

Halcyon Nests

By
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Beneath the abandoned throats of sea forests,
Dreams cling to my translucent brain-
With a faint radiance, may be by chance,
And the eye brows reflect to motivate my eyes to train!
Obscured faiths lean on their shoulders,
Like embracing the hands in freezing cold-
And braid the rough hairs better the breasts,
But tilt upon the sand dunes with a touch of gold!
The passionless air hangs heavy on spider webs,
And the fallen petals from flowering bushes soften the pathway-
But my tide less mind drinks the nectar's of joy,
From the narrow throats of jasmines as they sway!
Nameless drunkards of the untamed turbulent sea
Draw the contours of shattered moonlit night-
Through the shadowed throats of sea forests
With half-conceived beauty within their uncanny sight!
The reckless clouds in my lunatic vision
Lay their breasts upon the tidal sea-
And the sullen winds from the eastern sky
Solicit my quills movement to say: "We love Thee"!
The rows of palm trees speak with soft acclamation,
And the turtles cry with crocodile laughter-
While the quivering swans are lulled by whisper,
And topple the summoning desire of my quill after!
Wandering winds from the sea forests
Carry on their task of welcoming joy-
Hindered by mathematics splendor of the sphere's chime,
As if incessant to a child adorned by the toy!
My pinnacles head begins to search for halcyon nests,
But fears upon losing their freedom cloud the eyes-
And my quills try to curtain off the eyes with sleep,
Bemused by the antic spirits sprinkled from the skies!!

"Milestone"

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