

Columns in Darkness

by Avik

The air whispers between the dark columns
Stretched glory pangs in dingy secrecy
What words strangle the lone figures in helpless desperation?
Forsaken imagination transient around
The bold aggression of history.
Business unfinished
Betrayals unforgiven
Love unrequited
Expectations transmigrated to be belied again in times.

The dark columns in the light
Longed to free itself
From the memories
Of the bowed heads rocked and slammed
Hurt and crushed ...
The shame of the face covered by blood
Vainly trying to escape
Fleeing to hide behind the columns
Staining the face
The blood too, fled
Turned black in despair.

Once a lady in her white veil
Looked for her only admirer
Waited with her cheeks pressed hard to the column
Whispering prayers from her crimson lips.

A mother spying her son
Clutching the columns in safety
The son offering twigs to a brown haired lady
Gasping in desperation
To lose her son
Forever to another.

A child
Embracing the column in vain
Trying to forget the stony pressure
Remembering her mother
After a week of her death.

Every evening an old man
Raised his lean head to glimpse the top of the column
With memories of temptations and glorious refusals
Faded one day with the stale sunset.

The Faded Desire

by Avik

The panting hour of the dying night
With cold conundrums whisks
The penumbra unfolds.

Unseen is a faded desire
In the fear-stricken heart of a small flower
Waiting in vain to be adored
Even by careless hands.

Dares not to dream to come close to the luxurious lips
Where breath blows warm kisses
To the erotic petals. •

The flower and the bird
The bird and the beast
Unnoticed is the fluttering of the trapped bird
Their distress-calls devoured by the wind
Air too jealous to leave any space empty.

The sobbing baby rests,
The artificial hanging obstructs
The wonder-dilated looks.
The geometric shapes enfold in the classroom
The pleasure to brood
To look out vacant outside the window.
The halted passion
Once sought alleys of the dark psyche
To hide and make love
Adore the profile,
So magnetic
... dared not in a lighted reality

A suffering of nothing substantial
And hands beating the drums of routine excitement
Without pleasure and pain.

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