

An empty canvas that itself fills

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*I feel so weak,
My knees give way,
Of inexplicable feelings,
Which my heart refuses to convey.*

*A void, chained to nothingness,
A sudden vortex of emptiness.
Which fills up in torrents of pleasure,
Mind games - what illusionary finesse?*

*I know not where the mind calls,
Off I go hither and thither;
Gaping in surprise, silent in awe,
I grow in strength and then just wither.*

*Vagaries of life, portent symbols,
Or empty images, and melodious vacuum.
I trudge through it all, contentedly uncontented,
Not knowing, what in the future may loom.*

*Of sufferings all around,
Inflicted through mine and every human folly;
How do I stay away from adding to this,
Doing something higher, better, constantly.*

*Selfish lives, no meaning they hold,
To create a meaning is the objective.
An empty canvas that itself fills,
With random colours or shades votive.*