

Reluctance

Beyond the days, I see a predicament lurk,
Many moments may pass, ends all in dark.
Loveless is the roaring time,
vanquishes all the prime
days of honour and fear,
which she may endear
through herself and none other,
adherence ? to one another ?
when I feel like cry
emotions soak me dry
time and again I see more
into a deeper corridor—
a frilled nexus of men
and women—that wane
in perpetual endeavour
to spread light and favour
chosen, I have, to diverge
and divert, when love is on virge
of dwindling—paves the way
to live a bigger sway
of a gamut of living
unseen unforgiving.
Tranistion it is—not a compromise,
before passes the light—from my eyes.