

SPACE FOR SELF (PEACOCK CRIES)

By Dr. Santosh j. Mishra

Myself... a tiny particle

Floating and hovering

In blunt air

In and around the horizon

Like the water in a wriggle

Unstable and unsecured.

The room,

Extremely unsettled and perturbed,

Offers the worst way

To encounter and test

the spirit of self-unrest.

But...

Strives to make a way

Against the storm.

Pours the entire energy

To set the

Roots.

Though once uprooted

Thrown at distant surface

Within the strange world,

A world of unknown wisdom.

Always haunted.

Even a small ditch

Attempts to unsettle

Like the drops on the lotus leaf,

Rolls again and again

To the same sea.

A very giant question arise

Do I have an existence?

In the turmoiled sea,

Though a particle

Like a drop

Stands as a part

Claims its own

But...

Does the sea feel

This potential of drop

That turns into the flow

Of hailstorm,

Forms a little sea

To contribute

With greater extent.

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Bio:

Dr. Santosh J. Mishra is working as the Asst. Prof., Dept. of English, K.V. Pendharkar College, Dombivli (E.) He can be contacted on mishra.santosh178@gmail.com.