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“Traitor Hollow Belief”

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Smooth omate visions the whistles and weird fears mismatch the bold footsteps.
The alarm and the trusty coating both are the umbrella to the relative care.



Traitor Hollow Belief

Dedicated

to

The Existence

Tribute

Dare fractions are crimson-

Purple hearts are brittle!

Flexi of trait touches poison-

Poison of fake bloom-

And a flower without petals.

Flower of trends got devil dance-

Tricking the bloom faking the fragrance.

Raining the pot of gray jerk-

And the shower of smooth roar-

Lightening feather.

White, such a white-

Forgot the taste of right.

And the sour catch-

Not the batch-

Driving to the lowest-

Missing the norm-

And itching minds forget.

If and Only

The resonance of light makes rhythm-

To the ultimate mascara of heart.

Loved the horror-

Loved the ornament-

Loved the words-

Loved the strangle-

Onto vessel.

Terror in heart-

Drank the beauty of mind-

Smilingly gifted a giggle.

Your heart told me-

To stop breathing the pure-

I told you not to be sure-

And stay upon the lure.

Minds get fright and-

Yard of shades call threat-

Are these all from endure?

To outswing the face of mat.

That indigo cared the net.

Whistle of Crowd

Whatever the sound-

To redden the fake heart!

Youth flights to the tender thoughts.

Candle is orthodox-

Then why against the pot-

Horror is a sign to candle-

Against the croak?

Trapping history-

Men or women who were grazing to get gaze-

And faking the handshake.

The handshake ought to come-

Because of pouring clouds?

Clouds of misty mystery?

Love sighs the size of cloud-

And the frozen minds care-

Forgot the dead bits and snatching the dare.

That was care-

Really the walkway-

Spiky sides of river mare.

Breeze came-

Dreads blame-

What a share-

Revering sicken layer!

Life is a blur shit-

Violent violet gazing the fear.

Nights are drape-

Days are fire.

Drippy Mind

Mind is a trap-

You see fire.

Mind is gaze-

You see the drier.

To snatch the riddle-

Forgetting self-tear.

Gifting you all colors-

Dragging self-heart-

Onto the lie love?

Lie love-

You fire.

I am the drier-

Omen, you are my drier.

O fear, I am the liar.

The real liar-

To snatch the fire-

To shoot me against the petals-

I gifted you with the prayer.

Stone of Ring

Light-rose stone smiled at heart,
And bought from the roadside stare.

The artist shrank the gold?

Never, it's never.

May be you wanted white-gold,

The artist had it?

How I could get the pure light-rosy stone?

Or the white-gold?

You fought against you-

Your nose couldn't smell the pure.

Trust is untying?

Or throwing loving allure?

The wedding was full of flowers-

Only for you to smell the fragrance-

The love more than the white-gold.

Drained Ornament

The deadly coward fasten the seat belt-

And drove the psycho of silencer-

Blaming the dust of path.

Grading the violent fire of wind-

Jerking the mind ruined-

Calming the raise trier-

Filming dangling wire.

Merging the drain of prayer.

Creator knows the souls-

The jewels of ornaments!

And the sovereigns of soft hearts!

Color of wind-

You try to see please.

Can you see it?

Can you feel it?

Wind is the vessel.

And really it is-

The ornament of creator.

You deny every time-

And toy it.

Supposed to stop-

Why?

Take breath, fake breath?

Breathing costly?

Life is breath.

This is cheaper than the death.

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