

## ONE LAST BREATH

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Carnival of Death  
Seen in life as if breath.  
Death of near and dear ones,  
Some gasping for last breath  
Some sudden demise.

Looking at the visitor's plight...  
As if saying from his death bed  
Why worry dear! Here I am!!!  
Yellow eyes, pale skin, pot belly  
All signs of soar liver.

Stark reality looked naked in his eye,  
Only wishing, some more breaths.  
Knowing well, nothing can give him breath.  
Still struggling, panting and yearning...  
"Any movement can be called his last breath."

Nothing could make any difference,  
To the pathetic condition  
Looming large... that final call  
Waiting... Watching  
Watching... Waiting!  
To close all the door of senses.

Thronging relatives gives no solace,

Yearning, wishing, longing eyes.  
Nothing remains  
What the dying wishes...  
Visitors with heavy heart ready to part,  
Alas ! But nothing remains...

No one to listen, the throbs  
Of an aching heart,  
But his soul alone knows,  
This wayward journey has no destination  
Still something remains...

A wish, a death bed wish  
Not asking for some more breath...  
But to come back again, for life...  
Is too short to live and  
Death is too strong to steal...

Wishing for that young lady,  
'I owe some more breathe,  
To her, for no one will ever  
Try to console, comfort her  
In her lonely bed  
Me beside not there.

But time waits for none,  
So am I! At a loss,  
To ask for Some breathe  
Some more breath, some more time,  
Nay not for me....but for her  
Alas! Death pardons none...