

Ramsha Aveen

Crack

Days have gone but night remains
The night of heaviness
Ah! A crack must be the door.
Or the old memories which keeps on cracking the self with their rotten eyes
Voice of nothingness
Or perhaps the crisis of being.
The moon keeps on hiding behind the canvas of clouds
But the heart is surrounded by the Black Sheet
With grey holes all over the corners.
The crack remains but there is no place of You in you.
The soul has travelled a long way that it finally loses the grip of heart.
Lifeless memories
Prolonged slow screams
Doors shut, numb.
Once again remains cold old corners and a lonely soul.

Clouds

Cumulonimbus of clouds are touching my old broken window
It feels like they have the urge to complete that old tale.
Travelling from somewhere, bringing up the parts of my forgotten story
Can clouds be transformed into carrier?
Carrier of what?
Abandoned places
Incomplete desires,
Unanswered prayers and many more...
Ah! They are slowly marching towards me, stretching their hands with parts of my being
I feel a jerk in my soul, despair washed over my face.
I want to run, hide and run again. I envy them, I envy my complete parts.
That cold smell started hunting my room; I feel knots around the neck holding my breath till
the end.

The search doesn't need parts, my path resides in voids, longings, memories and separations
I find myself in broken holes, damaged doors ruptures and dry leaves.
Ceiling of binary world is broken; the search itself becomes the end
It's numb, deep, and empty
Yet *Complete...*

Beat

Have you ever felt beating of doors inside you?
The wrench, invisible voices, agony felt at every beat
Shackles of locks losing its grip with every beat.
Holding
Splitting
Falling
Weaken
Every moment
Closing, numb...

Caged

Cold nights, cold walls
Home deprived of voice and eyes empty with life.
Where to take your wild heart?
Where to reside your chaotic soul?
Where to run away from unprecedented feelings?
That lifeless feeling which often comes disguised as life and you let yourself drown into it all
over again.
Searching? Of what?
Broken doors? Closed streets?
Repressed memories? Longings?
Or your own old lost self...

Search (2019)

Beginning of winters and these subtle cold breeze
It reminds of everything which is lost.
The dusk is the reminder of the past cleavages.
The transformation doesn't reside outside it occurs within every year, when those old breeze
blows across the spots of your soul dead long ago.
Flames of burial always burn with a changed form.
Bondage of existence is felt on every leaf, weak and exhausted.
The pale sky is the reminder of the old roads
Shackles felt on dark corners, on that dim light, shivering hands and everywhere.
The wounds get alive again, wretched soul, mounting loneliness, blurred life
Uncertainty builds in silence place devoid of memories, tears, faces and everything
Scream and an abandoned heart...

About the Poet

Ramsha Aveen is a student of Sociology in Jamia Millia Islamia. She writes poetry and prose and has a keen interest in Literature, Art and Philosophy. For her writing is survival and her identity that helps in bearing her pathetic being. She loves spending her time thinking and reading about the absurdity of life and death and the meanings of sufferings, guilt and memories. The writings of Albert Camus, Dostoevsky Kafka and Victor Hugo Tolstoy and the Hindi writer Nirmal Verma has impacted and enlightened her mind heart and soul to a greater extent. Recently her article titled as *Rethinking Death through the Lens of COVID-19* is published in the *Cafe Dissensus Blog*.