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The Lost Thread

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Lost threads , tattered apart, the fabric of life
expository, self contained, meaningless meaning
incessant , unwarranted, inexplicable , long lasting strife
Sewing and stitching, the torn fabric ,inward shrieks hiding and concealing
Climbing the twisted stairs surreptiously, one great fall on every single step
With light steps , like a cat cunningly following a poor rat , setting a trap
The stairs of life , dangerously construed, stairs of loose thread
One thread lost , fumbling fingers, , staring eyes , unable to find
The lost thread .
Panting and gaping , searching and finding, travelling and traversing long journeys
With the Dawn and Dusk, rising sun and setting moons
The lost thread engulfed whole life
The whole life , an arduous, incessant strife
It made me move ahead , and retreat back
With that one single lost thread in mind
I sat motionless for hours and hours
Still
Unable to find one lost thread , that one lost thread
The fabric of life I could not mend
Unable to find one lost thread

With hours of longish broodings, irrevocable analysis , unending soul searching
Through self evaluations, prolonged visions, insights and revisions
Bewildered was I , speechless and dumbfound myself I found
The same single lost thread
That so heavily on my soul lied
I found in my heart
The organ and my body part
Lost thread caused me my life
The fabric of my life , tattered apart, unstitched and opened
Could be sewn or strewn , nor could I mend
The lost thread was there and I could not find