

THE INEVITABLE

By Shalini Samuel

the weed withers

summer sinks the dead leaves

the wheat grass too

weed or wheat, sun eats both

unbiased, he eats every life

akin death

it sees neither good nor bad

at times, he too gets emotional

he postpones his lunch

tying his tongue for some time

may be, for a fat delicious food.

I say, for sure

someday he will eat you

whatever you do

wherever you are.

HURTING ATTITUDE

picking every word, people speak

i cry when they prick

not removing, i hold them tight

until it burns me into ashes

i let them enter me

pierce through my veins

I make them realize

their murderous intentions

undress them, their flaws

and let them free, again

they may retaliate

but they don't hurt me again

WAGE

Astonishing

the master gave me an extra penny

what for i never asked

he would have been moved by my

I said to myself

Fearing, he will hurt my expectations

I never asked him

He gave me more and more

I was proud of my accomplishments

One day,

I couldn't fulfil his dream

I chose the wrong way

the gateway to failure, opened

I tried my best

furious, he pointed at me

You, brute

You have gifted me a big loss

He was red in anger

He pushed me away

He never spoke of the profits he got

And I could never say, I did you a lot

For I was paid more

I walked on, with the wage for my mistake

Bio

Shalini Samuel from Kanyakumari is a bilingual poet who is fond of nature and spirituality. Author of three poetry collections, she is now working on her next poetry collection Nychthemeron.

