

“Life to the Lees”

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Faraway in the sky
redness appears as a comet
for the fulfilment of life
through an abrupt tilt
pages are many here
to read and write
accumulating the waste
everyday newspapers are piling
transactions are pending
spiders, lizard and mosquitoes
inuring in my cell,
eyes opening under the tap
smelling broth and bugs
entangling time to a point
floating in the air
with a stereotyped life
still: matchsticks are here many
to scratch the ears
chairs are here many
to become armchair scientists
time is here for many
and tables are here many
to debate and gossip
on anything and everything
inside this walled chamber
liquid in my vessel is boiling
as the blossom of a flower
in the eve of this summer
as the time fools me
precipitate of the liquid
settling in the corner-
to remember the originators
and to drink my life to the lees
like Ulysses of Tennyson