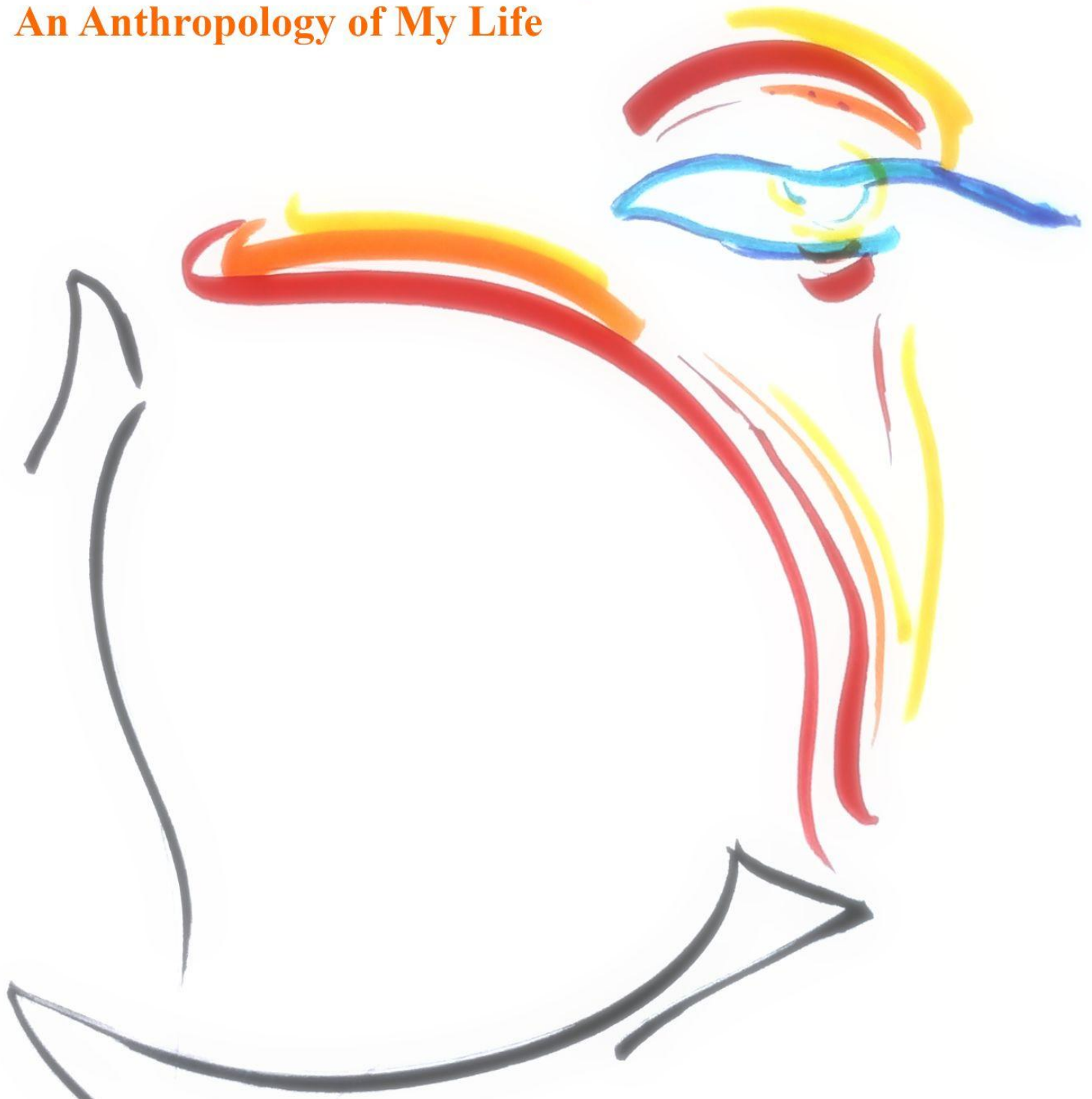


Fall of the Fate

An Anthropology of My Life



**Nehmat
Sandhi**

Written by
Nehmat Sandhi

Revision, Cover Art
Byangshar

For those who believe they are the *best* of all

A taint from Byangshar

Scenes from the Mind

This book is a short collection of most, if not all literary work, ie, ballads and poems that my younger sister, Nehmat wrote in her brief life of fourteen years. Much of this book was written in hiding from the family, and her friends. I only ever read the first poem in the book earlier when she asked me to brief her on how to make a website for publishing her work on the internet. She never quite put the effort into the aforementioned, and understandably so...

