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Afterlife

Gurpreet Kaur

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What are we?
A few flakes of ashes.
Ready to be blown away
With a mild gust of wind.
Neither of us knows
Where we will go?
Heavens or Hells
Are just conscience bells.
What was in our Hand
We crushed, brushed, and flushed.
What couldn't be 'on hold'
We strived for its touch.
They say our soul will merge back
Into the universe after leaving
The boundaries of Life.
Like raindrops get lost their individuality after the fall
In the wide vast Ocean.
But where will our Souls go?
When it doesn't even exist
When we are all alive.
The humanity that is Dead already
Pretending to be in its Archive.
Snatching breathes of fellow humans
Strangling them to unwanted stillness

Void of emotions carrying frightening Coldness making everything numb.

What himself hollow human

Can offer to the world in need?

Filling up their own 'void of Soul'

With unquenchable greed.

They say our souls get purified

Of fascinated five senses

One by One taking their turn.

Sound, goes first to strike everything unheard.

Taste, then takes turn to make them bland.

Smell, unravels all familiar inhalations.

Eyes, betray us then to every beautiful sight.

Then Touch, comes in final and withdraws every single presence.

Now, what will we purify?

No Soul?

We are dead.

But still alive?

Must be Undead.

Dead but breathing life

It must not be ours.

We are inhaling other's lives

To fill the void to feel alive,

To rejuvenate we are destroying

Human hives.

Life and Death

Then makes no sense.

Living with such hollowness
Is tantamount to
Death before its call.
We are delinquent for the first
And every next Fall.

Biographical Note:

Gurpreet Kaur is a poetic soul. Along with writing poems, she is teaching English Subjects for more than five years. Being a literature bird, she loves reading and capable of connecting herself to every speck of life present.

She has got one book of poetry 'Huesome Pigmentation of Thought' published. Poetry is an inspiration for her in happiness as well as in gloom.

This is the first thought and last resort for her to express her emotions.

In This poem, she has tried to put up the difference between being alive and pretending to be alive. She reclaimed that Death comes to human being the very day he denies performing his duty of being a truthful human being. And he leads his life in a hollow state because the Soul can not hold the hand of a betrayer.