

The Last Line from My Pen

By

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The flute of life appears to play the last tune,
As I breathe each moment on this Earth-
While the symphony and cacophony of daily grinds
Intertwine, to welcome and defer the sadness and mirth!
Percussion and discussion convolute the crevices of brain,
To move and shake the most innermost feelings-
And the brevity of tranquility brings the 'nirvana' feelings,
While dissonant touch of my pen in silence does the dealings!
With the alphabets from A to Z, I have grown up with,
And jotted down the verses from the age of six-
But, now my pen wants to relish the love of readers,
To fill up her tummy, and tears crawl on my chicks!
The poems I have scribbled over the past so many years,
Will float like a "paper- boat" on the water from a choppy rain-
And my quivering voice, with its own choice, will reverberate,
Within four walls of "Milestone", huddled, but not in vain!

On the last line of my poem, I promise, I will paint,
The picture of a moonlit night with comet's hair-
And my friends, young and old, in all places,
Alive, renowned or not, will love to share!
The last drop of ink in my bewildered pen
Will sigh or yawn, for an aeon or three-
Till the circle of desires achieves a praise,
And will relish freedom, like a bird cage-free!

My favorite pen neither worked for money,
Nor will look for name and fame-
Rather, the expressions hidden in my chest,
Will breathe alive and well without a shame!
The good words and the bad may commingle,
As they love to germinate in my tiny brain-
And will pour out from the belly of weary pen,
To drop on papers, like a passenger in a train!

At times, the words might splash or splatter,
As long as the ink breathes inside the pen-
And will deliver the taste of words to the readers,
Just like a marinated Chinese duck or hen!
The joy of living and loving will be enshrined,
Through the last line from my retiring pen-
To reveal the fallacy of life in an adopted land,
With cockamamie tales every now and then!

If the dreams were horses on a race course bet,
And allowed my pen to scribble last words of a fool-
I know the sunken pontoon of my clear emotions,
Will be happy beneath the moon, to stay mighty cool!
Perchance, the ink runs out of my pen,
And the freight of words comes to a screeching halt-
The last line from my poem, born out of a rickety pen
Will hover, and may not be taken with a grain of salt!!

“Milestone”

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