Beneath the Visor

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The gurney chisselled it’s way
Through the hubbub of dismay
The forlornness in those hazel eyes
Smeared my gauntlet with sweat and ice
With exiguousness in every breath
He seeks abundance in existence
He suddenly clutches my hands
Imprinting lines on my heart,
His beseech ingress my armor
While assurances cease beneath the visor
The monitors though glint
Yet reflect gloomy hint
Shriek ostentatious sound
Amidst I stand null and void
The chasm inside ripping apart
As the bulwark in me withers afar
Horrendous tales of agony and demise
Exsanguinating shackles prevent my rise
Oh I pine for my child’s warmth
And miss the caresses of lover's arms
I so long to adorn ritzy dreams

And savour the solace serene
My sense fails to prevail
Raison de’tre dusty and daze
Bhagwad Gita but beckons
Selfless 'karma' is the norm
Lost in mirage like Arjuna
Can't be chagrin to my Krishna
So Corona dare not muddle my emotion
Subservience to oath is my inclination
I am a soldier sturdy in infirmity
Pleading groans entrust my humanity
This is destiny's moment opportune
Making flowers of faith and optimism bloom
Bring back love, joy and smiles
For my honey... And those HAZEL EYES...

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Competing Interest
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