Publishing her book, in blight of her uncalled passing, before having publishing anything of my own has left me in an odd headspace. Most often, it is a heavy feeling to carry, a void that has taken place in moments that I recognised as one of recognition and solace. And the contents of the book don't leave much to the imagination, of how much of a commotion she was in, and most people that claimed to know her haven't the slightest idea. I did somewhat, partly because of her willingness to put aside a brief part of the veil around the matter, and partly because I had shared this aspect of life with her: a general dissatisfaction with the state of self, and the state of things. I often recognised clues in routinely conversations that we would have, and in the kind of humour we shared, the music we liked, the pull of mediocrity that pulled us in all-tired afternoons, when schools were dealt with, for a day at least.

Being hopeful discriminately, and abrupt, and righteous, and stubborn, stern, private, and sentimental were things we shared as well. I felt we were too ambitious, and too ignorant, and too fragile to bear the fall when we finally stepped and wet our paws... I was too late when it occurred to me, and I had no sirens or cautionary alarms, or tales. I was misled in certain ways, for her it wasn't going to be like that, I was so certain of that time, I would share about the tragedy in tales. I was going to make sure of it, that she didn't have to put years to ruin as no one lent a hand, I wasn't quite sure of my motive, I still am not, I can only think of it being some self-affirming act, of making peace with the belief that my instinct was right, and then use it in bad faith. Every odd day, I was affirmed that siblings share most aspects of life, at least those of their childhood, and that formed an odd companionship amongst us, that I feel the lack of every so often, when I find myself alone in the evenings, without another

hand on the keys playing chords as I strummed a melody, or her holding a note as I tuned the strings, or just playing videogames and laughing at the state of the animation, voice acting, story, and what not!

Over the past two weeks or more, I've grown more aware of the false credibility and wisdom that comes with passing of age: the elderly, and people a decade younger, the relatives that you can only make unremarkable small-talk with due to the difference in the way the other sees the world. Much of the people of this bunch are retired, with much time on their hands, with much sweat and tears on their sleeves, from a lifetime of making upkeeps of their homes, health, or family if any, and all beliefs they hold. Much of these people are much too involved in matters of religion, and faith, and carrying things out in a certain way, and showing clear distaste for all people that stood to challenge this stance, and people like myself, who merely wanted a fair, and solemn chance to let go, and mourn.

She was taken away by a road-accident, taken because she insisted on going school on a bicycle, taken by the very system she stood in the opposition of. I remember the student protest that erupted in late July, people flocking Delhi. We expressed to each other of the importance of this event on the larger scale of a few decades, a commotion like this was a possible stepping stone for more protests to come, or so we thought in naivete. Neither of us ever could fathom the roots of the government's inadequacy to go so thoroughly deep, and leave every system to such state of ruin that people are constantly on the edge, it's apparent when you pause for a moment to cross the road, people honking without a second in between of the last, and to express disdain for the slightest moment lost to inefficiency. Empty roads too frighten these kinds of people, since there are no straight roads that could lead them to their destination, and driving around the grid of the city engages the subconscious, and makes room for their mind to begin to think, often in rusted paths, that lead nowhere but a slow, unpleasant demise, further into the dreary, monotonous dark. But these people are helpless too, I think; who can get by working unwillingly for a big part of their day, and then get stuck in their commute back home? Unfulfilling engagement on modern-tech, or substance abuse, and that realm of activities is all that they have left... I don't know much of what the state can do to amend these affairs once brought to life, a generation at least has walked beyond the hope of a dawn of change.

