

***SHADOWED EYES***

**By Dr. A. V. Koshy**

There is a hallway in the huge house  
that was the corridor of mirrors  
He scrambles on his knees, feverish  
searching among the pieces  
Among copies of his eyes  
and other body-parts  
His wrists and skin slightly cut by the slivers  
drops of blood on the lino  
He is searching to find the reflection  
in at least one broken bit  
of her eyes  
and not finding it, he weeps alone there  
as if he has taken leave of his senses  
She stands in the doorway  
the entrance to the hall  
There are tears in her shadowed eyes  
The darkly lit place hides them  
She is the wounded girl or child  
Her heart is bleeding at its core  
She was always lonely before  
She destroyed herself, so she said  
Gave everything to all she did  
and got nothing in return  
or only something negligible  
She is wounded deep inside

Her words sound like dewdrops of blood  
falling invisibly down  
onto the floor, the same lino  
"I have always been so lonely  
lonely beyond all compare  
I shared my loneliness with you  
only you, only you know"  
she whispers to the watching air  
The waiting air, the tears do flow  
  
Only a few steps would bridge the gap  
between the door and the jester on the floor  
searching like mad for that pair of eyes  
hers or someone else's of yore  
Only a few steps, but also galaxies long  
stretches that invisible corridor  
  
He has turned grey and become old  
He does not know if his soul he sold  
to the devil or to art  
or by putting the horse before the cart  
  
Love is the thing we all search for  
drives us to our knees each time  
or brings us to tears in our eyes  
in darkened door-frames  
in endless halls  
or ways that wind  
and corridors that stretch too long  
The thing we never get enough of  
The thing we end up... looking for

***THE DEER***

When I entered the glade of your nights  
you startled like a deer  
You tried to gore me with your absence of antlers  
so many times, making my heart bleed  
Imagine trying to kill a tiger  
Till one day you surrendered  
and expected my huge paw to crush you  
When I caressed your forehead instead  
you almost died of an unseen fright  
Far from beyond your expectations  
had come the one who would kill you with love  
Now, today, when I came to your clearing  
prey of love, and found you missing  
my heart stopped and tears bled dry  
I lie here, not knowing which spoor to track  
reft of all senses in this sudden lack  
hoping against hope you are not back  
to where you started  
trying to gore yourself

***ELIOT***

I am unabashedly in love with  
this one's art  
and that one's parts

***THREAD***

Between us stretches a thread  
taut  
and when life takes up the slack  
it will break. Not.

**Bio:**

Dr Koshy A. V. is an Assistant Professor at the Department of English at the College for Arts and Humanities for Girls, Jazan University, Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. He has written or co-written seven books of criticism and poetry to his credit with authors like A.V. Varghese, Gorakhnath Gangane and Angel Meredith and one was reprinted once. He is a Pushcart Poetry Prize nominee (2012) and twice Highly Commended Poet in Destiny Poets UK ICOP (2013, 2014) and he was thrice featured in Camel Saloon's The Hump for best poem/editor's pick and once for best poem in Destiny Poets UK Website. Even as a child he won an international award for writing. He is a reputed critic and expert on Samuel Beckett besides being a fiction writer and theoretician. His last book was Wake Up, India: Essays for Our Times, co-authored with Dr Bina Biswas. Three more are on the way including Mahesh Dattani's Plays: Staging the Invisibles co-edited with Bina Biswas and The Significant Anthology he is editing with Reena Prasad. He has edited or co-edited many books including A Man Outside History by Naseer Ahmed Nasir and Inlinks: An Anthology by Poets Corner and for Lifi. He instituted the Reuel International Literary Prize in 2014 and runs an autism NPO with his wife Anna Gabriel. The first prize was given to Dr Santosh Bakaya. He administers with the help of others the literary group Rejected Stuff on Facebook. His poems have been studied in a research paper by Zeenath Ibrahim and Kiriti Sengupta in Ten Dazzling Bards and also translated into Hindi, Urdu, Gujarati and Malayalam. He won WB's Urgent Evoke and participated in EU's Edgeryders. He has other

degrees, diplomas and certificates to his credit. He attributes everything to God's grace and the prayers and good wishes of his loved ones.

EPISTEME