

UNSpoken SECRETS

Poems

Posted by: satishverma

Posted on : 2012/7/2 4:29:03

It comes rolling out
from the trees, a sliced moon
inside out, undressing. Pain
quietly walks away.
I wash out my battered dreams.
A spiritual rain drenches
the mind. A shaft of blue light
provokes to inherit the sky.
I hear the music, what is not there.

Anonymous creation,
unnamed, unsung, I am waiting
for a human touch.
I know we have killed all
the manners. Men are becoming roads,
disappearing in landslides.
In names we dedicate
our customs of beautiful past.

Note book narrates but
nobody writes on the wall.
Someone scatters the virgin
seeds like unspoken secrets.
A scream becomes a custom,
mining the unknown.
We will gather the wings
of fallen birds and portray
a non-being on the mirror.

Satish Verma