

Vishal Ithape

Inferior Infantiles

That harrowing squeal of yours,
that trotting with lost gait,
that hypnotizing dread in your eyes,
that sweetening smell of your last breath,
that ephemeral lull of lost love!
Crawling to me like saccharin affliction,
your crippling bow, fumbling stature, lush chassis with
dripping spittle,
swooshing through with clanging of chains,
coalescing to incoherent thoughts of their own existence,
still clinging to you, like rattled love-birds too afraid to let
go,
grasping for breath, holding on to death as an adhesive
for life.
That dreadful moment is over,
your eyeballs shrinking to non-existent space,
each nerve broken down like undone fiddle,

but there is foreboding gloom, heartless shadow,
carrying flesh, maybe someone's torn heart,
you are gasping, squelching to let go of life,
wishing you had never seen a smile of madman!

Oh! My Sweet Bernadette!

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How I want to sway you,

like lush green leaves,

laden with binge rosemary.

Those swanky little diamonds,

intertwined with Crotchety, dampened nylons;

Oh! my dearie!

Don't you see, my sweet!

That red, gutted herring,

her eyes gouged out,

still so alive ; just like yours,

her ever widening jaw,

her scraped scales, peeled off flesh,

knife running through her bones,

blood dripping as silver-tongued chime,

Rushes chill down my spine,

to see my dear flopping for last time.

Insolence is a sly mistress,

she fondles you like rattle snake,

sucking last nip of ever diminishing,

almost delirious of your sanity!

Your jaded, dainty perception forgotten in abyss,
your endless struggle to evade from that shadowy chassis.
Her tottering around with those white fangs, ruddy,
bloated frame ;
her lying around with puffed up, sleazy silhouette,
withering away on alley to perdition.
Life is like handpicked raindrops,
sprinkled over desolate grave.
Broken egg, with smudged yolk.
Flickering light, looking for dying soul.
Gush of hot air, in bone-chilling winter.
Like a lost neuron, returning to inception,
just to be born again!
Like a bee, nearer it's last breath,
unaware of it, breeding on honeysuckle.
Little Bee-Kids continuing same cycle,
on an agonizing deathbed, with eternity of rosebuds!



Vishal Ithape is a young poet.