What disturbs me the most are the things left half undone, paintings, this book, posters, books, learning piano, making a website... and the things that were dismissed before they came, moments that could've been most dear to her, or ones that she wished she never had to witness. On the whole, after however many weeks have passed, I have accepted of her passing for the most part, I can keep myself occupied in routine, in finalising my book as well, which was on page 254 a couple days before her passing. I told her that I would reach the 256th page, it felt significant for some odd reason, and she nodded, or hummed, I don't quite remember, and the mundanity of the entire moment has suddenly become poignant.

The thought that still seethes chaos in my conscience is the sequence of events, of me seeing her for the first time, when I was five, newly born, then bringing her home, my father getting a new car that month, everything feeling whole... Being in and out of terms on roulette every other week, fighting, shouting, then reconciling for a day, before it all went in loop again... A friend, perhaps the best one I ever had, who reconciled every time, even after that long break, or a couple years, when I learnt of a dream of my own, and misery, and inferiority, and shame, and grew apart... Things were just starting to settle, or they had, but neither of us had quite left our shells yet, and I was grieving then as well, for the life I couldn't have led.

I seldom regret abandoning her for company I deemed to be easier, greater, as others would to me. I was only very poorly and briefly conscious of this then, I thought of it as having little consequence. Or not inviting her in enough, or defending her against the kind of humiliation I faced in my formative days, its never enough, in hindsight...

Making the Book

I only discovered this book, and extents of it, nearing 50 pages in the weeks that followed, I went through the entries and started to make grammatical amends, fixing the tense and grammar where I thought it wouldn't hurt the poem; I did that for the most part, aside from the last poem, 'KAGUYA', which I fully left in the state that she left it in, as it was written comparably by a her more honed in writing than she was in the start. One poem I almost completely rewrote was 'A DREAM OF JEWEL' which was one of the poems that I thought had the most merit, amongst others like 'ORNATE'. Throughout the editing process, I found much of the words and sentence structure being very telling of the author in a way which made it harder for me to find ways to mould edited stanzas into a cohesive revision; I could only do it with the aforementioned entry, and the rest of the process was just me capitalising, and de-capitalising certain words, removing and adding semi-colons and commas, and using symbols like the question mark, which she seemed to stray away from.

It becomes apparent very early into reading the book that the level of writing is all over the place, and I do claim only some of that to myself. Nehmat was a fairly competent writer for her age, influenced by novels, of which she'd read more than myself, and drew influence from. But this is not book that seeks perfection and consistency, but rather, a subconscious agreement we made with each other: of publishing each other's work, in any capacity, in the unfortunate circumstance of passing of one of us, we never actually thought of that in that level of detail, but I'm sure if things were any different, she'd be writing a review of my book.

Sleep Away, Ornate...

*The fourth saw all that came before
and wanted to win the world,
he saw struggles for what they were:
wishes that went unfulfilled
as the years turned,
and rains washed away the phantom dirt;
this was all to be done, and granted to those who could not,
due to his complexes built early in age,
knowledge that was untimed,
and the linear stubbornness of the mind.*

All Five Walled
Byanghsar

A taint from Byangshar.....	2
Scenes from the Mind.....	2
Making the Book.....	5
CRYING OVER PAST DOES NOT MATTER.....	9
HASSASSIN.....	10
SRISHTI: ONE WORLD ONE LIFE.....	12
IS IT A MYTH?.....	14
AS YOU GROW, TURN FRAGILE?.....	16
BEING A GHOST YOU’LL WANDER.....	18
ANNELIESE.....	20
CONFINED?.....	22
ECLIPSE.....	24
ULTIMATE COMPLEX.....	26
RITUALS.....	28
ORNATE.....	31
COURSELESS ENDEEM.....	33
BLACK SCARS.....	35
A BROKEN TEMPEST.....	37
KEY AND THE ARCH.....	38
FALLACY.....	40
TRUTH OR FOR SOME RULE?.....	41
A DREAM OF JEWEL.....	42
KAGUYA.....	44
“LIFE IS NOT A MATTER OF INHERITANCE, IT SEEKS PASSION FROM ITS INHERITER”.....	45

CRYING OVER PAST DOES NOT MATTER

Darkness overlapping its bars,
got a view of the heavenly stars.
Looking for a change in itself,
replaced its heart to wealth,
thus was the light formed,
winding off all the storms.

