

Keerthi Vasishta

### **The Moss Grows outside the Windows**

When I think of miseries, I think of the greyed days which lie ahead,  
Not days, which like time past are dead,  
Maybe life isn't all sourness and sorrows,  
Perhaps it is not all confined by the twin posts of midnight dawns and afternoon darkness,  
And there is some sunshine which can burn through the fog  
To cleanse all the things left unsaid.  
It could be that my life has been a tragedy unspotted,  
But time has wiped my eyes of tears which can flame a tinder-  
Life, short, too short before this moment lived,  
But not short enough for the stillness of the unwoven twirls of loneliness and full voice,  
Where walls reflect like a mirror does to light ruined sounds of hope and music  
Perhaps, life too short has not been short enough.  
Like blackness of a dot on the middle of an eye,  
And the white of the stars of the brimless sky,  
Dreams corrupt the plainness of my heart,  
The stillness unprovoked lies in coagulated hibernation,  
Perhaps death isn't all there is at the end of the fog,  
and dreams can force open forts of iron and a voice can be heard by more than walls  
and that tragedy is only none until it becomes all-  
For now the moss grows outside my windows.

### **How Many Times**

How many times-  
have you wished for death to a thousand bugs which litter your chest?  
How many times have you wished your problems dead?  
Death comes to twisting bodies and writhing pains;  
Death comes to stumbling hollowing crushing rains.  
And then you are left standing stuck in the mud,  
Your feet are clayed,  
The turns that you took for the problems you swayed  
Have left you drenched.  
How many times-  
Has the sun promised to burst out from slim silver-linings;  
Only to go hide from the pelting hail?  
Like dead fish floating in the waters  
And lightning fires caused from a storm  
The burden to carry  
Has been carried too long.  
Death comes and takes it away  
But here remains an empty saddle bag and feet of clay.  
The sunshine promises that problems go away...  
Too bad then that death doesn't end-

There's an empty saddle bag to fill with raindrops  
And clayed feet to catch with quick-sand and salt  
A heart that's recovering to infect from stench  
From wishing death on storms well known  
For a sombre grainy hell.

### **Mirrors**

Sounds of a distant rain fade in wisps of sunlight  
And the mirror sees in the eyes their beholder  
So breaks illusion on the darkest night

### **Crevice**

In the world,  
Each raindrop can bury a butterfly in a bubble-  
While the insect thrashes against the weight of wetness;  
Calling in kinetic motion pleas of passion  
Amidst the silent sky engulfed by the croaking-crickets-  
Meanwhile, a semi-domestic cat harasses a pigeon for prey  
Arousing pitiful heart-strumming for fighting birds and hungry cats.

### **About the Poet**

Keerthi Sudhakar Vasishta is a poet and writer from Karnataka, India. His work has appeared in the "Contemporary Literary Review of India" and "The Bangalore Review". He is also the author of a novel *The Old Firm* (2016).