Punamjyoti Dessai()
Writing On The Walls

Loud and graphic
Shouting out for attention
I ignore the writing on the walls of my Soul.

Colours vividly reminding of stories
That haunt the halls of those rooms

Who can boast of this art
Gruesome and yet dignified
Scratching away at the emotions
In the wee hours of the dark nights.

Sometimes neurotic
Sometimes hopeful
Many times passionate
Memories resound from their depths
Clanging and blasting
Into the silence that my soul resonates.

Can silence be loud
Asks my mind
To the weathered tattered soul
Searching for an acceptable response
My soul sits in a transcedental state.

PS: Rise above your scars and tell your story. Mine is a beautiful stained glass.

Being PU ??

Punamjyoti Dessai
A screw with a head but no brain
A driver with a point but no self direction
Both born out of the need of each other
And yet complete in their own existence

My mind feels mostly like a screw
With a niche carved,
Waiting for a driver to turn my thoughts

My heart listens quietly to my internal turmoil
And send the feelings to drive the chariot of thousand thoughts

The union of mind and heart has never happened
Who has been able to make them work in tandem
The decisions of heart versus the logics of the mind
Have they ever conceded defeat or agreed with each other?

Soul of mine rises above the Chaos they create
Levitating to merge with the universal energy source
It calls upon the darkness to step up the game
For the light of a rising soul
Absorbs all negativity and blames.

The heartbeat drops it's pace
And the mind drops it's ego
As both bask in the warmth
Of the light of my soul.

Union of the trio
Heart, mind and soul
An amalgamation
That echoes through the cosmos.

Be You, Be the Beautiful mess you are meant to be.

Being PU ??