



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

Archive: <http://www.the-criterion.com/archive/>

Contact Us: <http://www.the-criterion.com/contact/>

Editorial Board: <http://www.the-criterion.com/editorial-board/>

Submission: <http://www.the-criterion.com/submission/>

FAQ: <http://www.the-criterion.com/fa/>



ISSN 2278-9529
Galaxy: International Multidisciplinary Research Journal
www.galaxyimrj.com

Words

Fareeha Khan

I see and hear words coming towards me
Words of gloom , pathos and glee
Words that immediately sadden you
Words that take you to the instant depth of despair
Words are all around , there and here
Words that make you fly higher and higher
 All my life, throughout the wonderful years
I attempted to catch the words soaring here and there
Words that evade me calling me fool and liar
Deceit emanating from the aura they exude
Sometimes the pit of degradation is so deep
I or you even they could not peep
Shadows from the past do forward creep
Harsh words of betrayal and unkindness do seep
All the energy and zeal, as I could not leap
Forward and stood at a bay to witness
Indifference and nonchalance, threats and menace
Words that I see coming out of muted lips
Silence that speak volumes of words
Hurling at the flabbergasted audience
Bamboozling the simpletons , instigating
the belligerent to perpetuate further

words that do not stop , from floating in the air
Hollow, shallow words of pathos, love and care
They do not cease to soar and flutter
Even when you no longer want to hear
They still in the air forever do linger
Defining silence can deafen ears
Silence mark destiny, shaping destination
Inanimate shapes of words marking the crown of the creation
I do not wish these words to mark my sorrow and jubilation
To haunt me damagingly further till my assassination
Even the sweet, flattering words do have their mission
In the end they too poison
When honey is poured and sugar glues your ear
Too much noise is far too much to bear
Despite loathing the words' existence
Feeling them to be threatening and menace
I have to admit though grudgingly
Through gritted teeth and smilingly
Words are essential for my survival
Hollow , shallow words melting like butter
And still boxing my ears