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Womb of Desires

Dr.Prunna Singla

Through the painful womb of desires
I walk amid the shadows cloaked,
In a silken schmatte, stained Crimson,
A faded oozing blood.
In a howling wilderness,
My feet cry at each footstep
On the soil that sinks at every approach
And flora that stinks and rakes
yet to a womb of desires,
The aura takes a pleasant place.
To feel it all, on top of it
Lays a graveyard of notions
with million graves fresh as dew
of petty little emotions.
I step subtly on every leaf
that dies under my covetous feet
and reach a place I call Triumph
Subduing the cranial conscience mine.
And then I count my gain and loss
What left of me was a bunch of moss
Stripped off my courage, tethered - torn
But to the world was an infant born
Yes! I smiled and sparkled golden,
Fragrant as the blooming roses
As I quenched my burning fire
With my blood in the womb of desire.