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The Silence of Shame

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In a frozen foggy eve,
Night without morning dew,
I met a soul, sweating with lingering walk,
The silence of shame was its only talk.
Passing an unrelenting night,
Dark and chaos, image out of sight
As old as the time left it to count days of fame,
Voice hardly perceptible in the silence of shame.
Eyes withered in worldly joys,
Bruised to death by decaying toys;
Ears drooping like leaves on a desiccated tree,
In a corner, there the sun it could never see.
The picture of the soul so harrowing, scaring
As if in his nightmare the creator was drawing.
The lips dried with eternal thirst,
Mirage of a drop beguiled him worst
Pitiable bow like back
And eyes so long awake.
Unfortunate, the soul never met a sun ray,
For centuries mounting rocky mountain far away;
Overweight on shoulders let every step slip away
Into the depth there is no sign of day.
Bare footed soul wanted to confess,

Cries and sighs are but voiceless,
Reverberating the silence of shame,
Dry eyes like glowing flame.
I ask for the cause of situation
But no means of communication.
I was insistent for the name,
Only I heard was the silence of shame.