

Possessed

My casual thoughts left but memories
of fairy-tale passion very irresistible—
an experience of possessive imagination
driven by heart's luminous quest to kill
the hate that took my joy of help.

Despite enduring a dirge-like murmuring caused
by man-made thorns, I filtered the sting in the wind
shaking off illusion at airy heart's command which
grew richer with passion melting in tremulous motion.

Though riddled with fraud of heart in childhood
I grew deep in gaps to become popular of love.
On soils of colours, I planted passionately
with slow steadiness of mind.

Soothingly, I poured my passion on plates
with outstretched arms coiled in emotion so thick and soft.
What portion of emotion can one have—
who has awakened passion to spread?

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