

Theme- Beauty (of an inanimate object)

Knitted Memories

Lying on the marble floor,
There was a blanket torn apart.
But the last valiant thread hanging on,
Was the one with a heart.

Albeit nothing more than a rag now.
Ugliness defined by its skin impaled,
But its story was an aching human one,
Mired with quotidian detail.

It seemed like yesterday,
When he had gifted it to her.
Dawns often broke with the blanket being moist,
Though it always remained, a chivalrous Monsieur.

Time stops for none in the mortal realm,
Hence our quilt bore witness to the cycle of lives.
The infant's eyes glittered under its warm embrace,
The mundane noises now replaced with lullabies.

Inside the fabrics of wool and acrylic,
Lay infinite mirrors of makings.
Like the time when lil Timmy puked blood,
Or when it became a canvas for his abstract paintings.

Through its shabby holes,
Countless fights and vehement reunions it saw.
Sands of time have diminished its crimson,
Having lost a battle well fought.

Amusing to think,
How inanimate human emotions become!
Where bodies used to feel like home once,
Only fleas stay around now in this wool slum.

So next time you see a rag lying around,
Look past the murky strand which falls.
In it you may find the Tears of Ishtar,
Or witness the tale of these four walls.

-Atharv Dwivedi