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Pain does not sit in my face,
It's a virus in my psyche
And a compressed cry in the heart.
Illusions lead me to pain of two kinds –
One of reality, of tears and the other of fiendish fantasies
My psyche lets them enter and is taken aback
‘Why it happens to me?’
On my escalation, I come to realize what these fantasies are.
I shed tears – valuable tears.

The pain of reality is my own fate
I aspire to hug him
He is with me through thick and thin
He is like Baudrillard's exposure of the sham Disneyland
I do not over weep over the distortion of galvanic veneer,
He resolve's my Love's aporia
That had been swept away by the typhoon of tradition.
I wish I die with him.