

Topic: The Visitor (Poem)

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Yes, lady you are right
I am a little angry at you.
You took my hands,
And you took my life,
And you drove away my family too.
It doesn't matter, how much you help,
It doesn't matter, how much you cry.
This little mistake will haunt you, forever;
And will pain like a bee sting in the eye.

I know, you didn't mean it,
~~I know that you are sorry~~
And I know how sorry you are.
I know, it was raining that day,
But it was still you who
was driving that car.

I was a good man, I remember,
I used to play with my kids
In warm summer rain.
They don't see me anymore,
And I am just full of hatred,
~~Drifting in a sea~~
Drifting away in a sea of pain.

My son used to visit me sometimes,
Now, it seems he has forgotten me.
I just wish death embraces me now,
Sets me free from this net of misery.

Final
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~~Not~~

← Final Part

You are the only visitor, i see.

Everyday you come you apologize.

You ask me to forgive you,

Forgive you for my demise.

You ask me, whether I am angry,

whether your efforts prove something

You ask me to wake up from this coma,

You ask me to dance and to sing.

Your guilt, it's all why you are here,

Your goodness, it's all a lie...

Yes, I am angry, my only visitor.

Anger is all I have on my mind.