

## **Fence**

by Ankita Sharma

My Love, do you know,

I stayed choked on raw words

I could never summon on my lips

They kept gurgling inside my throat

Like trapped air in a defunct faucet

Now, they have ripened into poems

Still, all lie stuffed up within me

Like those crinkly paper carry-bags,

Rustling, crumpled, jumbled, deep

Old and used yet new and usable

Stuffed into a bigger crinkly bag

Like are those reticent timid pets

With blunted claws drowsy eyes,

My poems never bother to come out

And reveal themselves to eager ears

Yet, stare with sharp probing eyes

Draped in a cloak of murky mist,

Like a stalker skulking in shadows

Their syllables, as chorus, hum requiems

Before beginning to fade off as echoes

While helplessly watching them diffuse,  
I keep listening to them in a grey silence  
Sitting on that blurry but spikey fence,  
That separates my dreams and reality