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Living with the Enemy within

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Golden Dawn

In the gold-dust of every dawn
I pick up fragments of you.
In the scattered purple of eventide
I disperse your memories.
Mercilessly, I throttle your words
So that I can mother your silences
Just as I please.
Who says, silences are unbodied?

Languid afternoon

That afternoon you remembered
A name, long-forgotten and mildewed.
Stretched your arms to embrace
A shape of silence.
I listened in another room –
Miles away from you.
My moist eyes choking a reply
That your dead love gifted me.
Centuries of cob-webbed memories,
Eons of unrequited passion,
Rust-coloured blood that once oozed,
And flowed into streams of unseasonal
Love, now lost in the blaze of life.

Evening raga

And in the remnants of a siesta

A dream rises and falls –

And in its evening *raga*

Sunset-like, enralls.

And as the city homeward-bound

Retraces its tired steps,

The painter hurls his colours

At lifeless landscapes.

That which was once golden

Blurs with the synthetic shine

That what was beautiful

Mocks the pure and the divine.

Goodnight, dearest

The tapestry of a fond dream

A desire for warmth

And a cosy nook

Made up the warp

Strengthened the woof.

And then it frayed,

The strings all strayed

And I lost it all

To that untimely call.

Come, let's sleep, dearest

And awake in another world.