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Voices

Arnab Chatterjee Kolkata

With voices clamouring for help everywhere, I have taken a sheet to write. With those voices that will burst even these skies, And shall one day rule the heavens, I have taken the sheet and a pen... With thoughts that crawl like scorpions in my brain, Disordered and disarrayed, I have gathered guts to write in this Damp room, where, drunk with pride, greed and even lust---I shall not allow even the sun. But those voices, they somehow enter, and the clean page, Bereft of attention for so long a time, is still as blank as I am. But those sounds come, and even reek of a silent contemplation... "Who are they?", I ask myself and no sooner have I opened the window Than something forbids me doing so---This ennui, immaculate as those voices, shall not allow me to do Anything! And these musings, jumbled as serpents, mating for hours Coiled and dusty, have grown rebellious in this brain of mine. But those voices still travel, like torpedoes, intent on disarming everyone Perhaps even the one with hunger in his soul.