

Poetry Series

Ankit Kumar Sinha
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Ankit Kumar Sinha(11-10-1994)

Vulture

there is nothing much that i own,
not even, that you own around your wings.

Onus to purge to your height of
crystalness,
startin' thence forth of our love,
i die, sleep and live again,
the hemisphere's that solace the two
dove.

what can belong to this wild,
you storms at every beauty.
how can you love a vulture?
how can you let our love be vulture?

you should go, the leaf, the sea would forget,

'ts theandric, worth for you
my love,
'i', i am your innocence.
your cadence chariot is on 'ts way to drive the other forces,
i shouldnt curse your womb and lie
undercover.

it wont hold, your fire is burning me,
Amiss i intersperse on your lawn.

let me keep a ton on my chest and
speak,
i should go now,
you have to go,
away from my claws.

There's blood on every hood o' skin,
i wonder, soldier poor or wretched?

alas! so timid he stay or stayed.
lyin' on the bog, await.

Ankit Kumar Sinha