

Desires

*The heaving waves
sign
for the land's feminine touch;
long
for a union divine.
But the eternal quest
of a cherished desire
ends only in
a hurried hug,
a stolen
kill,
a husky whisper and
a parting murmur.*

Shame

*They know where my wounds are.
Oh! These pestering flies!*

*Tingling with pain!
my wounds fester and swell.*

*No swatter would do.
Poor innocent flies!*

*Cursed be my wounds,
for it is they
that attract them.*

P. Raja