



The Gaze (Poem)

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Something lies behind the mask
Truth or wisdom I never know
For many a time the veil is worn
To shove aside the rotten days.

What man or lady is hidden or not
I gazed with ultra-modern specs
But in vain were all my endeavours
For the truth is always an ugly dream.





The look foresees the dangerous morns
For them, it is but the ugly scene
And all the time she keeps on and on
The gaze which emptied the words and deeds.

Anger, Passion or envious stare
Our world is made of man-made lies
Nothing could be bloom afresh
Yet hopes leave you and grieve in trance.

