

## My Explosion

Your absence wraps me in a box of thorns;

This blindness is a bullet to my soul.

Without our smiles, the wild world is pointless.

Your absence— wraps me— in a box of thorns,

And your sudden silence explodes our dreams!

My mirror, without you, reflects a troll;

Your absence wraps me in a box of thorns;

This blindness is a bullet to my soul!

**Antish Parmessur** *is a word lover. A talented guitar and football player, he is from Mauritius. Find him on Twitter: @MrPassion95*



**The Pangolin Review; Issue 5, 30 July 2018**