

Febini M Joseph

Entangled Love

Endless days of bloodshed
Droplets of broken promises
are withered away.....
Now I can see your
ears tremble due to
the alarming sound of war.

Me and you,
two opposite entities
Even though our battles are over,
who gained victory???
Is that me or you?

There is no need of confessions.
It's you, the beast who turned as a prince,
It's you who ruptured the pathway
to my dream palace...
Feathers are falling from my bleeding wings.
I kept on smiling, because I thought
Those smiles will revert
in your haunting palace of deceit.

But you, the most skilled artisan
carved modern artistic sculptures
Using my feathers.
Only memories are alive now.
Your broken promises, my broken wings
Our broken love.
We are departed..... Right???
Yet I'm staring at you, why???
Only memories are alive

I can't fly now, my tears
drowned your entire kingdom.
Are you searching for any secret
magic chants which can shield you?

Release me from the invisible chain...
I just want to go back to my own territory
When I'm gone,
you can again search for 'we'
In the endless chatters or the flipping pages
of 'google ' you can find me again

When you set me free
I want to fly through
the endless horizon....
Again.....
the bloodsheds.....
But now.....
I can feel your voice
That still makes me lost in the woods.

Finger Prints of Rain

I was sitting near the window
When rain started its journey
I was in despair singing a melody
It was about my longing for love

I thought love is a healing
I thought love is a healing
It was yet another sorrow
That completely changed me

The finger prints of rain reminded
Me of my old love story
One story that kindled fire
One story that killed myself

The fingerprints may be
Reminders from your side
Let it Pour
Let it be

Paranoid

Into my wildest dreams
That virus entered
Day by day
I felt weak and paralyzed
This is not normal, I mumbled
But who cares
That red coloured parasite
Was my love
Which was eagerly waiting
To inhabit another body

Candle Made of Ice

Yesterday, I witnessed a strange scene
A candle made of ice
Afraid to melt
But waiting to be lit

It was evening and dark
I was sitting near the church cemetery
Rotten flowers, rotten kiss
And I was afraid to see
This candle was lit
By a man in a blue hood
The ice was melting
But the fire looked like
A man who wore a blue hood

About the Poet

Febini M Joseph is an Assistant Professor at SCMS School of Engineering and Technology, Karukutty.