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The Coffin

It was an Easter Month
The sun came upon the east
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone stunning, and on the west
Went down into the sea.
The merry dins were heard around,
Bouquet of incense sticks held me bound.

It was a gracious day; Until the news came Which shackled my spine

His sudden demise had prompted me to act astray,
As his love intoxicated me like wine.

Out of the blue came his death;
Stifled me out of my breath.
So close to my heart he resided,
Through all the troughs and crest he guided.

Alas! What a thunderclap these words were to me
Assist us; laying him in the coffin they plea!
Those tiny fingers which clutched around his hands,
Were assisting them to lay him in that coffin;
The cinnamon, coloured coffin

Eftsoons! They took away him
The shower of the fountain was broken away from the brim.
What havoc that day escort;
Hailing the wretched wind ushering to frost.

As a burnt child dreads the fire,
I comprehended we are not the genuine heirs;
We have not acquired fathomless lives,
As we cannot forever survive.

Sooner or later we need to go,
With moments which will make us blow;
In that coffin,
The cinnamon coloured coffin.

The Unspoken Love

Should I confess it all right away,
Or wait for some ideal day?
Oh! I can't just cease myself, for falling even more for her
However, it solely hinges on her;
How she would endorse further.
I just can not deny that I can't forfeit her as friend
However, she's also the one I desire my life to spend.

I am unable to pen down the devotion I possess for her in my heart,

I never want to fall apart.

I'm anxious to speak,

As I am clueless about the technique.

What If she turns her back on.

Holy! I lost the one I wanted to adore from dusk till dawn.

I possess no terms to reflect the charms she carries,

She's even beautiful than those canneries.

Though, she's blind from her eyes,

Still, she paints my sky.

She might not have ever seen me,

Still, she can set my soul free.

Oh! She's like a fairy in my dark night,

Who carries away all the plight.

She's a painter's art

One which will never depart.

I want to gaze at her and see,

Her love is even mightiest than Thee.

She's a sacred soul.

Sparkling like a diamond even in the miles of coal.

She's the one - My dream girl Substantiate to be a pearl.

I stand powerless to describe her in my verse,

She makes up my unconditional Universe.

I can build castles out of her praise,

Yet, my question still prevails the same which I raised!

Should I confess it all right away,
Or wait for some ideal day?
I guess I cannot just say,
As I want her to stay
I precisely don't want her to get offend
Even if we remain just friends.

Sakshi Kumar

Sakshi Kumar is currently pursuing her studies as an occupational therapist in Delhi. She has been a national level player of Chess and has a great interest in literature.



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