

Cracks

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Cracks and cracks snaked through my soul,
Sweeping at every hook and corner with the hard stone.
As I walked through the corridors of the naked sun,
The dullness of the red grappled the attention of none.

The laughter of the knives echoed in the hollow highways,
Each haunting and howling in the golden light.
My hands shiver with the ache of their own,
Guiding the path of the night to the unknown.

His smile imprinted in the darkest hollows of my heart,
His hands brushing the parts I once held with grace,
His words cut deeper than the sword of the Knight,
His anger lashed and imprinted a part on the holy grain.

Cracks and cracks snaked through my soul,
Breaking and punishing my own soul.
If his lessons were a bane, then my heart screams in pain,
If his protection was my light, then my body trembles at his sight.

The patches of black and blue became the armour of the day,
The shards of the glass marked the wrist of the unknown being,
The anger of the previous night branded the today's view,
The words of the tongue held no legal truth.

Day and night went in the wonder of the magical land,
And a numb body laid in the ocean of the agony and loath,
The words argued to battle in the Red Night,
But the body refused through the soreness of the fight.

Cracks of my body left for the world to see,
Yet none dared to challenge the power of the man,
So, here I laid in the bed of knives,
Piercing the woven truths, I laid behind.