The Godforsaken spot-

Is a myth like a man
Crucified for humanity.
Is where we bury the bestiality
Of lesser beasts.
Is where the saintly and
Insane purge each other of the same sins.
Is where the devils delve deeper
Than deadlier depression.
Is where you and I coexist
Until our hands touch.
Is a Godforsaken
Spot.

The gentle light

wrapped around
the helixes of your ears,
Crowning your copper curls
Like an olive wreath-
And, Noor,
Ah, but Noor and how else name,
The most splendid of splendours-
To behold such veracity in a visage.
Should you not carry on the gracious archway
Of your narrow nose the gentle caress of the
Sun stroking the naive earnestness of your
Tender tenacious irises-tie they unwittingly
My tongue in contemplation
As my blood leaves my body
And crashes against the walls of my heart,
Or are those your pinkish-hued lips that hush
The cacophony of consciousness and, momentarily, I
Relinquish the rudiments of respiration?
The faint flutter of your eyelids
Ricochets over my reminiscences
Of your fine physiognomy and,
Fleetingly, finally,
My gaze grasps God’s grace.

Shruti Woosaree, solitary from Twain’s heaven.