The Lingering World

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The untold stories and the unexplained reasons,
Always dangling around our ways.
Though having no grudge, wants to needle a pain,
Not to hurt you, but to remind something.
If I ask me why, there is only silence.

Though the mind clearly designed the line,
There is something that secretly opens the door.
Though the communication was strong,
Never able to understand a single message.
As left with the forsaken heart,
Struggling between the clear emotions and the clumsy world.

On every presence of you,
There comes an unseen dream.
Placing someone in-between, playing the forgotten game.
Yet how many times I explore that world,
I could wakeup only with a forgotten dream.
On My Way

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Thought that it was healed,
Underestimated it as just a scar,
Now realized,
Not a scar, never healed but just covered.
The lingering pains saying that it’s still alive,
And ready to kill you once again.
This time,
You can’t be strong as usually you’re,
Be ready to bear the pain,
Die just as what you are now,
But don’t forget to come alive again.
It’s not the end,
And definitely this is not your destination at all,
A better road is waiting for you.
Your aims are not that facile,
To let you go and disappear forever.
I am giving you time,
To go and TO RETURN.
Take your own time but don’t be too late to join me back,
I am waiting at where you left me.