

LOCKED CELLAR

Bhaduria Manish Singh *

*Few letters grab rapid fingers,
sorting few piles of old files.
Words move like brush to sketch the face,
and gives me the key of locked cellar*

*The Cellar echoes with my silent memories,
and pinches my heart and hurt my ears.
Smoke of past burn my dry eyes.
and head sinks in inside darkness.*

*Chained emotions escape through corners of eyes.
But few, entangled in the net of wet eyelids,
Land on the folded arms; bearing the loads of thoughts,
when lips open to release few suppressed sobs.*

*Shelter seeking these fugitive feelings,
becomes refuges among sheets of pages.
I get them engrave in few crafted lines,
to make them eternal in the river of time.*

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