

From Fairyland

Poems

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Searching in your
rainbow eyes
relics of past.

Your pride on the leash
goes on a rampage,
refusing a kiss of hemlock.

My indulgence ends,
becoming a sufi
you walk through a thick smog
to drag the failed suicides.

A tinge of vulnerability
when I meet my image
in water. You break into hundred tears.

Where this path leads
in the jungle of predators?
Would you carry the flag
of dramatics for quick relief?

The bubble bursts. My
feet buried in swamp,
I look back in agony.