Caring for something it did not have,
the dark eclipsed its positive naive.
Now considered a being of Satan,
had created the light, the world around which wondered.

Satan regarded with dark,
god fulfilled by lighted,
this was all a piece of superstition,
each what dark had created.

Now considered a wealthy being,
was the light instead of the cause to its living.
when was the light in its most,
its creator, the darkness remained as a demonly ghost.

HASSASSIN

Some of the men you made my holy father,
are of someone else, influenced in the ways of the other.
Demonic cult rising to its submerging ocean
and the good people, all delving in the last portion.

All the wise teachings,
and their wise philosophers,
not knowing the philosophies of the god,
dived in the feast of installs.

The demonic creature, the Satan,
is a great Hassasin,
indulging people in its ways,
letting them burst.

The alluring of the Shaitan,
comes out of fake believes,
uprising by the people,
looking for their lead.

No one will remain pleasant,
all will die a pain,
following the cult of the demon,
you will plea and bay.

This such small, enduring happiness,
and all the sugary beings.

Never will lead a glorious life,
instead the hell of thee!

SRISHTI: ONE WORLD ONE LIFE

A Small infant does not know everything well,
but as it grows, starts believing in spell.
More he grows, turns fragile,
and makes the past memories, all a book pile.

The pile slowly shifts and shifts,
and in the end, it drains in an ocean and fits,
right place have my old instincts gone,
thinks the young man,
but once attained the age of elderly,
thinks this was all his scam.

He teaches the ways of devil further,
which he had thought were right for the others.
He had been tortured as a child,
what he had pondered upon, it was nothing but kind.

His teachers advised in a harsh manner,
but this was something necessary in the planner.
A devil makes a ghoul further,
though being the best for others.

But when his successors treat him as he had done,
he realises the mistake he had begun.
One single person who commenced with the trap,
devised a great policy and a great scam.

Never understood what was good,
believed all the scams as he stood.
More he delves, turns fragile,
and makes the past memories, all a book pile.

This is the Srishti, the world,
I tell to you,
the person who is good for himself,
does not serve good for you.

You criticize him continuously,
and forget what he must have gone through.
This is the Srishti, one world and one life,
anyone who is a sinner is seen as a problematic,
not one requiring the kind.

More he grows turns fragile,
and makes the past memories all a book pile.

IS IT A MYTH?

What is it, a myth or some force?
Dangling about in the brain of each and every host.
The reason behind, or its origin,
is some sort of hope.

Giving people a sense of protection,
making him a simple man of cloak.

Frightful and ferocious is the unknown man,
is what to me all my friends sang.
But twist here says, it is just a myth of mind,
so be true and unlike it, you be kind.

I have some other desires,
says my heart to me,
getting the endemic out,
and place the lively in.

Who ever wrote about the unknown,
must have been of some knowledge,
hence he wrote about the mysterious,
but none of all he demanded fame.

What had been behind the stories,
asks my heart to me,
glistening like a pool of blood,

making a demon of me.

This term Demon,
where has it come from,
is it a myth or some force,
had the question been the actual course?

AS YOU GROW, TURN FRAGILE?

A Small infant does not know everything well,
But as it grows, starts believing in spell.
More he grows, turns fragile,
And makes the past memories, all a book pile.

The pile slowly shifts and shifts,
And in the end, it drains in an ocean and fits,
right place have my old instincts gone, thinks the young
man,
but once attained the age of elderly, thinks this was all his
scam.

He teaches the ways of devil further,
which he had thought were right for the others.
He had been tortured as a child,
what he had pondered upon, it was nothing but kind.

