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An Introspection

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There's a little guy who sits inside.
He murmurs, mumbles and yells all the time
with my mind, an hourglass safe in his hands,
sieved to the last bit of sand.
He's the Big Brother pledged to save and protect the delicate heart ;
the foster child of my moralistic learning...
Each foot is weighed; each syllable is balanced.
The rolls of my tongue are straightened out,
the cracks and crevices are stitched into shape
and the curves are perfected to the scale :
Cysts of immature outspokenness...unwanted,you know!

The fire pimples are mistaken for love sprouts.
Toasted skin and thoughts unfiltered mark low the levels of sanctity.
Voice is nothing but the peak of insanity :
Conditioned to be natural is glamorous, I know!!

He keeps on humming the same tune.
And my cacophony becomes a crime.
It is just another
possibility of me outgrowing the drab symphony, you ought to know!!!
And like a geological expert when I excavate and explore more major pleasure zones,
the little man who floats all along catches me red handed
and my diversions die away...
He traces my beeline of reason to mark in red and green.
This ghost of a shade shelves the honeyed me, while the wisdom whimpers hot from within...

My little spy is a workaholic; so I keep everyone around happy.
And I dance to the toned up tunes;
They laugh and appreciate the puppetry, and my master, He,
He sits up to measure, re-measure and re account the tiny, neat, tau(gh)t steps.

Hey buddy, I shall kill you one day...
And stamp one thick hairy foot of mine on you
To see you choke and choke and choke to death,

Until my blood will verse with soul all the untold tales.

Bio : Gayathri Varma U is a postgraduate in English Literature and she is interested in poetry and creative writing. She has published her poems in various magazines and is the prize winner of the international poetry contest, Shakespeare As You Like It, conducted by Farook College, Calicut. Her area of interest is South Asian Poetry.