



Loneliness in Lengthy Metaphors

Mekha Rachel S

Woe, winding to the wheels of the week.

Flow, the water from the leaky faucet of the kitchen.

Raw, I see my rhymes wet in the grey water of the mop.

Blow, bubbles born from beguiling waves inside the brain.

Throw, crushed papers narrating a woman's love.

Hollow, I wrote loneliness in lengthy metaphors.

Fill, the filthy bucket with yesterday's rot.

Spill, the throat aches of tight cries.

Still, I swept the kitchen's remains and slept with the smell of spoilt meals.

Hill, my poetess ascends and calls me to the flowers.

Quill, I dip it in blue and write the songs of women drowned in rivers,

Till, the milk boils for the baby.

Lone, I pluck roses to decorate his table.

Gone, the days I planted orchids with my sisters.

Moan, the loss of sonnets in between reverie and the rice cooker.

Bone, jutting sharp from my cheeks like stones.

Worn, a grey linen apron upon my velvet yellow dress.

The Criterion: An International Journal in English

Bi-Monthly Peer-Reviewed Open Access e-Journal

(ISSN: 0976-8165) Vol. 17, Issue-II, April 2026

www.the-criterion.com



Vale, in words, the paper smells of lilacs.

Stale, the bread half eaten with butter and pushed in the oven.

Trail, the baby leaves with biscuit crumbs and pee.

Frail are the fingers which fold the pages of poetry and underline in red.

Pale, I sleep with heartburn and nausea, planning his tomorrow's lunch in dreams.

Author Bio:

Mekha Rachel S is a postgraduate in English Language and Literature from Kerala, India. A passionate writer, she always finds refuge and solace in poetry, letting her quill transform her internal disturbances into art.