

Inward

How much further do you wish you read on?



A self-help book,
a poetry in every corner and nook.

Words of wisdom.
Searching for our kingdom.
When do we get done?

A prophet who pens down all they knew;
Followed by a few.
Is that what you believe to be true?



No book, poem, words or story
can in all it's glory,
Reiterate your misery.

Your experiences,
The way you loved.
No words put together in millions
Can put back a soul shattered in billions.



How can we share your pain?





The way they yanked out every bolted
furniture in your home.

For all those leeching
eyes,
which only sought to
own.



How they sold your body for a profit.
The heavy nights which ran your eyes
like a faucet.

How you fought day and night to
climb out of the closet.



How you could cut a limb off to pause it.

To stop the people who spoke ill.
So you stand still,
Till they become the reason
that made you kill.





You could continue your search
through the shelves of a library.

Or
you could indulge in a new literacy?

A misery even worse than poverty.
Above any deity.

This journey is the one within,
It is the one where only you can begin.

Forgiving all your sins,
Just lean in...



Once you open the window to your soul,
have no ego and have no end goal.

With your eyes,
which you sight.

Share your experiences,
for when you write.

Share all that you imbibe.
Do nothing good or do nothing right,
only try to never let your words ever divide.

Speak of not whats wrong but whats right.
Sit tight,
and bask in the glory of this ecstatic night.

GURU SABKAARIYA