

Fariel Shafee

The Uncertainties of Life

Did I see that sudden rush?

The buzzing waves, all at once had

colluded into

a savage, voracious

predator.

It came fast, and didn't bother to ring

ahead of

time.

I had thought of rain

and sun,

and a breeze perhaps.

Not this reckless
fiend, and not the
hellish wind.

My notebook sits in the drawer.

The appointments have all been
crossed in red.

I think of living and
death, and of
uncertainty, and how

the curve of worlds and life is not,
at times,
differentiable.

We tunnel out
in quantum leaps
if fortune smiles.

The Hidden Nook of Emotions

Surreptitious
wants

ran hideously far

through the sheaths of

blotted

pardons

to that darkened nook

of the dusty

sky with

a faltering

star --

where the condensed breaths of

a morbid

fantastic

hankering

remained trapped

for eternity

or until

the

venom

broke them free to

deluge amply

the verdant meadows.