Lead me to the Light

SHAMIT BAGCHI

Dark, a pitch black world;
A heavy veil of darkness.
Groping in the dark,
Hear a shriek and outbursts of pain,
Hear someone cry, mistake it for myself.

A solemn, silent sound of sobbing;
An impending failure, waves of excrutiating sorrow;
Also a group, grieving for a dear one.
A swirling confusion and accompanying nausea,
I still can't see a thing, I reiterate its me.

No light in sight, no end of any imaginary tunnel;
Falling through a black hole.
Free falling through the tunnel of ego,
I had mistaken it all - me only me.
Self pity and victim of fate.
Until I opened my eyes to see.

There they were all, laughing, jeering,
Even taunting, pointing at me.
Or was I mistaken again ?
So should I choose to go back ?
To that familiar world of darkness ?
And shut out all light.