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The Blurring Memory

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Your Initials:

Do not write any bygones now.

Nor my soliloquies!!

Brings "Remembrance of things past"

The ebony nights,

Now have forgotten "woe bygone" tales.

Conspired with me has nature now.

Memory and ageing fell in love.

And now nothing is more blessed than their union!

I carry a boulder now.

Free is it from tresses of memory.

My heart and memory both have died thousand times.

And I have reincarnated them.

With the first blue light of dawn.

With first call of muezzin from minarets and mosques;

Recited verses from Holy Quran.

When I Tossed and turned ceaselessly in bed.

I will learn how not to feel

May be tomorrow!!

Day after tomorrow!!

But tonight;

let my tempest destroy.

This memory

Your initials.

And you.