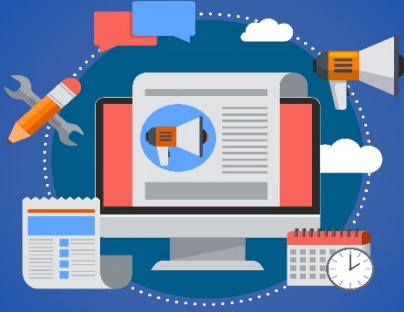


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Moonlit

Harishna M U

The bard wandered into the night,
mystified by its shades of dark.
He could no longer sleep at nights,
nor could he sing any hearts awake.
His heart; a laboratory.
Or has it become a labyrinth!
There once he turned lead to gold.
His scribblings, cipher to elixir.
And now? All the magic seems lost,
as he wandered into the night,
with one furnace fuming inside.

Like a sparrow caged for long,
he too had unlearnt his wings,
quarantined for long,
his heart no longer felt its pulse.
Oblivious to what he feels,
the bard walked forth.
He ran as if chased by ghosts of yore,
and he fell as if kicked by those of now.
So, he wandered lost into depths,
of one labyrinth of his own design!

Baffled, he looked around.
Deceived by the senses, he stood frail.
But soon, like from the heavens vaults,
tender drops came down caressing his face.
Outlined by the silver moon,
it sparkled like those eyes once did.
The bard then began to utter,
indistinct shards of stubborn words.
It was just him, the moon and the night.

The moonlit rain drops filled the sky.
Those moonlit tear dews cleansed his eyes.
Now he sees clear and true.
The magic that the world couldn't feel.
The magic that he didn't see.
The magic that hearts ceased to believe!
Determined, he looked into the shadows,
and saw them fading away.

The walls dissipate and maze is no more.
The fear disappears and pain is no more.
All his worries for something naught,
and now he sees life and love be all the same,
like the moon and the moonlight.

Bio:

Harishna M U is an emerging poet who finds expression through his poems. An Alchemist in heart, his poems generally reflects on nature, life, love and the magic of it all. He is currently pursuing his Masters in History at the Department of History, University of Kerala.