

IMPACT FACTOR: 7.86

ISSN 0976 - 8165



# THE CRITERION

AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL IN ENGLISH

— 12<sup>th</sup> Year of Open Access —

Bi-Monthly Refereed and Peer-Reviewed  
Open Access e-Journal

Vol. 12, Issue-3 (June 2021)

Editor-In-Chief : Dr. Vishwanath Bite

Managing Editor : Dr. Madhuri Bite



www.the-criterion.com



AboutUs: <http://www.the-criterion.com/about/>

Archive: <http://www.the-criterion.com/archive/>

ContactUs: <http://www.the-criterion.com/contact/>

EditorialBoard: <http://www.the-criterion.com/editorial-board/>

Submission: <http://www.the-criterion.com/submission/>

FAQ: <http://www.the-criterion.com/fa/>



ISSN 2278-9529

Galaxy: International Multidisciplinary Research Journal

[www.galaxyimrj.com](http://www.galaxyimrj.com)

## Afterlife

**Gurpreet Kaur**

Assistant professor in English,  
(Guru Nanak Dev University College, Jalandhar).

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.