

***Deepshikha Dixit**

You in Me

Alone, alone, all alone— this sea and me,
Beating of the heart like waves of thee,
There is so much to tell and so much to hide,
Finding you in me and standing by your side.
How to be patient, how to be quite like you?
How to get the strength and collect the scattered view?
Looking so beautiful at the sight of nocturne—
So dynamic! and to be still, a lot to learn. 
In the night, shining with the company of the moon,
As if fairies are dancing and it is going to be the heaven very soon,
To watch these waves coming, running, but they have to die.
This sea is this world, and the waves, and 'I'...

That Bird in the Cage

Oh! That sweet little bird in that cage,
Having no connection outside, only living in the cage.
So sure, so pure, it doesn't have the desire to go higher.
I think, it must have looked up but may not have that fire.
Either isolation from this world kept it pure
Or just to remain in the cage was the only cure
Then a day came when it saw the birds flying and was tempted towards it,
And now it made an effort to fly a little bit.
It flew and flew, and saw the beauty of nature till those different waterfalls.
Till now this world was restricted for it within the four walls.
It may not fly high, but the birds are meant only to fly,
How has it not realized that its real home is only the sky!
It was the matter of its own world, but it has to search for its feast,
Alas! Before he could think more of its freedom, it became itself the feast of a beast.

Standing Alone

Standing by the side of the mirror: this half-broken life and me,
Crying and laughing and sometimes playing what actually I always wanted to be,
Looking up and standing with thousands of expectations in a row,
To catch this huge never-ending sky and bend a bit low.
This life had a desire to design the desire of its own,
But an unseen power had never got it grown.
Running out far! Much far out of this running time,
I want sometimes to shout or sometimes sing my own rhyme.
I recollect the fight but always I lose,
Sometimes I get confused, which should I choose?
These never ending expectations—great expectations!
This life runs much faster than me in search of those hidden relaxations.