

The Angel

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She came home and got on her knees,
May I have some water, please?
Then she smiled a little and said,
'Mama! I have work to do but can I just sleep instead?'

'I didn't get no rest.' mama thought.
With joy, every battle I fought.
I woke up at 4 while she does at 8,
Why should I bear all the weight?

The world was different, that I know,
Mama watched her sleep, soft as snow.
Like a little angel she glides,
Through her mother's stormy tides.

She has to wake up and learn to fight.
Mama knows what's wrong and what's right.
Mama will teach her the trade.
It's time for her childhood to fade.

Mama shakes her awake,
One day for a man she will clean and bake.
Even if all her mama gets is hate,
Her angel will learn to bear the weight.

The wall

Should I pause?
But I have not achieved much.
There are places to go,
I haven't seen anything as such.

Should I wait,
Or walk faster?
Is there always a way?
Or will I run astray?

I hear the drops patting,
My eyes with tears are matting.
Do I want to stand out?
Or be one with the sound?

With shivering hands,
I swallow hard.
This is peace,
But loss will leave it marred.

Calm is what I seek,
But the thought of inconsistency,
Leaves a blue hue,
To my cheek.

The world is beautiful,
That I know.
But how do I experience it?
In a room with no window?

The Home

I walk through the abbey,
And I hear horrid sounds,
The cries of lovers and kin,
The long corridors hound.

I live here
And this is my home.
Who says your abode,
Should be a holy dome?

At the deas of the night,
I pick up my lamp.
I go linger near the far ends,
And settle down on a ramp.

I close my eyes,
And let my skin feel the cold.
The exterior is shiny,
Hiding inner mold.

I live here,
This is my home,
I belong to the dust,
An ancient garden gnome.

The darkness of the manor is light for me,
I hold a darker past.
Past, oh the word itself,
Longer than time it shall last.

It is louder than all sound
And terror towering all
It holds all my now and before
and it will hold my ultimate fall.