

Insomnia of a Chaotic Mind

Niharika Batra

The brick and mortar fall,
through the marred beams,
to form a rocky mansion,
I see corpses fetch promises of peace,
Voices echoing without symphonies,
And visions so vivid it hurt my eyes.

I chant praises of darkness,
Like a priest's incantation of hymns,
Hoping for ashen landscapes,
As I yearn to sleep,
While my cardiac muscles,
feels like Holocaust fatalities.

The frustration is a creature,
Spitting and writhing within me.
Emerging from chrysalid made from guilt,
Remaining in the space called between,
(Between a mind that hangs melodies in sighs of spirits,
And body that aches to retire)

I bleed of remorse and restitution,
With every paper cut I receive,
While writing about the dreams, I wish to dream.
Fold, crease then cease,
I crimp rhymes of euphemism in paper planes,
That journeys within the same walls,
(For windows so out of reach)

And act like liberty is my anthem of the dawn.

But then I see souls of everyone I have killed dancing,
Accusations on their fingertips and grief under their feet.

Run, skip, sway and escape,
I finally close my eyes,
One long streak of sunlight,
Pasted across the dome of frozen blue,
Before I could sleep,
It's morning again.