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Lost

Am I the lost one?
Faculties forfeited to secure access
Into the chiffon of betrayal
Swarmed by hoax, concocted sham
Few dwell in corners
Naked – offered guises
Now outgrown
Exit deterred,
Conceding, a pick lone
Like snarled in a gossamer ethereal
In store its dawdling tomb.

Fate

What really matters,
Is not if one lost or won
Like so many affirm and perchance
Seem to fathom afore their nod.
To live each minute as large as you can
Cos I have grasped not
The essence of how to live
Larger than the large moment
That just passed me by.
Wonder if anyone ever
Has managed to accomplish
This absurd grave task
And continue to believe in
Its truth-adorned falsehood
Cos plausible is only so much enlargement
That one can do perpetual
Unless one is either god or devil
But human I am and for as long as I am
I dither not or flicker not
Forever like foam, frothing
At the fringes of my boiling soul
Knowing not when to flow over
Or bubble away and disappear
Until poked at or pried upon
By vicious devils my kind
That vacuum the wind
From my silenced mind
If only each moment could go by
Without mocking me
For not living it the way it was fated to be
The artless negotiation
Learnt long after birth
To dialogue with the creator
Over my dawning twisted fate.