

Who am I?

Pranay Sarkar

I behold the big blue open sky,
And the horizon disagrees to expose herself,
She covers up herself in some kind of mystic mist.

As I get to listen a child crying,

Is this happening because I want to grow up no more?

But there's no turning back, so I let the wall sleep.

Hiding in ambushes, running through this necropolis;

Defeats don't bother me,

I'm spanked by peace and stability.

Afraid of death growls,

I wish I could afford someone to walk with me.

But I've always been a loner,

I don't talk instinctively or impressively,

And I don't know behavioral strategies.

My mind is an empty crossword,

Pre-occupied with scribbles all around;

My condemnation is your praise,

Imprisoned by your pride.

Tell me where your hallow land is,

Cause I only see wars and blood everywhere.

Show me the right way you do it,

Instead of your consistent leg-pulling and reluctance.

It seems that you've gone deaf and dumb,
As you always have only one opinion, that's of you.
My own shadow fluctuates in my solitary room,
The postcards seem to absorb all the colors of this life.
No visions like Nostradamus,
But still I dream big of flying high;
No gene to make a wish,
And still I have hoped to live well.
The desires die every day in the whirlwind of my mind,
Victims of my pessimistic bullets,
But they get exhumed the next day.
Outbursts of the passionate fissure,
The blue magma waters my lust.
Stop reading your nonsensical happy-ending fables,
I'm not interested in joy,
My dawning is a severe punishment.
Lots of things to do,
Yet I feel no rush;
I would never be complete,
And won't accept as what you are.
Tips of grasses,
Or are they foils!
I can't even lie;
Coffin of wisdom,
Is buried underground,
So now I can die.

I'm the last leaf of that dying sapling,
The last raindrop to fall from your eyes;
The last man to miss the bus to immortality;
The last rainforest in this worldwide desert;
The last insanity in the crowd of vanity,
The last mourning in this feast of death;
The last window to relax, to wait and to watch outsiders,
The last door to walk out from;
The last horizon of a new hope,
The last repeat telecast of that daily soap;
The last key to be entered,
The last latch to be unlocked;
The last theft to steal some air,
The last struggle to gain some more suns;
The last mark of lipstick on the cup,
The last letter to be thrown into waste bucket;
The last ship getting sailed away,
The last dwelling to be defeated in this array;
The last gum to be chewed out,
The last time to observe time;
The last flame before turning into ashes,
The last blizzard before I get bizarre;
The last good will fighting all the way,
The last evil diminishing my entire fray,
The last wound so deep that none can soothsay;

The last cigarette to hold in my mouth,
The last ring of smoke to exhale in peace;
The last night of isolation,
The last drive on this maddening street;
The last trick on this ever going show,
The last rabbit out of the hat;
The last rose left upon the grave,
The last jump from roof of reality,
The last discrete decision about me;
The last invitation to join sadism,
The last anarchy in your heads;
The last infliction of knives in disemboweled bodies,
The last pacification of mental disorder,
The last polarization of good and bad;
The last grey lying in the hands of misery,
The last breeze flowing in the greenery,
The last appreciation in the form of flattery;
The last negotiation with my unrelenting obscurity,
The last tree falling down like a skeleton;
The last king burning with his crown,
The last fling cause for this time we all will drown,
The last circus with everybody as a clown.
I'm the last warrior in this unfair game,
I'm the last unsung hero of a forgotten incantation,
I'm the last one to play with the dust of apocalypse,
I'm the last god taking down love,

I'm the last devil, who will forever deceive,
I'm the last one you'll ever kill and leave.

But I know that I can only be perpetually perplexed,
Never to know my true identity,
I'm hanging on the edge of nothingness,
And still I am everything.

God particles are mere jokes in front of me,
You can't draw the limits that my wings can achieve.

But I'm Icarus as well,
Not that fortunate to be something that I want.

You should remember me as a thing to forget,

I'm not anything you all have wished for,

I'm hollow, meaningless, unsatisfied ghost of time;

Don't be bothered to think about me,

I'll be dispersed in the every space and dimension.

And still the question will remain,

A foreboding which will reverberate in the mountains of mankind,

It can't be a happy sigh,

I'll never get a satisfactory answer -

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