of the intellect, that one refrains from action
when it comes to the application
of ideas in the territory of the intransigent reality.

The lacuna during the whole process of evolution
of thought is brazenly exposed by the mind,
which in fact the will had followed.

Here the greatest punishment
would be thoughts forced on my mind.

Thoughts, which are not original,
give way to so many delusions
and the state of being heads towards a slow,
unknowable decline.

I know what my heart holds;
infinite portals to a dream never dreamt before.
Dreams are like the mirror which shows
the real self, without any embellishment.
The stark reality makes me know what is amiss and
what I could do, to follow the light of my life's beacon.

Oh! But the fire in the beacon has turned into embers.

It is not the smouldering fire anymore,

but it still burns in a continual oblivion.

Nobody knows that the fire is more potent than before.

This state of oblivion leaves me with so many portals

to know myself more than before.

To keep out of the eye of thousands of diversions.

Indolence stops me from action,

Thought provoking ideas have to strike a cord,

such thoughts I hardly spare

I follow them relentlessly.

Meaning is important even in mundane things.

Meaninglessness makes me superficial.

True self connotes essentially driven reason

With an accompaniment of a feeling of a vehemence.

Feelings as accompaniments because they are of our thoughts.

If feelings appear before thought,

ideas lose identity and remain always under a cloak of mystery.

It seems intriguing but it's a potentially meaningless

to land in such state.

Here the state of my mind is a

permeable territory

but I recognize it as an entity.

Everyone has to traverse this territory,

if one doesn't,

to differentiate between

madness and reason would become difficult.

There are no marked lines drawn to demarcate these,

but these are subtle areas and involve a lot of comprehension

and perhaps a personal definition of suitability.

Society, extending banalities, small talk

it is all diffidence,

I feel a sense of utter indifference

I have indeed, an unconscious purpose to understand myself more every day,

discover something new with each passing moment

and explore my motives to the extent that I can perform right action.

Thought is the cognitive beginning,

the volition and will give it a form,

under the creative guidance,

it is finally complete and successful

when it gives you a feeling of a

complete gratifying emotion.

If it is not so, then the effusion of feeling created
a song.

The notes of music were fiddled
with a half-heart;

Creation flew from the heart through
the pen, away like a bird
to some other distant lands.

I was wandering, forever, in half
stupor and the rest in senses,
all awake.

I tried to recall the song of a
bygone time.

The chimes of the clock don't let
me think and I remain in wonder.

Realisation comes when
the adversary attacks from an ambush with a relentless leash.
I am then but a bundle of primal instincts and poetry hitherto,
naturally flowed.

Flowing poetry, binding words,
the heart's agony is appeased and this painful journey continues.

I was touched
so moved.

I felt sure I could write the
verses so sweet.

But conception of such fantastic kind,
can come only to a poet's wandering
mind.

I tried to keep count of my emotions.
The silliest thing ever, one can do.

You always face treachery.
Nobody betrays, but feelings betray
you, yourself.

I still didn't give up
The trait of a sentimental, foolish
poet.

I took a new road,
the stamp of poetical fickleness,
I myself gave.

I journeyed alone on a road,
still untrodden.

I sojourned at a place, yet unseen.

I went on and on, like a fool-hardy
adventurer in search for new
lands.

Sometimes I feel, what my heart
wants?

There are no answers and the
search goes on.

I seek answers from myself, and the comfort
of sleep and the temptation of
evasion calls.

I go to sleep, and the poet's absurd
search follows me in my dreams.

While I am awake,
mind works, and heart feels and hands somehow
produce lyrics.

In my sleep, all rules are broken.

The mind defies the thinking thought.

The heart but beats like a wall clock.

I transcend beyond my mind's imagination
and so much, so uncanny,
is revealed.

The unravelling of the insatiable gives
the poet in me more joy.

Joy more befitting than a poet's
absurd smugness on writing
useless lyrics.