

A Foreman

Keerthi Sudhakar Vasishta

Unanswered

A foreman's shadow lingered over,

Poor shackled stunts hung beneath

Insubordination exhausted the futile strands of
imagination

Yellow walls and bark coloured frames;

Huge bodies lie unassumingly awaiting someone

Or something; breaths escaped, breathing ceased—

In heaving the trunks guaranteeing a ceaseless space

Jogging a lightening load-

Where the sun streams through the filling hollow tree
trunks,

Probably the woodpecker's nest,

Illuminating slimly onto the rough barks-

Staring there you'd wonder,

In caring for the same...

Where does this lie?

Beyond the strangling hustles,
In humming the lost birds sing
Of the pure unfound songs-
Incomplete and insignificant,
Like when born and now when dead.

Keerthi Sudhakar Vasishta is currently a Post-Graduate Student at Friedrich Schiller Universität Jena, Germany. His first full length novel titled The Old Firm was published by Blackbuck Publications in 2016. Creating and consuming literature remains his foremost interest along with a passion for debate, theatre and sports.
