

ETERNITY

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That was not a dream
But it could be called as such,
Because I saw it in my sleep.

Sleep!

It went like an autumn leaf
Floating smoothly, then wobbling along
The perspicuous river,
Flowing with candour

Candour!

It doesn't cling on to my sleep for a long
It took another path, which
I could never suit with.
It chose its own tenor, which could do
Nothing with mine.

Tenor!

This got a change all of a sudden
When it appears in my sleep,
The one I doubt as a dream.

I was told by it, to give a new start

But I dithered.

I tried to pat on myself

In my sleepless nights

Without the candour,

And with a deviated tenor

But, I again dithered

Patting never gone to heal my wound

Again, it appeared, that dream

Urging me to dash with haste

I tried to lurch from it.

But, it caught me tightly

That was not a dream, but

A reality of guilt.

It never made me free in nights,

And was not short of breath.

But was vast,

Vast as eternity.