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Sip a Soul

What can I only see?

On the black cloudy shadow of infinity

A delusion blathers,

A delusion of very existence,

A delusion of futility of mankind,

The glare of heavenly screen

Imparts a persistent dementia,

In this state of insanity

Morality becomes void

Opposite forms swallow each other

I breathe pain

I breathe fear

I want to get that dark silence

Where all forms get vanished

Should I live to taste sins?

I don't have the courage,

When I know

It tastes bitter

To sip a sweet soul

I Painted an Ocean

I painted an ocean
But forgot the shore
There were no ships
When I took a close look,
It was my isolation
Sailing like the sea waves;
I searched alone for centuries
To add the travelers
In my voyage,
Still, singular I stand
On this mortal deck;
Need an island to anchor
When I call on a radio
It becomes silent monologue outward,
The reply comes from the resounding inside;
With every *tsunami from the bosom of the core*
I feel like conulariid without pearls;
Although I have vastness of Dead Sea
But no light house of life fervor

First Monsoon

Immigrant pregnant clouds in this high time
Preparing to deliver aerial showers,
Huge watery vessels, like a developed baby
Too heavy to hold in atmospheric womb;
With lightening proclaiming over the vastness
Of the supply of life fluids,
Weary peasants restless eyes wait for
Their intimate Dark Relatives,
Timorous honeybees, humble sparrows at bowers,
Come; welcome the procession of yearly joy,
Come; acquire this treasure of wet stuff;
Silvery tip-tip deepens every available aide
Pure life distills from the lofty branch- let,
A pacy white perennial stream is on a raid,
Polished jade vegetation, rinsed pavement is wet;
Everything is tame now, even the wild get modest
The sweet scent of sand is tempting to taste,
I want to be wet party, some momento to keep;
Watery pearls blush their face in late Sun rays,
Feathered creatures in row, rainbow crescent sways,

Candour heart inhaling aroamic worship,
The earth colorfully adorned like an Indian bride
In her first monsoon, commanding pride