



Poetry

Dr Urvashi Verma

Weaving Threads of Tranquility

In the unfolding narrative of history,
We find ourselves enmeshed between,
Like innocent children, lost in an alien world topsy-turvy.
Despite the absence of great wars
Or the weight of depression,
a spiritual battle within our consciousness rages.
Connected by intricate threads of life,
The façade of simplicity belies the complexities that bind us.
The journey starts with ease, Yet
self-imposed hardships arise That

one should belittle not
But try to overcome them.
Amidst the truths woven with threads of despair,
A plea echoes not for melancholy
But to bear the sickness within--
-a mental charade, perhaps.
Confront then the conflict within,
And let serenity invade and prevail.
Wars of the spirit unfold within minds,
Profound depressions intertwine with life's intricate
binds.
Simplify the stories, unravel the threads,
Sprout self-created peace, shedding worries.
From your birth, to a shift to the now,
Not where you're from but from where you allow.
Through faced trials and tribulations
A transformation decree is pronounced.
Must then choose what you truly wanna become,
For, therein only lies the thread of true freedom Joy, and
eternal
tranquility.

My Mystic-like Psychic Odyssey

In realms where body embraces the mind,
A dance of contrast, worlds apart in space.
My body, tethered to earthly fears,
Shies from the tempests, quivers and slashes.
Yet my mind—a boundless sea,
Unfurls its waves, wild and free.
No mortal constraints, no chains to wear,
Fancy soars on wings of air.
My body—a vessel, frail and finite,
It ages, withers, in life's waning light.
But my mind, though ageless, an eternal flame,
Fires my imagination and sparks ideas— perennially.
My body stumbles, tires, fails, and falls,
My mind, relentlessly sprawls,
Through knowledge overfed, perhaps.
To distant realms, uncharted shores,
It journeys on and on,
Forever explores the infinite.
My body's limits, a mere façade,
My mind's horizons, forever expand.
It spins and spreads, defying space and time,
A cosmic dance, sublime, divine and so celestial

That it can't be expressed in prose or rhyme.
In the womb of existence, exists,
An intricate cobwebs of worlds many.
Body and mind, intertwined though be,
A dichotomy of self, convoluted, but free.
When my body yields to nature's decree,
My mind break its ties earthly
And soar aloft on intangible wings,
Unfettered by mortality's strings.
In the upsetting and chaotic dance of life,
I've found my goal,
The union of body, mind and soul.
Though in tight onism's grip,
I often ponder and seek,
The quintessence of my true being—
-weird but mystique.

