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The Forged Existence

Balkaran Singh Sidhu

You live inside of me
Like a fallen warrior within the slayer
Like the goodness within an evil.

You live in me as an eternal emotion
Of a gold-defying moment
That lifts the day, even if for an instant.

You live in me, like a god
A god within a man
Silver-haired, drained-eyed
Life for me, is a jewel on leash.

I am a custodian of doom-gripped body
Mortal form, lonely minutes
Flying in this magnified lavity.

You live in me like a body,
Like a corpse,
Below the cemetery of our love story
That buries the voice of our engaged souls
But no longer has a word to share.

Their wisdom is lost forever
Can it ever be uncovered?

Like aged dusty phrases.

You live in me as if an eternal ocean
Where Life fades but never really extinct
Not everywhere, but here
Like a bright blue tide

Where we imagine it started
Where speech and symbol occurred, bloomed
For a short millennium, concrete
With language of perennial light
Rigid with dreary excellence of the human spirit

Painted invisibly in minds that lacks fortune
Back from the black hole of glee
You thrive in me as the quantum mechanics
Of my interlaced existence

A mystic courage swift as the poet's lamp
That flickers like dead years
Of my heart-broken existence
Down to the loveliness of grieved moment
Of the month in which we died.