

Poetry Series

**Kashish Gupta**  
**- poems -**

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# Kashish Gupta()

An absurd human searching for the real meaning of life.

# A Scary Night! ?

Dead in my mind, Halo over my head.  
This everlasting pain, I myself bred.  
Driving my expectations, anxiety being stoplight.  
Exaggerated thoughts, vivid and effectively bright.  
Darkness dominating the visuals, apprehension and fright.  
That's how it went, that scary night.

Kashish Gupta

# A Disclosure! ?

From standing apart to sitting together.  
That first move to communicate, a strong endeavour.  
Neither accounting acceptance nor considering rejection.  
That obnoxious comprehension walked away now.  
This gameplay of time, in my favour somehow.  
It's appreciable how my fate standing by my side.  
It's time for disclosure, a no to confide.

Kashish Gupta

# Mark Of Pride! ?

Under the burden of society, her growth retarded.

A fragile soul molded into a statuette of despair.

Unable to express, paralyzed by fear.

Blown by pain, stabbed by terror.

The rush of adrenaline, little frightened, it appeared.

But the eyes still reflecting hope,

justifying her strength.

After all the torment and the agony, still holding the capacity to revive.

She's the mark of respect, praise and pride.

Kashish Gupta

# The Night Of Remorse!

The darkness, the night of remorse.  
Emptiness Insofar, the broken heart.  
Memories and the repentance, knocking the door.  
The helplessness, infirmity, this tiredness though.

Perhaps the night of grief and I lost a part of mine.  
Emotions being vicious, merciless this time.  
The state of imbalance and those tears flowing through my eyes,  
That struggle with pain, regretful vice.

What's literally with aphorisms, those old beliefs.  
Everything could overcome, resulting relief.  
There's something hard to explain, perhaps the grief.  
This poetry not explaining details, but brief.

Kashish Gupta