His teachers advised in a harsh manner,
but this was something necessary in the planner.
A devil makes a ghoul further,
though being the best for others.

But when his successors treat him as he had done,
he realises the mistake he had begun.
One single person who commenced with the trap,
devised a great policy and a great scam.

Never understood what was good,
believed all the scams as he stood.
More he delves, turns fragile,
and makes the past memories, all a book pile.

BEING A GHOST YOU'LL WANDER

I had always dreamed of my success,
of my wish and of no obsess.
I always had a dream of my own,
but due to the community, all got stored,

We people have great storage sacks,
that's the reason we kill our intacts.
My life, my world,
possessed itself by the world.

No, I want myself to choose a profession of my own,
no, don't argue, we know more than you own.
Honour those who work for you,
instead of this, that is what you do.

Kill your dreams for that won't bring economy,
all that you think is a great lullaby.
Don't be a child, become matured,
your hobbies don't seek what you endure.

Hobby never turns a profession,
playful things never earn a possession.
Starving you'll die a great pain,
being a ghost, you'll wander just for pain.

Addicted you will become,

to these pains and to low incomes.
starving you'll die, in a great pain,
being a ghost, you'll wander just for pain.

But my regard was just to choose a study,
may it be alone, or with buddy,
I've shown my talent up to TV shows,
but why is it that I cannot saturate it to owe?

If every being chooses a same career,
then what will I do? Starve like earlier?

Stop it! All your arguments and claims,
what you'll do is all for fame.
Your life must be handled by us,
or it will dangle on the basis of your dream,
that will fly with a gust!

And later when he leaves his passions,
in actual, grows nothing but falls,
for all they had thought would turn him tall.

Even now he starves and dies a great pain,
being a ghost just for pain.

ANNELIESE

Deadly is she, wondering close to you,
looking for the best spot to possess her ways on you.

You are a prey and she your predator,
you deadly mouse,
and she is an unfaithful invader.

You symbolize a human,
and she a mental influencer,
you suffer a mental condition,
and she is the cause for your endeavor.

You begin to hallucinate,
possessed by a demonic power?
You suffer exorcism,
ruthlessly sever torture.

But you are a believer of Demons,
and you see what you believe in.
People turn it all a news,
and you, someone to test with.

You are practised several religious practises on,
and fed off, you die in a peaceful dawn.
Make it your habit not to prioritize exorcism on your mental illness,
you are not a demon,
but *an endless thinker* instead.

CONFINED?

What is this? Why has it happened?

Is it all that God has flattered?

Why is it that, a bird sways?

But not in the air, in dreadful vain?

Is it so that the supreme god has been confined?

Already? The life had just now shined,

Earth had been aged for a while,

but my life had just now shined.

All the animals live close by,

but why is it that we, humans, don't try?

They put up themselves in flaunting riches,

but forget the meaning of true anguish.

No this is the way,

this is the commencing strait.

This is the say,

the one god seizes to wait.

How come one does not uplift himself?

He is old, boring and totally useless.

This was all that I came to listen,

while sleep, food, feel and flutter.

Why is it that the one who raises the voice,

is treated like poor, and given no choice?

The one who thinks for the humanity,
is taken from all the rights and left for scrutiny.

More he delves, loses power,
or this was he had to be showered.
He is given a blessing of the demon,
hence is he taking serious.

But what is the truth?
You tell to me,
a wisher of humanity,
but a slave you plea?

Why is it? Why has it happened?
Is it all that God had flattered?

ECLIPSE

Unable to sleep one night, I thought,
sitting in the uninterrupted darkness,
the shadow being displayed on the wall,
why is it? How has it formed?

This is all the elegance of the complexion,
the darkness, the luminescence, eclipse and the ascent.
She has created everything I saw in my fiction,
but to me all of those creations were descent.

Enjoying the tranquillity,
suddenly my eyes burst to fear.
A demonic creature, a killer and a hassassin,
lay exactly in front of my vision.

My heart fell on to the ground and my fearful nature lapsing.
My fortune! Why had it done this to me?
My brain steadily responding.

