

THE ENEMY

Rahul Misra

*S*lain,

*His voice was a whisper,
Every word a struggle,
Against the engulfing silence,
Death.*

*He spoke my language,
His face, though bloody,
Resembled my fellows,
But, having stood
On the other side of the line,
He was my enemy.*

*His words were a shattered necklace,
Disjoined beads drifting into incoherence
As he lay at the threshold,
Reminiscing --
A village boy thrashed by fate,
A mere pawn in her game,
But he had dreamt,
And fought,
Daring to draw his own destiny,
Only to be snatched away by the corrupt,
Who sent him to his Death,
For no reason,
For their own ends,
Hiding behind a farce of
Patriotism.*

*His helpless anger resonated within me,
Arousing guilt,
Revealing the futility, the waste,
For I found his life resembled mine,
His quest was my own.
Similar ambitions reined my heart,*



mirror, mirror on our world...



*His faults had failed me too,
He and I were one,
But for the line between us,
Dividing us,
Not letting us embrace.*

*Truth dawned:
I saw him in a new light,
But before I could take his hand,
Sleep overcame him,
He left this world,
It's barriers.
And I was left to cry,
For the village that waited for him,
The quest he left midway,
And for the bullet I shot
When I knew not
Of the hypocrisy of the line
And my brothers who stood behind it.*



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