



Mysha Parvez Shiekh

Sanity

The moon has washed away the light,
The lamp's shine brittles my sight.

At that time if you try to hear,
You shall only find a vacuum speaking into your ear.
Nobody in gaze,
So, I let loneliness kiss my face,

Oh! Emptiness how I adore its taste.

Each picture hung up in my room,
It stares at me and it grows.

And under the sheets lay there,
My body, soul and the devil,
Except the devil is not here,
It is my mind against my sphere.

Am I okay?
Yes, I 'think' I am right.
Sometimes it talks of wonder,
Sometimes it makes me ponder,
It is white and gloomy,
It is a tyrant but it saved me.

How do I stop it from talking?
How do I stop the building from falling?

I look at the fan and chair,
They enlarge and vanish into thin air,
In the absolute silence,
I hear this sound as bloody as violence.
One time it was a violent scream,

It sounds more real than a dream,
And in this vast ocean maybe somewhere,
This is my mind's trick maybe I am aware.

My eye deceives me,
My ear deceives me,
Whom do I possibly trust if not even me?

Where do I draw the line?
Between being genius and fine.
How do I even recite my poetry,
When can I not even be sure of my sanity?

The Suicide

They picked up the block of dirt,
And rubbed it against my naked body,
I remember my white shirt,
I remember the mind of folly.

I could never escape,
I try to imagine a euphoric landscape,
A coward cannot do it,
A lovebird cannot feel it.

The silver of the cutter was shining,
While the purple of the veins was dying.

I miss it,
When the face was pink,
But now I hate that it is true,
Now the face is blue.

How I dwell,
How I felt,
I explain it to the dead,
The dry leaf that the tree has shed.

The blood flows like a stream,
Too fake to be real too true to be a dream,
I love every bit of it,
I hate every fit of it.
As bad as Lady Macbeth is the guilt of it.
As pleasures as love is the feel of it.

Rather than to suffer,
Only this was there,
And guess what?
I took it,
I did it.

Mysha Parvez Shiekh

Mysha is a student studying in grade eight at Holy Child School, Ghaziabad. She has great interests in writing poems, short stories, novels and articles since a young age.

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