

STRIFE

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Slanting streams of tears, no more
Encroach the land of heart.
Because the oriel of some eye,
Is opening by and by,
In me.
Or it can be
The one that serves like wind,
To blow out gust of grief.
At least to make it brief.
The surging tides of smoldering pain,
Sensational irk, some loss or gain,
Though still I feel, I know
Will not sustain
So long, like fog
Which numbs the thumbs to feel,
To hold, to grip.
Even then it remains,
And pains,
The sense, the eyes and every inch of mine.
Which heart; my heart and soul,
Could not control.
And could it how?
For now,
The encroachment is beneath,
Underneath, underneath,
The surface of my life.
Close it cuts and cuts my heart through.
As knife.
'tis my strife.
His agony and strife!!