**Stairs of Sins**

Slipping through tiny gaps in my armour ,

Bruised and battered ,

With pride I stood myself shoulder to shoulder .

Concealed from the melee of the outside world ,

It was all harrowing , heartening and humbling discomfort .

At times it is alarming impulsivity

at others it is frightening compulsivity

My internal demons rendering me dumb ,

Gruesome innards of laziness that made me succumb .

There were moments of envy, sufferings and unpleasant bits ,

my gluttony made me realise how excess food fits ,

and my wrath made me insensitive to how others' feel.

There were moments I was marooned , helpless on the rocks ,

And there were moments in which I fell, felt the scorching sun on my face , tasted the salt on my lips and stood on the stairs of the sins

that are— Battered and Dark!

—Palak Chaturvedi