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These Thoughts are not Mine

Dev Vrat Sharma

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The room was jumbled up

With piles of old newspapers,

All around; on the tea table- underneath it,

On the floor, Muddled up with clothes

In the cupboard and roughly

Occupying... half the bed.

This has been a meeting place,

People would pour in, encroaching

Upon the privacy of its Space

For their leisure, to spend idle Time,

They go away leaving behind

Waste paper plates, disposable plastic cups,

A few Cigarette butts; and also among other things

A bunch of -- disarrayed thoughts.

The material waste would linger on

For a day or two, But this other waste

Has come to stay.

This cluster of uncanny voices,

Inadvertently struggling with

One another, in weird forms and

Disproportionate concoctions to entwine,

With the thoughts in my mind.

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I shall disown them and declare

That these are not mine;

Neither other man's possession

As they have lost shape and

Assumed proportions and creepy shapes,

Too unbecoming for a human facade.