



She



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Day after day, night after night
Walking away
From every sight.

Smell of words, talk of lines
Brown paper copy
Crumbled so fine.

All inked heart, all grey shades
All hue of white
With all lost dates.

Dirt on feet baffled hair
Smudged Eyes
With mascara layer.

Grown with rage, fire on lips
Tied with rope
With good tips.

Vintage soul smoked flesh
Ashed body
With beautiful mess.

And yet she lives,
She loves, she cries
Like a little dove..

She knows she talks
Of past
Of folks...
Of merits
Of pain
Of lose
Of gains

She remains sand, escaped so soon

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She remains mountain
Shadowed even moon
And she is all you want
And she is all you could think
And she is all your imagination fails at...
She is all in a blink
She is...

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Biography of Author

I am Supriya Singh, current pursuing the last year of B.A. (Hons.) English. I am a fun person. I like to read, especially poetry. I recently generated this huge crush on modern poetry. I am a big fan of Urdu poetry as well. I like traveling and observing people or anything that sounds interesting to me.