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**Gautham P, hails**  
Bangalore, India

### **Ode to quietus**

Today, I weep,  
a single drop on my aching knees.  
The tree that I held onto,  
now a mere scaffolding,  
to keep me in the muck.

Narrower the river flows,  
and not a pillow in sight.

Oh,  
I wish to bathe in the red pool,  
with a spike hanging virtuously.

Excited as I am,  
a few days in solitude could serve my cause.

A knife to pull out, and an eye to put in.  
A veil of reluctance,  
holding the chalisa within.

Why isn't the knife piercing enough?

A sack of grain I have,  
and a few days on the hillside.  
Rather die in my thoughts

A cow-catcher is all there is.  
Me, my blood and  
a leech sucking on the evening chill.

The leech,  
wherein I see only the pier,  
and a bosom to lay on.  
In its ominous slumber,  
the sky fades into the winter green.

Now, this is the depth  
the knife must meet.  
Two poems and two willow trees,  
an audience to a fulfilling end.  
None but a few fireflies,  
on the weeping willow.

Rosy red on my bedspreads  
just as the rose I gifted to Elise.  
Ohh! She was a wild one indeed.  
Left me in my dreams  
and fled with eternal Apophis.

Soothing music,  
crumble the few memories that remain.  
As easily as it began,  
the body rots in the creeping vines,  
while I make my soup  
on this everyday dream.