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## In Shadows' Grasp: A Silence

Dr. A. Arun Daves

In a quaint village, where the sun did gleam,  
A young lad roamed, his spirit bright and free.  
Beside him strode a dame with icy mien,  
Her shadow dark, her gaze sharp as a key.

She ruled with whispers, sly and keen,  
Her dominance a tale known far and wide.  
Yet in the boy, her presence went unseen,  
For in his heart, no room for fear did hide.

The old dame dwelled in a house of stone,  
Where cobwebs clung to ancient beams above.  
She sat enthroned upon her high-backed throne,  
Commanding all with an iron will, her love.

But whispers spread of her malicious tone,  
Her schemes and plots to gain yet more control.  
The boy, untouched by malice deeply sewn,  
Avoided her, his innocence his role.

The village whispered, tongues awash with spite,  
As tales of her deceit did freely spread.  
Yet still, she reigned, her power burning bright,  
Her dominance was a weight upon each head.

But one, untouched by venom's deadly bite,  
Stood firm against the tide of scornful lies.  
The boy, with a heart untainted, pure and light,  
Refused to join the chorus of despise.

Enraged, the dame beheld the boy's disdain,  
Her ego was bruised, her pride a fragile thing.  
She sought to crush him with her icy reign,  
To break his spirit, to make his heart sting.

But he, unmoved by her attempts in vain,  
Simply turned away, his spirit soaring high.  
For in his soul, no hatred did remain,  
Only compassion, reaching to the sky.

In time, the dame grew weary of her game,  
Her power waning, her dominance undone.  
The boy, untouched by malice's cruel flame,  
Stood as a beacon in the fading sun.

And as the villagers began to tame  
Their whispers, softened by the lad's pure grace,  
The old dame saw her reflection, tame,  
And found within herself a hidden place.

Thus ends the tale of boy and dame,  
Of innocence and power's grasp so tight.  
For in the end, it's not in wealth or fame,  
But in the heart, where true strength takes flight.

Though others scorned and turned away in shame,  
The boy remained steadfast, his spirit bright.  
And in his light, the old dame found her flame,  
A spark of kindness in the darkest night.

**Bio-Note:**

Dr. A. Arun Daves is a highly accomplished scholar and educator with a Ph.D. in English from Annamalai University and an M.Phil. in English from PRIST University. He earned his M.A. in English from St. Joseph's College of Arts & Science College, Cuddalore, where he was honored with a Gold Medal. Additionally, he holds an M.A. degree in Linguistics from Annamalai University. Since 2013, he has held the position of Assistant Professor of English at Jawahar Science College, Neyveli. Dr. A. Arun Daves is a prolific writer and researcher, with more than 20 articles published in esteemed international journals and also reviewed over 20 articles and book chapters. His literary talents encompass poetry, short stories, and book reviews, demonstrating his multifaceted expertise in the field of English language and literature.