

MYSTIC SPELL

By Sheela Joby

At hand shaking distance
He passes, ogling the onlooker
A sudden rush of blood
Or an electric shock down the spine?
A dream or a reverie
Comes a deluge of serpentine thoughts
Should the emotion run amuck,
Tearing apart the wild mist?
Chasing the myth you may
Dash the barriers of timelessness,
Mingle in the stratosphere.
Be cocksure ,he's left
Delving deep into labyrinth
Like a mystic ,he never comes
But glued to the sweet memories
Of the album where he passes
Ogling the onlooker.

POET'S GRIEF

A dull and cold evening,
Didn't make any change in my witted thoughts,
I just arrived here, a lonely bridge,
To write something like a verse; that
Home, the first prison for a fantast
Where the feel, as sharp and horrible
Oh! God I wish to bring wings on my thoughts
To fly and enjoy through the lonesome sky.

Every moment has enslaved me,
Flustered shouts of drunkards,
Songs from the offered pyre,
That break the ears as vague dirges,
Even the hard silence of evening learners ,
Yet little bird's melodious whistling,
The only console to my heart.

Tips of palm in this dark,
Bring image of huge flowers,
Small fishes tickle the glassy surface,
Growing circle form in water;
I know not the reason,
Mind is melancholy and also
Creates shaded circles in my head
Oh! The moments of solitude, I saved
The moment after, I cant explain and just

Started my way behind
The first soul in my small village.

THE WEDDING

Your marriage alter will be studded
with flowers and lights,
Red, Violet, Crimson and green,
The beating of drums
and the blowing of trumpets,
together with long stereo phoned sound,
will be rising into an indistinct roar.

You will be sitting on your bed,
serene and silent,
with the thoughts of impending rapture.
I will fade, a mere stranger
A tattered piece of your cloth.

LONGING FOR MOTHERHOOD

Happy go lucky my life
Hides emptiness
Inward strife
Aches to claim
Denied by destiny
The children's voices jump and fall

call to the fathers, the moms.

My heart is pounding to be a mother ,

In any case, it isn't in my heart

I hid it away, quite a while ago

In a dim overlooked corner

where nobody can hurt it

I think with a sigh,

But, yes at times
Incredibly lonely

Sitting tight for the day

When I will be a mother of one.

MY BROKEN HEART

Dripping with blood,

lies an irreparable heart.

Arrows all around,

thorns pricking,

no space for a caring one

or a healing touch.

No surgeries, no medicines

could heal this wounded heart.

Awaiting a miraculous hand touch,

lies my broken heart,

Amidst of all.

Bio:

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