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Forlorn Heart

Bhat Zaieem

You were fading away mom to wan my face
Lagged I behind your long box of last rites
Which swayed upon the crumbled shoulders
And every foot – still in the dust of cyclones.

Stars don't stopped to twinkle or lost their brightness
Sun was on its way to candle the dark world
The leafs were still glowing yellow from green
And curl round their rims to a hollow bowl.

All around me was in the same boat of normality
But for me nothing changed except everything
So many faces were rusted by the deep sobs
And so was my face to look alike the grey ashes.