

Unspoken wishes

In this barren race from crib to coffin,
Bruised, beaten and broken on its dusty tracks,
Constrained and conned by its diverging paths,
Some wishes smudged with tears burdened to bare them,
While some ceased before reaching my boiling ink.

Of all thing this hoaxed mind can wish for,
What placates the qualms of its ailing heart?
A question that perplexes the poised one of them all,
Yet this ink dares to chase it in a losing race.

With every broken teeth snuggled under pillows,
And the howls lost in cliffs' abyss,
And the murmurs sealed with shooting stars,
There is an anxious kid longing to wake to a dawn,
Burdened neither by his tormented past,
Nor by the taunting future,
Braced just enough to part ways from those tracks,
Just gullible to be awed and absorbed by this expanse,
And welcome dusk with the same untainted smile.

Only then, this pen will bleed those arcane words,
- "I have lived a day."

- PK