

The Distant Thunder

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The violent storm rides rough,
Thinking of topsy-turvy the solar system.
The battle of colours will continue...
The green-gray planet will soon be crippled.

The rain gods, furious as ever,
Have broken the pact of peace.
The heart of the planet is parched,
Grass blades covered with dust and soot.

The romantic rainbow is no more visible...
The loin of the sky ungirdled.
The azure canvas turns bleak and black,
A dark, palsied pall hangs overhead.

Have you looked up at the sky lately?
The Omnipotent painter working on his final masterpiece.
The blighted skyscape torn asunder...
Can you hear the distant thunder?

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The Circus Clown

Breaking the hard shell of sleep
I dare to dream of a motley morn.
But my eyes contract reading illegible hieroglyphs
Is it a ceasefire or yet another warfare?

It doesn't suffice to look forward
It demands a backward vision.
I want to give birth to a Janus-faced me
To cope with the artful ambush.

Diurnal dilemma dilapidates the self
Though with hasty feet I hop off...

The buffoon's battle baffles me evermore
The circus animals never go natural anymore.

The tight-rope tightens inside the tiny tent
Acrobats assiduously perform fearful feats.
Clamour and claps deafen the daring dancers
Clown-colours fondly embrace the face.

The motley canopy creates a world in miniature
The cleft jaws still betoken a dear smile...

Dark Curtain

The grey particles of sunlight
Penetrate the eyes like needles.
Blood clots in the retina
Eyes become zombie-like.

Stifled speech...fretful gestures
Demented mumblings...lost memories.
Suppressed fire brings salty tear
Charred souls beyond repair.

Vital sap gone...the vacuum shudders
Meanings stammer and falter
Nothing emerges from nothing
Procrastination mounts the ladder.

The epilogue is spelt out
The dark curtain falls slowly...

