

MOON STRUCK...

Poems

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I have put the darkness
behind the burning flesh.
This world was not very open.

Stoically I lift the nameless grief
and take a leap in the blind shaft.

Morality had always been in contrast
with enormous guilt.
The adventure of turbulent life
was in quest of scraped moments.

Tender roots come out
from fallen seeds.
Of untouched desires.
Moonstruck I will gather dust.

Was it not sufficient to live on,
when past and future were not my part?
And how forsaken
was the moon.

Probability was always certain
and worship of a new messiah
a distinct possibility.

Satish Verma