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### **Golgotha**

Mr cedric anthony serpes  
Associate Professor

I lick the flame of youth  
But feel no burn nor blister.

Words revoke their baggage  
And I hammer at nothing.

My skin leaks its essence  
And my eyes have lost their macula.

Outside laughter breaks loose.  
And wrinkles into a memory.

There is no beginning. No end.  
Just the middle, beyond which  
Is tautology nailed to a cross.

And a haunting animal cry with broken legs  
And saliva mixed with earth.

**There is always the danger**

There is always the danger of getting too close  
when a casual brush of arm against breast  
marks the end of another beginning.

There is always the danger of knowing too much  
and finding no place to hide what you've unearthed.

There is always the danger of reading too much  
the sudden intake of breath when a name drops like a plate.

There is always the danger of loving too much  
with too many photographs stuck on the ceiling  
because that's where they look best.

There is always the danger of giving too much  
and then the shattering emptiness when it is all gone.

There is always the danger of wounding too much  
only to find how thin the line between remorse and revenge.

There is always the danger of getting past semantics  
only to know long before the final twist of the blade.

There is always the danger...

or the emptiness of a life with nothing to remember.  
and nothing to forget.

**For JC**

What did you gain with your crumpled bones?

Your paper skin leaking life?

Whom did you save from certain death?

What was the parable you left?

What must we learn from your mortal end

When silence was your sole defence?

Did not the flaying flagrum find its mark?

Were you not imprisoned by ancient tomes?

Was this your answer to our woes?

But I ask you now as I asked you then:

Did you not flinch at the bitter end?

### **One Day**

One Day,

I will get a dog, build a fence, and taste Moet Chandon.  
I will ride a Harley, learn to make cheese and star in a movie.  
I might climb machu picchu or even eat a worm.

One day:

My mind will accept that my body has begun to stutter  
And I will forget why I left the front door.  
I will read 16 pages of the Times and none of it will be news.

One day:

Fear will pull a face  
The water will reveal its depth  
The darkness will conceal nothing.  
And I will see the demons whimper and scatter.

One day:

The past, present and future will morph into the Mobius strip  
The ocean will not taste of ash and amens  
The rosary beads will tattoo my pineal gland  
And my finger-tips will never end  
  
But one day none of this will matter anymore.