Next moment, I closed my eyes, found myself in a sunlit room,
Realising, all I had seen was my credulity,
pondered upon the hallucinations which a brain could assume.

But the one who secures himself in the true prudence,
conquers the triumph over fake beliefs.
The life is one that we have gotten,
is not to waste and for mercy plea,

In the world,
the life around which means,
there is no moment to think upon the *credulity*,
but to realise the importance of our living.

Unable to sleep one night, I thought,
sitting in the uninterrupted darkness,
the shadow being displayed on the wall,
Why is it? How has it formed?

ULTIMATE COMPLEX

I heard a thousand ringing bells
in my distant way,
delving in its melodies,
I forgot all my fame.

I fell in an ocean of heavenly speeches,
finding no other ways.
How can I even leave such a miracle,
not realising this deadly mirage?

I enjoyed in the influence of a rector,
my brain felt exulted,
my senses weighing a hundred,
not helping my true polyphonics.

Soon I fell down,
all my exult shattering,
understanding what I had gone through,
a piece of blind faith, flashing.

Drop the bells! Break the walls!
All which gave me pain,
how can I even resist a demon
getting faith and name?

I now understand the myth around,
shaping a false name,

people all brainwashed,
in the useless vain.

I must not let myself clatter my mind,
for that is a total waste of time.
I will form a true community,
a community in the pray of mine.

I will shape a good future,
a wonder of delight,
exotic days shining,
with a new insight.

I won't let any *demonic possession* bother me,
for I, a true human being,
will excavate the true god,
the true god of thee!

Sitting under a starlit night notice,
something following my doom,
why is it that I interpret,
my language to some fool?

I suddenly observe my philosophies declining,
in the deep starvings,
my brain responding for knowledge,
my heart completely bursting.

I realise that my instincts carried truth,
but the false ones were truly rude.
I criticised something which I must have not,

I completely became reverent for what all I had thought.

Religion, a so called holy ease,
was something I feared from,
and something I demeaned,
this was something I had revenged for the most
in my state of being.

Though religion is in its ultimate complex,
people interpret it wrong,
here I understand my further task,
to correct what is wrong.

I will follow no violence to achieve what is necessary,
instead I will lead a life helping those who to someone plea.
Referring to the poor ones,
I wont let them fall in the holes,
for,
religion is in its ultimate complex,
people interpret it wrong.

RITUALS

How melodious that night is one day I thought,
how they shine, the stars around,
and comprise what is to be not.

How graceful the sky looks,
once gazed at,
how happy the children play crooks,
once faced sad.

I feel delighted
in my own ways,
but still not free at all,
to find my true day.

I feel this to be the true happiness,
The happiness in the pray of god,
One finding for all the rites,
In the world of the true lord.

But emerging from an ocean of darkness,
I notice some blood glistening cool,
how is it that in such a wonder
I notice something rude?

Here I stand with my conclusion,
in the sparkling night,
no need of celebrating brightness,

with no means of human kind.

How bad is it that people forget their ways,
the ways of amending others,
the ways of helping the strays?

Happiness is always short-lived,
sadness comes in rage,
never forget the meaning of celebration,
for that is what means a true sage.

Amend that which is not required,
for that don't force fame,
help those in need,
and demand for their gain.

People are false,
and so are their rituals,
truth is the soul,
fighting on the mythicals.

*True god lies in helping those in need,
Instead of spending days, saying your name.*

How bad is it that people forget their ways,
their ways of amending others,
the ways of helping the strays?

ORNATE

How influential I was in my early days,
but what about now?
I have turned of myself
a waste.

I was hardworking,
people asking for advice.
I related with my frustrations,
and in sequence, withdrew my dice.

Life is like a game of chess,
you play it and lose loyal souls,
but once understood what to move,
you retrieve all lives lost.

Remember my advice, I say,
cunning are you alone,
once turned into a group,
you condemn the spirit to moan.

Your are on the verge of success,
pondering on your current glum,
you still don't recognize your improved toiling,
for what all you had thought numb.

