

Let Me Keep My Faith!

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I pray that "knell" never nears
For the lady of grace shall retire
It kills me to see her "passing"
A figure fantastic I alpsly admire,
In silence and words jazzing
The harp of my heart so bears.

Her eyes still super sparkle
It's the experience not age
Circles her lean eye-lids lovely,
It's melody her murmur, mirage
Her words and wisdom, coyly
I stoop before the goddess markel.

I don't dare often to look up
At her long stature; I ain't afraid,
It's sheer respect I just peer out
Steal her gaze gamblingly! Tirade

Me not, I don't flirt the least! Doubt

Me not, for your stories cook-up.

I love her always though we

Hardly talk and walk together,

The lady of extreme elegance

Her sarees and suits all leather

Walks she with no arrogance

Ignoring the grim-glancers' glee.

For she is not the lady of literature,

Nor an idol, paint or pottery, but far

From filmy, flimsy, clumsy classes

A queen so real in rainbow-linen, star-

Like she shines when the sky dances,

A scene so sublime fails my capture.

That damn day has come

I hate the word "farewell" more

Now. The stage's all set, an ache

arching somewhere, the gore

Grieving, its shadows sharp shake

My dreams, falls thus my home.

Dear lady bold and beauty,

Bereave me never, Madam,
My Mother, Mary, O' Mercy,
For we all belong to Adam,
Say "goodbye" is just a courtesy,
It's all part of our damn duty.

I have nothing to offer but this
Broken ballad brooding burning,
Our kinship kindred, kindled calm
In fire that flames farlands, turning
Notes of tears into gifts gram
Hear my pain, the forlorn abyss.