

TWO POEMS BY

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Life

Turmoil, dusty, half darken
Embedded with profound pathos.
Warm pain like sands,
Scorching ache like sun, delves it more.
Radish comfort closed the windows,
forever.
Still they expect more!
How can life be this much hellish to her?

Drafty (Drafted) Desire

Closeness emblems me more
You and me, best company ever.
Let's fly high from the pebbled shore
They are growing faster there.

Dusty cry sucks my breath
Let us fly high far from the grey heads.
Grey hairs came from conventionalism
They envisaged and tread the rest.

They make patriarchy the sign of dominators
Let's fly from them to make a new heaven at hell.
Just ignore if you can't tolerate
Leave them in their own created hell.

If they stifle your breath, then
Flee from them and fly high.
Heaven is too high, where freedom empowers the most.
The half women-dom get habituated but,
You be the leader, show them the path towards the dazzling independent heaven.