

Against The Current

Poems

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That mad truth.
The unborn was knifed
long back. Now you throw-
the net in the crowd.

I had found you
after the centuries of conflict-
in small eyes, looking
for the stolen myths.

I want to hold your
face one day and bury it
in my tears. It should not have
happened in the jungle
of jinxed plays.

The unmarked tree. I
had picked up the fallen fruit
to taste you. Would you
find me in dark?