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To desire or not to...

Balkaran Singh Sidhu

To desire is to have you wrapped

In the solace of bonds
Where life demands tangibility
In every single breath we share

To desire is to have your eyes
Light up the broken lamps
In the dejected corners of my house
Your celestial touch that feels
Like the scent of morning dew

To desire is to feel the blood
That fills your delicate hands
And to borrow warmth, for once
From your ever-growing semblance

To know you like no one does
To know your voice like a dearly etched memory
The fragrance that bloom the flowers early
Beauty that flutters life into shallow spirits

But it would be apt not to yearn
Since you're no longer the symphony
On the beats of which my heart wiggles
You're no longer the north star of my life

I couldn't bear the truth
I couldn't endure the speculum
That you gored into my eyes
The weight of the destiny
Burns heavy into my soul

I couldn't confront the barbed words
Mercilessly wounding me at the core

We were destined to rise, were we?
Or perhaps to fall
Into abysmal patterns of life
We were never to be larger than ourselves
But the fate stabbed the love

We shared all the little fragments of life
The quantum of pain and joy
We molded sufferings into elation
Before we succumbed to our truer selves,
Unfeigned motives and honest ramblings

Neither the skies, nor the stars
But only we knew how we could
Outgrow the castles we built together
Only we knew how desires can be turned to cinders.