

Privacy

The days of war are over—
No further can peril hover,
Amidst conscience and love.
In arduous toil we shove
the elements and move ahead
to contain light and shade
of pensive moments yet to be born,
which, would have awaited scorn
from the eternal longing
and the eternal Thronging—
for the nectar life rinses
like a flamboyant tale of a princess
supple through twist and turns
Never lets feel the burns.
If it is a fair barter when
compromised is the deeper haven
With lives on a safer plane
Then it is an order sane—
Where all bonds wane
And all is in vain—
but a wave of whim,
which the moments grim
glare with —
as if — in a sheath—
It was love sublime
Saved the trying time
for us — it is a delight
worth a praise — not a plight.