You think you have begun to loath,
while this was a false belief;

basis which you practise more,
and gain in your relief.

You had been so influential in your early days,
but what about now?
You have turned yourself into an ornate.

COURSELESS ENDEEM

Inching through the narrow fleets,
I wished submerging in an ocean,
for I have lived my entire life,
but now, no courage left to open.

I had been a courseless endeavor,
who never failed a praise,
but is it so for fleeting time,
that I have the same aim?

I was so remarkable few days ago,
but the days said the weeks,
the weeks the years,
and the years said an age.

Is it so that I have lost my brain,
distracted myself,
for I a false ease,
of having lived through to the end.

Okay, get optimistic!
Says my heart to me,
but what about the others,
what they say to me?

I will never forget your endeavour,
it usually said to me,
now it is the *actual flicker*,

who calls me a deem.

I realise it is the cause to what others say,
influenced in the rector,
influenced,
they look for aim.

But I understand this is for my good,
it is all to get me a name,
but for the success,
should I lose my current claim?

Someone else gets the name,
someone else acquires the attention,
it makes me feel hollow,
as if I just deserve suspension.

Till now, I suffer the same game,
I still toil,
for I wish to achieve the aim.

Still,

Inching through the narrow fleets,
I wished submerging in an ocean,
for I have lived my entire life,
but no courage left to open.

BLACK SCARS

Cold breaths running under my nose,
is it something that I can't disclose?
Shuddering hands and flittering eyes,
seeming as if it will be my demise!

Standing in front an angel
with black scars, and wings of omen.
People believe it's a bunch of might,
but now positively, in a negative light.

I am too a fearless person,
doesn't now seem as I dream too often.
How can I see something which is not true,
is it something that everyone knew?

God exists but not a demon,
People showering hopes in dozens,
I still can't believe is it true?
Can a demon exist as you?

Every aspect of life is in two,
Then how can I believe this big nook?
So they say the olden instincts were wrong,
are all of them currently solved?

If they say olden days were false,
then how can today be true as they call?
If you believe in good, believe in the wrong too,

nothing escapes the way to doom.

May it be a ghoul or crime,
nothing is perfect for those are effects of lying.
No good is perfectly as it seems,
an angel is not a white endem.

Standing in front is an angel,
with black scars and *wings of omen*.

A BROKEN TEMPEST

He swore not to trust again,
for that led to his dreadful demise.
He trusted once and beared pain,
but never cursed a crime.

Chisel brushes painted his death,
just to remember who stabbed him and his heart.
Courageous was he to trust one,
who could never lend him its heart.

He dies and smiles a great hope,
a hope of returning, retrieving the life,
but swearing never to *trust his demise!*

KEY AND THE ARCH

What has happened to me,
I don't understand.
A joyful person,
has left the person I once had.

A person I possessed,
was whom no one cared for.
But I forced myself amongst those of the obsessed,
to find someone who made a true companion for.

So whence did they gather solicitude,
hath I paraphrased my mind?
I felt my intentions of sorrow showed in the Lupercal,
felt a true heart to cleanse my wittyful sight.

Had the ridiculous person flown,
I'd felt as if I were illegitimate.
When I flattered myself,
why did I even believe it to be my fate?

Indubitable it had been,
to find someone I could talk to,
now I care no more,
if someone wants to be a companion so true.

I have felt pain, disgust and fear,
all because of some scamful deeds.
No one really cared for me,
except those who knew me, and of my deem.

Languish I had been,
to trust who never was amiable,
I felt exaggerated caprice,
whence they always boasted of their *ables*.
Now I understand what they thought of me,
no more than a person,

endured in success,
who could find them the keys.

They wished their lead,
for which they thought of any approbation.
They made *me* the *key* ,
who could open the *arch of succession*.

Fine, now I say to them,
do what you wish to.
I no more will cry *blood*,
for you to use me, and then turn out cruel.

They wish to now talk to me,
while I constantly disagree.
I know they would feel sad,
but why, because they want the *key*?

