

MY LOVE

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My love ,for me ,for home
and ,for world
"a little room"
without butterfly colour to fly
around me.

Love of a man ,held me back
without feeling of freedom
eventually dry for world,for home
and for me.

I willed my love,in the arm of ,unknown Man
Day of young,now cold upon my bone
without butterfly colour to fly
around me,in the street of
colloquial vocabulary
and syntax with enjambment rhyme
closely structured ,on the path of time.

On the ground of privacy
it focuses on its voyeuristic gaze
semi ---naked
semi---surrender
non---introspective
how complicated for my days.

So,love sought its tailor made cloth
with chill promise of Home.