Beginning with the End

I have been a prolonged sigh of my past
Burning myself and the Time
Lost in eons of searching
And scrambling for truth
Found at last
Ensconced in the roots.

At the site I started the journey
The goal has been found
Dwelling for ages
Seeking its destiny.
The trek was a tiring delusion
Achievements and records are melted memories.
The milestones, the goalposts, the glories
I ever touched are all dissolving
At the sight of the destination
Track found disappearing.

I'm now a floating point
In flaming expanse of Time
No trail ahead nor behind.
Enshrined in an enveloping presence
Gracefully I sit on the altar
Performing the rituals of life.
No longer perturbed by the noise, the heat, the crowd
No longer held to the moments scattered around
The smiles, the tears, the memories, the loneliness
I now know, nothing was ever mine.

Destination has collected me
From the desolate corners of my destiny.
The mirror has shown me my reflection.
I can see
There, at the other side,
Someone is standing
With the arms stretched to infinity
Waiting for me.

Face to Face

Running relentlessly,
brushing questions aside,
carrying on the back, a tad of Time
is perhaps the only ask.

Giving warm touch to the shivering flower
under the snow-cap there,
is beyond me.
No time to nurse a bleeding heart.
No guts to stand and stare.
Only a moment's pause
and the music goes offbeat.
Aims and ambitions may fall asunder.
Wide open eyes of the whole world to follow me.
And around me are the deluge of my dreams and desires.
Hence, Till I am completely drowned
Running is the only ask.

But someone smirks inside
Often yanks me too hard
I wonder,
If ever it comes out
And asks for accounts
What should be my answer!

That day, should I explain
How the chirping birds
And the humming woods
Fasten the bloodstream in my veins!
How, the docks in the ponds,
the floating clouds,
even a faint image of river bank
steal my breath!

At some bent behind
The colours of emotions had faded in my being
Today, the colours of tender flowers
Terrify time.
That day, should I confess,
face to face!

– **Sushri Sangita Mishra***

* *Ms. Mishra is a management professional and a bilingual poet. Address: Flat- 3A, Block-4, Rani Meiyami Towers, MRC Nagar, Chennai - 600028, Tamilnadu, India. Email: sushrim11@gmail.com.*