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## **Yes I'm**

**Sandeep T. G.**

Quite sure of my existence

In the sticky warmth of my blood..

Sure of the humid skin, worn-out in anticipation

of a meek northern gust..

The meandering sweat-lines proclaim

My bodily dominions as sovereign...

My breath, hardened with insomnia

Falls on like a charm.

Heart within, all puffed up in the pride of loathing,

Engrossed thoroughly in a fragile fancy

of revulsion and loss.

Yes, I'm steadily ahead

Treading through the right path of malice.

In the muddy mess of unknown spite

I am left with no tears for you, my brother..

Yes, I know where you are;

Your luminous universe

that is surrounded

by my obscure ocean.

I am left with no flowers for you..

My vexed hands keen to conspire  
a disorder that would pierce your mild limbs.

When you pass by my glances  
I concoct your unconditional obituary...

I am left with a red language for you  
Thickened with ruthless syllables of wrath.  
Yes, I'm this hatred, brutal and mute;  
Callous in stride and strike.

Yes, I'm left with no fear, my brother..

My unfriendly fire of unknown fury  
Circles you and plays a sly amusement.  
Caught up in the chaos of leisurely disruption  
I'm as evident as a serene white paper  
Blotched with calamity.

Yes, I'm sure of that blank morning  
When, Just before a collateral shower of meteors  
Your brown eyes decipher me-  
As a grey, lingering shadow.... as death.