

Clarity

The fog rolled heavily to cover the day,
Blunt skyscrapers tops dissolved into grey,
Pale figures condensed everywhere gaunt,
Blank masks with scared eyes to haunt.
Empty streets that once were thronged with life,
Hurry with held breath still, afraid of the air,
Moist sweet air, which scientists claim rife,
With invisible virus free, I despair.
Sometimes I feel myself there within arise,
Someone who fully knows me breathing,
Yet unknown to the world outside,
Submerged below the surface drowning.
There's nothing left to live for to end my agony,
I walked into the street with no solidarity,
So back to my sanctuary picked my quill,
And began putting my thoughts as a drill.
When I first began putting my writing,
Out there on blank pages of serenity,
I had no lack of words or scarcity,
I get the words swimming in tranquillity.
I knew that I wanted to be a writer,
The blank page felt like an ocean,
Big enough to carry many thoughts,
Removing all doubts in total clarity.

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