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Weekend is an Epilepsy

(Dedicated to George Bernard Shaw)

Masum Ahmed

The ultimate attainment of happiness is madness.

After that, there's no word left in your throat

To fill this armoury of sounds with syllables. So, you are silent and

Dwell beneath the substance, and life

When your limbs are caged in past's *shadows*,

Do not divinate these moments of happiness

If they are destined to man a Royal Flaw. Before which,

there's only a throat in you to catapult a constellation of words

beyond the time's linear flow—happiness beat happiness, and distances grow

Over its painful echo.

Certainly, weekend is an epilepsy

and its duration is no more than a seizure; perhaps a *stroke* seems better?

While it searches for me like a sandstorm searches for the head of the ostrich

buried more under intention, less the sand,

I pretend, all weaknesses of the universe inhibit me and my kind

And the strengths of it drop below

from the point of where I tend to forbid the beaten echo!

Selah! Don't animate your smile.

You are alive

and well enough.

What do you need more?

A short nap amidst the turmoil of shifts?

Like life

amidst the shifts of births, deaths, births, deaths...

Nevertheless,

It is a shifty pretty life,

You may feel alive while at work—



Feel your worth like a dot; so, move like a dot in your weekdays and in the weekend become a sentence!

Poet bio:

Masum Ahmed is an alumnus of the Department of English, AMU. Currently, he works as an English Language Assessor for *Trivium Education Services*. He is Life Member of *Indian Association for Commonwealth Literature and Language Studies* (IACLALS) and writes on a variety of subjects reflecting on the contemporary times. He may be contacted at marcoramairo@gmail.com