

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/2

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Which Smothers Her?

Wrinkle has spanned over
Partially the two opaque eyes,
Shrunken skin looks as dead ripples,
Muscles have lost the courage
To be toned up,
To hold tight.
Hair being hued in the whitest peerage
Seems to gather the glow in mirage!
Vigor has been subdued under age's paw
Blood flows in less pace,
About to be dried...
Heart in strenuous palm tries hard
To grip the lubdub alive,
How the memory of so many ages
Corrodes with secrecy-
Never knows the fragile bone-
Vitality oscillates between being and demise!
The old lady sat on a carpet,
Spreading the legs forth,
Breathed with difficulty...
Which smothers her-
'Oldness' or the 'failure's nuisance'
Or 'unwanted presence'?
She suffers from apathy, feels to be uprooted
From the earthly affinity,
Even a bold shove by dear ones!!
Hitherto she falls on earth as fallen leaves
In a wintry snowed garden,
She is to undergo the suspension with loosened petiole
From the still-to-live-long bough...