

Will Not Breathe For A While

Poems

Posted by: sathishverma

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To know, who I am
in the name of truth.

We move in different circuits.
Our toes don't meet.

Fraternity mangled, I will
not sell my wounds.
I will not show my scars.

I will wait, wait till eternity
after the black end, in the hope of dawn.

As a mark of respect, you fly
low, invisible to the eyes of walking gods.

The thick men, become menace
for the slums. There was no light.

I turn blue.