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“Weired obsessions”

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I have this weird obsession,
I live in a house with broken windows,
The windows remind me
of storms they endured,
the stones that were thrown on them,
how they survived,
The blanched walls of my home need whitewashing,
They have those mud marks,
From the people who once were like rain to its garden,
those who later became cyclones
taking with them all the lustre and light,
and my will to repair my house again.

New people come everyday,
they bring mops and brooms to clean the floor
that still bears the stained footprint of the destruction that happened,

I let them in, but not the broom,
I like these stain,
I have this weird obsession.

My new guests sometimes enter with
this concealed swab to clean the walls of my living room,
I make them feel at home,
But as soon as they take out that swab to dust my furniture,
I tell them to go,
I like the grubby drawer,
It has the dust of unwanted memories,
I have this weird obsession,
And I have lost the will to repair my house again.
We talk to people or not only them
To nature or only to sons of Aadam(as)

The words we say and what we hear
Are only a small part of prayer

The language of desert and that of trees
The language of snow and waters that freeze

The language of a tree and that of a bee
The language of shore and the deep down sea

The language of a river and ~~Let it be
Actually the language of the world we see

The language of world is not what we hear
Is understood by soul and not by the ear