



Theme : Shadows of memories.

Reminiscent of Reveries

Far from the madding crowd,
sojourn was I, through the lanes,
premises inhabited by silence thick,
long for luster of verdant gloom.

Gazing all around, saw I souls,
plenty who suffer for want of peace;
I wish, I would be calmed and tranquil,
recollect the memories, fond of yore.

A big tale, every life is, I felt, on else,
a play unplayed on the stage wide,
we, actors petty, loitering around,
seeking for a haven, to repose ever.



Float I, in the stream of oblivion,
like a spirit, aimless and desolate;
lusting for shelter, to pull along,
in this labyrinth of sheer vacuum.

The bowers of seduction, everywhere,
let lose, my mind, unbridled,
roam round reflections nude,
myself within an eerie snare!

What is it, that I hear?
flows through the verdurous gloom,
I know not, though ceaseless,
in the shrill notes of pang within.

I've been seduced, moribund,
like a lass, raped by rotten minds,
lullaby dies out like a lament,
Mother thee, I know not, why you're silent?



Born free, but fettered everywhere,
by unseen urges beyond,
in the reach of human miserable,
no more touch of love to console.

Still, a thrust of forgetfulness;
the ebbing anger like lava,
that broke out volcano like eruption,
replenishes thought of averse in me.

Chamber of my heart oozes,
blood coated, feel of distorted dances;
Who's that sings for lone on the trees,
seduced in the melancholy gloom of mines?

At the sill of my window, a bird of vision,
sings melodious, a song of its heart,
houses surging core of my being,
that dwells, restless and illusive within.



Reiter^{She,} the bird mysterious,
of all wanders, felt ~~that~~ I've;
queerest one, that horns,
is the instinct of human barbarous!

"I was lone here, and screamed once,
but now, silent I'm, in this stream;
"You've taught me, a bitter truth,
what the pang of death is", I whispered,

"Bought me succour", I prayed,
to ease my ailing core, hapless that was;
entangling in my reveries,
forgot reason for my being, ^{But} not now!

Thus ends the song, before she fly,
and fades out into far firmament,
smile I at myself, quiet idiotic,
was it a vision or waking dream?