

## **A Wish of Hundred Souls**

**Ajit Kumar Khatai**

A wish of hundred souls, wander across emptiness.  
Knowing less of a journey, of paths and why we see.  
Why dark corners of our hearts, have shallow brightness?

Lost to many thoughts, some ancient like legends.  
A wish of hundred souls is spelt, failing to a dream.  
A dream of sleepless night. Still. Within lost memories.

I walk those paths again, like a wish of hundred souls.  
Beautiful in prayers. Little less they fall to my palms.  
Like paths we know to walk, never to reach any end.

If destiny had fairer ink, mine would know another end.  
Blundered lines would interlock, within dreams dark.  
I would never ask, why is it strange and repetitive.

Why happiness comes within my palms & vanishes.  
Like smoke held within my palms, escaping on slight.  
A wish of hundred souls, is trying many possibles.

There's light after the smoke, like burning embers.  
Waiting eternally in warmth, till ashes coats them deep.  
Darkness moving aside, like shadows abandoning.

---

**Ajit Kumar Khatai** is a first-time publisher, who works as a strategic consultant for fashion start-up businesses. He paints on abstract, loves the history of everything and can fix anything at home. His current fiction project, *An Ordinary Life of Death*, explores on, 'If death lives an ordinary life, how would that be?' He lives in Bangalore, India.

---