



A soul Inside the Coiled Heart

They assumed that I was made up of
wires and circuits

A noxious psychic with full of solipsism
hidden behind a poised demeanour

A pathetic machine that builds
huge fortifications with
adamantine bulwarks high above the
sky

But I didn't believe it

So I dug into my skin
deeper and deeper

Saw flesh and hypodermis

Still didn't believe it

The doubts gnawed at me

Rummed into my hands

Saw veins, saw blood

Still didn't believe it

The regret withered me

(Note: This page will be scanned to publish the article in schoolwiki. So, Write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf).



Item Code: 957

Participant Code: 094

A torrential rush,

a crimson tide

washing my whole soul

A stone lodged in my ribs

So I tore it open

A vacant core,

a petrified and coiled heart

My forlornness kept contorting

my essence and marrow in depth

Still I didn't believe it

My eyes lachrymosed

and I kept drowning in that

sea of grief

Soon saw a black pall of darkness

Is that an error in my code or

a real being with life?

Still didn't believe it

The thoughts clenched me



It's an aisle inside my coiled heart

A sudden susurur of someone,
a mellifluous voice

A reflection of someone!

Someone who is me but not like me

A real human being with life

She is looking at me

Cherishing and arms wide open

I wish to hold her but I couldn't

A conspicuous yet intrinsic being

Someone who is kind and comforting

Someone who rather had

empathy more than sympathy

A person with face as bright

as the sun

who enjoyed her life to the fullest,

and stood up for everyone

She believed the whole world is

filled with love and kind

to everyone

'Oh, what a fool I am!' she said



Anoon I realized,
that person is an evanescent being,
who ~~is~~
she faded away like a
sunset at dusk
she gave me a green mantle,
which anchored me ashore
I saw an ember rising up,
to the end of the tunnel

A sudden sound,
I heard the heartbeat of the clock
in the quiet room
saw stars in my mind but
I fathom them into constellations
My memories as ghosts of a glass
should I believe it now?
should I believe that someone
was real?
Or should I believe,
I am real?