

**About Us: http://www.the-criterion.com/about/** 

Archive: <a href="http://www.the-criterion.com/archive/">http://www.the-criterion.com/archive/</a>

Contact Us: <a href="http://www.the-criterion.com/contact/">http://www.the-criterion.com/contact/</a>

Editorial Board: <a href="http://www.the-criterion.com/editorial-board/">http://www.the-criterion.com/editorial-board/</a>

**Submission:** <a href="http://www.the-criterion.com/submission/">http://www.the-criterion.com/submission/</a>

FAQ: <a href="http://www.the-criterion.com/fa/">http://www.the-criterion.com/fa/</a>



## **Solitude**

## Kuldipsinh D. Jadeja

Solitude brought me a world of my own,

Where I met myself silently.

Ears deafened and blind eyes,

Gave a chance to those inward ones.

I heard the music of breaths,

And danced to the beats of heart.

I expressed myself,

Concealing nothing.

With open heart, I told me a lot,

That I could never share with anybody.

I emptied the pot full of emotions,

And made it light with proper purgation.

Soul got fuel from harmony,

And it twiddled, as if in intoxication.

Body forgot all its pains,

With life throbbing in each vain.

Mind ceased to be a fickle foe,

And got pacified all its waves,

Tormenting itself since long.

An undercurrent of bliss,

Fluxed in the form of flow.

A voice whispered from within,

And flew fluently a series of poems.