

A GAPING HOLE

Sudakshina Bhattacharjee

*It pumps
And pumps
And pumps away...
My Heart pumps blood,
Day after day;
It nurtures my Body
And caresses my Soul
But alas- there's A Gaping Hole!
The hole needs filling,
Filling with Love,
But where will it come from?
The Heavens above;
As I sway and Pray and say to the Divine,
I close my eyes and picture what's mine.
In my virtues
I do bask
I let my vices
Not wear masks;
The skies above
And the grounds below,
The loved ones, the friends who say 'hello',
Who care for me, who will be there?
For we have our Joys and Sorrows to share.
But what of the Gaping Hole,
Which aches for a Love so strong?
I pray I may do no wrong,
Although my Body and my Mind
Crave for it so long.*

** Journalist, Lecturer, Author and Poet, Email and MSN: sudakshinakina@hotmail.com , Skype: Sudakshina.Mukherjee, Mobile: (UK):(+44) 07817227057, (India):(+91) 9007820459*
