

STILL A DESIRE.....

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Night keeps awake with,
shifting clouds hanging over the moon,
in some foolish expectations.
A creeper of pain crawls inside,
carrying infinite algebraic expressions.

Still an old desire grows,
like grass in some forgotten wet lands,
somewhere over the swamp of time;
vomiting old memories out of its belly of secrets.

I stand some where,
in modern art galleries,
where a new arts hanging on the wall,
find clusters of meaning;
each different than the last one.

A reflection captured in the mirror,
fades somewhere in the cracks of existence,
still that desire grows like,
a new campaign against female feticides,
echoing in as ultrasound.

It fluctuates in face of star,
and transcends as scorching heat,
burning the wounded womb of the earth
holding withered hopes of farmers.