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The Sky Bridge

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Don't take my
Dream lines as
My Poetry out
Of my fancy,

Those are
The bricks of
The sky bridge,
Made out of
Spins and turns
See-saw gaming..
Ashes and urns...

I transcend,
The peak "my youth".
And reach remote clouds
My boyhood!
I meet breeze,
Gail or storm
With all my pinks,
All my blues....
Blast of lost words!

Now in a small
Corner of my house,
Into an ash pot,
I pour all sorrows-
Tearless, and dry
I enjoy the cremation
Of my Golden thoughts,
I search in darkness



My pencil and
The ink pot.

Shall I re-create love?
In words
And dictate the
Hollow world?
And keep hope
In a sesame seed?

Jesus crucified,
Yet dullards, tormentors
Are defeated.
Let His blissful eyes
Bless all
Who knows
“For whom the
Bell tolls”?

Only Words
And words alone...
Will cast the shadow.
No thoughtless pride
No scaling of
Wrong and right...
No more mournful
Numbness of
A young widow...

Birds droop,
Day ends,
Night falls.
My eyes blink,
It craves
For a link-



After the
Death of
The thinking God.