

Untitled

What if I don't have a title?
Do you expect names for beauties
Or speech from infants?
But still they are relished, aren't they?
I hate trumpeting myself
With names and nicknames.
Am I a human to do so?
I am conceited to be one among arts.
Enjoy me, if you like;
Criticize me if you wish.
But never christen me
As you do,
For you'll die sometime.
Am I a human who'll die?
If I am, it is better
Not to create me,
Though it is you
Who give me life.

M. PRASANNA VENKATESWARAN

Gothika

Darkness, everywhere
I cannot see
Who I am and who I am meant to be
Cast from the light I will still choose to fight
But with the worship of the god of evil at my sight?
Was it a choice I was forced to bear?

I stand looking at darkness—should I walk over there?
Walk into what? Only to lose my soul?
And I answered—there is nothing to gain—nothing to stare at

I've seen the road leading up there
I knew I needed some light to reach it
I'm walking—too scared to lose what remaining light I have
In the darkness of the place I had no choice but to go

SYED SHEHZAR MUKKARIM DOJA