

Arshad Khan

The Last Moment

Pains cry, sobs dry,
Desire of life gets wet
Into poisonous air of breath,
Eyes drops their light
To bring darkness,
Darkness drops its hope
To fetch a complete
Silence,
Brain loses its conscience
After becoming unconscious,
Lips utter the last few words
Which judge the most
Horrible reality of Death
That haunts me in fear of losing
The most precious and
Dearest one,
Which uproots me from my roots
But her pious and divine spirit
Flashes in my inner
Darkness and
washes away my faded hope as I
accepted my catastrophe as God's will.

About the Poet

Arshad Khan, son of Maqsood Khan, born in Darbhanga of Bihar, is working as an assistant professor in J N College (Madhubani). Besides, he is a research scholar and doing his research on William Wordsworth and Robert Frost.