

My Poem Falters And Falls

By Vivekanand Jha

I write with ink of blood
To testimonialize and give
A touch of eternity to it
But my poem falters and falls
In the poetry of the world.

I pluck words from
A flowery and ornate garden
And weave a garland of them
To adorn the world
But they trample it
Under their feet
Like they crush the stub
Of the cigarette to prevent it
From catching the fire.

I discover the words
Hidden in the unhaunted
Recess of the mind
And juxtapose them
Like an ideal couple
Of bride and bridegroom
At bridal chamber
And turn my poem on new leaf
But they tilt their stony eyes
And turn deaf ears to it.

I infuse my heart and soul
Into the poem
Thinking it would be
The best and the last of my life
But they simply say:
Since it is the beginning
You would learn by mistakes.

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