

Doubt

I fear a lot

I doubt a lot

I disbelieve a lot

shy I am, a lot

They sing

and dance

on

my mind,

whisper

and laugh

in my heart,

they are me.

I am them

I live them.

I act them.

How come they?

a certain lack

that seeks fulfilment

a certain incompleteness

that craves wholeness

a certain meaninglessness

that seeks meaningfulness

a certain withdrawal

that finds joy in being alone,

in me creates them.

Where find I any wholeness?
in the field of my doubts?
in the ambience of my fear?
in the labyrinth of my disbelief?
Or
in the joyful discomfort of my shyness?

In my fear is a fearlessness
in my doubt is doubtlessness
in my disbelief is a belief
in my shyness is a leisure

A fearlessness of what?
a doubtlessness of what?
a belief of what?
a leisure of what?

A fearless fear
a doubtless doubt
a belief that disbelieves
a leisure that enjoys solitude.

Pristine Decay

She is beauty
beauty is charm
charm is cross

Sizzling with

tempt
to incite
and excite

In her wake
flaunts
a drunken
pelican
flapping
its wings

Numbed to bare
the yolk of wild

Playing
the play
he inclines

Impulses dance
desires hum
excitement surge
sizzle to rash
brash and crash
into regret's
sea

On pleasure's altar
in leisure's temple
adrift in moment
drumming

a dance of impulses
tuning
a rasping of instincts
offering therein
a destiny
eaten unripe.

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