

SELF – PITY

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*Someone came to my door
a number of times
but could not find a reply
after several calls, cries and screams.*

*O! Who am I? How am I?
I could not unlock my door
in that hope-lit night.*

*It seemed
Hard tied were my hands
voice choked
legs shackled to pace;
I could not go ahead
in that agonized night.*

*I had lost my freedom
in decisions
in thoughts
in that dark night.
I was called with
oceanic hope
and kind words;
but all in vain
Kept myself aloof
in that helpless night.*

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