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

Bleeding Hope

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Digging the pen, sprouting the verses,
Ah! Buds sprout in sadness well,
Verses too short to measure your depth,
Followed by blood hounds in plain dress,
Counting the seconds of temporal death,
Extinguished the candle of hope!
Triumph darkness over the light,
Bent eyes, pale face, pierced near heart,
Laid down on the couch like tired child,
Swept away the care of Vale, yet we born to bear,
Nature mourns, shadowy frame trying to cease,
Silence deep echoes the memories of you,
Each drop of tear the pearl for untimely grave,
That is the home you live in, bearing thee goodbye,
Struggling in sleepless nights, that you spent,
Lulled to eternal sleep by the Angels,
A star close to the moon,
All loves night as a star thou art.
What did thou get leaving us alone?
Waiting at the window of peace,
The light of darkness which sends back,
Beats strangling each breath of ours,
Cries of spirits, each I wish you to hear!
Arise! Arise! And say I am here,
Nothing permanent but the love, loved by soul,
The shining face sending a message,

I am a martyr Alive in every heart,
Holding flag of eternal victory.