

A Pool of Mediocrity by Abishake Koul

I sometimes cringe unknowingly,
Wake up in the middle of the night,
Delving in the pool of mediocrity around me,
Go back to sleep ashamed.
I haven't shed my share of tears,
Not surpassed the ingenuity I was supposed to,
Overdosing in a tiny bubble,
A bubble no one cares about.
I wish for sins, for the unholy salt,
The veins disgusted of the flowing blood,
The mind is a treacherous creature,
Laying out options to put the blame.
I get tired too easily, too quickly,
Maybe it is for the best,
The shame gets to breathe a sigh of relief,
A relief which I pray everyone is hoping for.



Abishake Koul is a poet from the mountains. Born and brought up in Jammu & Kashmir, he did his engineering from BIT Mesra, Ranchi. He is currently pursuing MBA from IIM Lucknow.

He started writing poems in school, scribbling verses at the back of his notebooks and got published in the local newspapers and school magazines.

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