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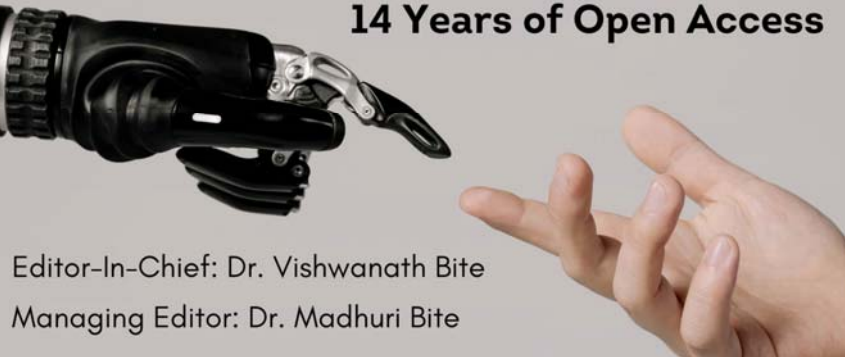
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Two Years Have Gone!

Naganandhini N.R.

You broke my poor heart, dooming it till eternity,
And I pauperized, starved for love, light and a listener
Speaking to myself for ages,
Shut in a vacuum as Hollow and Dark as Despair.

We did meet this eventide first; do you remember or not?
Tides and tides and tides sole all my life ever since
Our ominous meet before twilight broke.

Ah, the prelude you etched onto my poetry book,
Without signing at all and how passively playing with the plot,
You ambled softly along, humming across
And in between, you stopped soiling the unpublished pages!
Like a nomad, homeless, unwilling to be my lovely guest,
Haha, heartily running away from me by all means.

“Woah! I must applaud thy sauciness despite
For functioning as stolid as a machine!”
While I was trapped in an impenetrable glass
Overlooking an oceanic world of suffering.
What a quizzical paradox you see!

“I stare at the scars, wounds and blisters
Something you will never see or know or feel!”
Chased, hunted and slashed harshly out and about
Groped by the tumultuous ardour of your ever-spiralling vortex
A montage of your words, actions and gestures.

At five o'clock, the time froze.
Two years have gone now, indeed!
How lightning fast it was, see!
And yet, I could not help but solder them back,
The devastated heart rampant with memories apiece.

Along the corners of my cob-webbed mindscapes:
Deflated, they cry, writhe, maimed and wreathing
Weave our brief encounters refreshing-sweet.
Looking for the ” I” ness in me and the ” You” ness in you,
I inflate my breast pockets, wearing the finest of all my nostalgic smiles,
Piercing through its darkness behind,
Deep down, I traverse



Into my heart,
Solitary.

As I survey the blemished interiors,
The caged cellar of half-forsaken emotions
Squeal, ecstatic, beholding me breathe.
“Head over heels, yes, I still love you!
Pining for thee and thy masculine deep voice
Drawn magnetized timeless towards
Your iron-hearted giant stature!”

Merely painting thy silhouette again,
I fall, absurdly plotting myself on the canvas
Losing into the snare of unrequited love.
You have shooed me oft like a cur,
I was no Helena, nor will I ever be
The Helen of Troy to thee.
I know, I know, how silly of me!
Yet I dream, brooding over and over,
Waging a war singularly against reality.