FALLACY

In the land of golden fields where eternity sways,
is your heart nurturing the good as it stays.

You are a piece of God's will,
that leads your soul to one of the heavens,
sitting on your windowsill.

You have always helped me as a guide,
to learn the good and on it, thrive.

That's how the way to learn and grow,
which leaps you over the rest I know.

This is a thanking prayer to you,
a guide, a friend, and a simple *soul I knew*.

I still hope the bests from you and me,
chanting your name as to you, I plea.

Cried I once in the name of you,
strived then, for a wish of truth.

Actually I never did like learning you,
but for the company, I did it as you.

Now I understand the fallacy behind,
one which put me in the hole, but also out of its sight.

TRUTH OR FOR SOME RULE?

You shine like a star,
wander close by,
not for something suspiciously cruel,
but for enlightening those who fly.

They are the birds,
and you their utmost appeal,
they demand the most,
nothing but a sense of your *feel*.

They wander aimlessly,
looking at their aim,
but still what is it?
Is it something they cannot *claim*?

Then comes the nature, a friend, a helper alike,
she gives the way to heaven,
helping out of demise.

This is you,
this impending doom,
glistening cool,
the sense of a *flower bloom*.

A DREAM OF JEWEL

There in the corner lies a jewel,
in necklace so special,
reflecting its spell, when caressed.

Avail it, grab it, says my heart,
a magnificent pleasure,
when taken to heart.

But is it so... as it seems,
a wonder of joy,
for which one pleads.

So you fall,
taking it to heart,
expecting a heave.

Then crumbling, spindling, a ray is seen.
Not of the good,
but one with a difference of feel.

The *jewel* you see, little splendour it had,
only for a moment when pulled,
it engulfed everything back.

Beautiful vision and widening cornea,
the light passing through,
a shock of apnea.

It comes as a feeling from which we fear,
as call of nature,
from which we perish, and leave all dear...

Fooled you are, with the jewel,
seldom happy, seldom cruel.

It comes as demise,

chaining you in for fake smiles
which you perform for a play,
until a strike...

Die! Die! Die!

You say to all,
as a man of honor,
in the night hours.

Frightening is the demand,
born from excess fame,
and seeing people starve...

And you turn to look around,
up and down,
as you contemplate sticking to the walls,
and escaping the fall.

You flinch at the thought,
of possible amends,
as instinct and reason fight,
seeking balance again,
as harmony, in routine and rite...

The heart weeps
in a foreign dimension, far in sight...
The plains seethe,
cracks in seams, land astray...
The heart bears the weight,
as I prepare to wake.

This was the jewel, taken out of greed,
a world bears pain, and vanishes,
until you're left in death's dream.

KAGUYA

She sailed through the ocean of clouds,
Rejoicing a new experience;
Wandering in the search of true hearts,
Did she find her wish into a cottage of a bamboo alliance.

Luck she had to find such a name,
Kaguya-The princess of bamboo and the moon;
Grace inherited of grace and wealth,
The world which gave its means and seized her soon.

She fought for her insights,
Later when the world went cruel;
Left as a spell and an order,
'No human would even wander even close to the heaven that existed on the lunar,

The land away from that of the cruel.'

“LIFE IS NOT A MATTER OF INHERITANCE, IT SEEKS PASSION FROM ITS INHERITER”

How Difficult it is to contemplate your life in a matter of leisure and joy! Often people end up regretting what they did and what they must have done. They gradually tend to degrade their own personality and confidence but also rise up from those situations. This is something I feel that I discovered as an emotion; continuously believing yourself to be a part of a category of unworthy people ,which in contrast has no existence in the world. I later discovered such topics in more clarity and put them down as manuscripts in my rough columns in daily work. These I collect in this text with a wish of preserving them and bringing them forward.

*“The tree was indeed oddly alive,
greener than the rest,
curled into shape, by restriction and pain,
I failed to see for much too long,
but right in time, when the walls started to cave in,
no matter, no matter!
I failed to see for much too long...”*

All Five Walled
Byanghsar

