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Dark Truth

Fusion of vices with fetids of silent valley ,
so much painful, disgusting and suffocating,

Drifting my body, soul and mind with its infecting substance sorely.

When harvesting crops of fulfilment discerns the path of myriad opportunities

I stand on the threshold

to become a patriarch again

for bygone causes well known as sorcery.

Look at the upheaval of waves of sordid thoughts contagious,

smearing so quickly me, making me helpless to surrender

before an urge, that blossoms only in nocturnal darkness.

My solicitous soul asks me, quarrels and

I engage in a soliloquy with myself,

the fruits of which are yet to have a name!

The way-out, seems a farthest star still twinkling

The take-home materials, though contending and contrary

I see there circles of smoke,

means ember exists beneath the carpet of ashes,

ignition sneaks from my cosy heart's chamber!