



Research Paper


## ‘A Wordless Lover’ - Two Sequential Poems


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Received 16 December, 2020; Accepted 31 December, 2020 © The author(s) 2020.  
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### A Wordless Lover

A wordless lover- then  
Just awakens from its slumber,  
Once the words bleed down its fingers.   
Now I'm all done-  
With yoke of pecking spite.  
The words became- the mighty cure,  
Which brought me nigh to respite.  
I sought fit words- the pearls of dews,  
Oft in morning hues,  
To make the burdens a bit light.  
Restless, thus I spilled blues  
On pulp white.  
I chose to sculpt  
And engraved those with hourly gold.  
Õ, I carved pages with emotions-  
Pure, stark and bold.  
Thus living a day upon words  
Which I never sold...

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2

### A Wordless Lover

Õ, I penned down verse  
In helpless throes,  
To efface wounds of curse,  
With the chosen few rhymed prose.  
As it comes to me easily,  
When her lips puckering on its curves  
Of ROSE.  
And when all have given me over,  
I must reckon-  
This all would make sense.  
For that matter,  
I must believe in WORDS, as I once  
Huddled in dense,

Which working out its way to ease,  
Yet in pains.  
Thus, saving me pitted against odd day,  
Tis a way to brave-  
The ravage of time's decay.

Oh, there SHE, -  
I'm chained to the rhythms now,  
Tis one of its kind.  
Ô, She's the MUSIC,-  
I ever wanna play on a loop REWIND....

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