

The Writer

With the pen in hand, lifted till a height  
Imagination wonders to crawl up, blown with insight..  
I am paused, just to get the right of this epitome  
Waiting for thoughts, that urges me at home..  
To overlap rainbow, hoping for turquoise  
This is an author's voice, depicting a writer's choice..

Memory persuaded, to keep it short  
Life is full of dreams, for getting up at another fort..  
Daily routine circled round, time is few  
"Oh boy, Oh way", realized each time when it's new..  
To graphein, nitty-gritty is needed in group  
"Not new, not again" sounded cacophonous, when asked for proof..

With the logos relates to fruits, being through  
"Strawberry Avalanche" Always gets screwed..  
When state of being Impecunious, Always held around  
Poverty lends wakeup thoughts, Shall dig in deep it sounds..  
Nausea & Nostalgia keeps a target, when bumps in  
Idioms on Ship & Home prompts, for fishes watery fins..

Sometimes Inspirational and moved, arouses Goosebumps  
Jotting those ascetic views too, caused due to slumps..  
Being philologist, Encounters for everything in words  
To keep it vivid, riddles the milk with doubted curd

To make everything in just dreams, out those dreams  
Then keep everything where it needs to be, A Semanticist whims  
To verbose for essentials, maintaining the poise  
This is an author's voice, depicting a writer's choice.

Ashutosh Purohit from India