

The Ghost named Arun

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A poem on self....

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The Ghost named Arun

Here comes Arun the Ghost;
With a head twice as the Universe;
With a glazing eyes too sharp and spreading like an ocean;
On a bird, spreading wings wider than the sky.

Thunderous voice jerks the world;
Throwing away a large piece of bread;
On to a shoulder, who loves the pain;
Of sorrow, and agony with respect.

Grasping the world in one hand;
Twisting and throwing it away to another world;
Laughing and jumping;
Running and hitting in happiness.

A belt of mirage seen far in the horizon;
Moves around and around like an illusion;
Mesmerized, all ran for it;
Thinking it, as a chocolate too tasty.

The horizon was a deep deep cliff;
Where all fell unknowingly;
Fallen in the illusion of thought;
Never finding a way-out.

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