

Akshat Shukla

Dark Musings

Clotted thoughts,
And nocturnal scribbling
On austere, unfortunate pages
Stained with the blood of time;
Xeroxed musings of the past
Devastate the placidness
Symptomatic of the present;
The light that rubs its ink
On the blank pages of the mind
Is nothing but a prelude
To an incessant darkness.

Closure

Floating in the mist of horror,
I clutched at a dream of agony
Until the mist fizzled out, and nothingness
There was all over my wrenched, pale soul.
Never, ever there fell a drop of darkness
Where I desired a closure, and exposed
I stood always by the lightness of a little light.
The left, the right, the middle: I chose all,
And my brain metamorphosed into an enigma
Puzzling the very essence of my existence.