

***SHADES OF PAIN AND OTHER POEMS***

**By Sheela Joby**

Torment comes very often,  
It tempts you,  
It plays with you,  
And, you relate to it to the point that,  
You start to trust this is the way life is.  
When you feel that weight in your heart,  
More often than not the parameters of,  
Pain and help get to be blurred,  
And, it is anything but difficult to stay stuck,  
In what you definitely know - PAIN

***MY VIVID THOUGHTS***

In cozy room of my mind, I sit,  
My mind devoured by the dimness,  
That crawls at the base.

I need the basic things In life,  
love, riches, general blinding joy.  
My spirit still lies void,  
As I consider the past.  
And, wishing I had the things,  
I know would never last.

Why wouldn't I be able to proceed onward,  
And concentrate on what's coming down the road,  
I would rather fear hopelessness,  
Despair and loss of love.  
There, I see a light,  
Sparkling a beam of trust,  
At this moment, it's very little,  
But, the tip of a sparing rope.  
Soon I'll be pulled close and overlook,  
The greater part of my trepidation,  
As the sunrise breaks in me,  
The Spirit will soon draw close.

***FALSE EGO***

Sense of self without,  
The component of the awareness,  
And mindfulness called false conscience,  
The genuine reason for distress.  
Offers ascend to servitude of material yearnings,  
Want to body connection, name, notoriety,  
Narrow-mindedness, insatiability, etc.  
Makes divisions inside of, duality, disarray,  
Thought unsettling influence, division, restrictions,  
Questions, and apprehensions of all sort,  
Counting the trepidation of death.

One who is without the fearlessness,  
To get feedback with receptive outlook,  
Can't keep his self-regard from transforming,  
Into false personality.  
False-self makes new personality structures,  
(convictions, programs, procedures, and so forth.),  
Ventures into them relate to them,  
And gets to be unified with them.  
Get into the structures to make the self-image.

We then spend whatever is left of our lives,  
Safeguarding our false-self,  
And strengthening our sense of self.  
These practices are the reason,  
For all our superfluous enduring.

***MY SWEET HEART***

**My Sweet Heart,**

Each day I wake up,

Expressing gratitude towards God for you.

You have always shown me the right path,

With your unadulterated love for my life.

You have dependably been the person,

who always help me

To shield myself from any agony,

I love you in every single way

Sweetheart,

You give me happiness that nobody else ever could.

You love me the way I have never known.

I love being with you

You have given me so much of love and strength

You have been lighting my flame,

At the point when the space of my heart goes dull.

**My Sweetheart,**

You know dear I love you to such an extent

That I can't say

My love, I live for you

***SPIDER ON THE CORNER WALL***

As I sat observing,

I saw it,

Up the corner wall,  
An occupied creepy crawly,  
Spider,  
With eight tiny legs.  
weaving Silk-meager silver strings  
keenly into the web,  
like a embroidered kerchief,  
She was completely ready,  
waiting for her prey,  
quietly to cast her spell,  
A fly Caught in her web,  
And, I sat observing,  
With suspicion for its demise,  
Passing with reason,  
The spider's purge,  
The dismal fly would turn into her meal.

**Bio**

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