

Life... Man

Pen in hand
Alone I sat
musing over life,
Musing overman! Is man good?
Is life fine?
Is death near?
Is life so dear?



A rainy day:
Nature's language
At its play,
Screeching, humming.
Crickets chirped,
And so did I !!

The sun returns
All is calm
A full loud silence.
The world feels bright,
And so do I !!

Yes! After all
Man is good
and
life is fine
If this is life and if this is man!!!



J. PRIYA CAROL

Tomorrow

yesterday on the road
pushed hard
I fell back
eyes closed tight
I cried
fist clenched hard
I cursed.

Today, on the swing
pushed hard
I came back
eyes wide open
I laughed
fist stretched out
I clapped

Tomorrow, on the--

Are you ready?
I am!!

Untitled

sitting alone in the darkness,
feeling deprived,
coffee gone cold in my hands,
sipping,
my cigarette's keeping me warm,
lost in my thoughts of confusion,
it starts to rain,
it's getting colder,
the rain is getting harder, it's piercing my skin
... it hurts,
my coffee is diluted,
I put it away,
all I see are endless roads,
... bleeding...
can't think any more,
I ash my cigarette,
lightning crashes,
I'm scared... cold
been used too many times before,
I've had enough now,
it's got to stop,
migraines are killing me,
everything is dead,
everything...
everything... except that cigarette that keeps
on burning in a dead man's mouth...

