

Sweta Srivastava Vikram

WITHOUT BORDERS-A DREAM

I thought, with time, love would outgrow
hate and seal the self-consuming black hole
they called borders—
an ammunition wall,
an emotion, a deadly notion that has frayed
the hearts of the survivors just like a vulture rips
its prey and shreds its existence into pieces.

I believed, a new leaf of hope would change the fate
of the mere mortals hanging
onto life by gruesome memories of the past -
running away from their own shadows fearing
it would punish them for the bullet they missed.
Their hearts, a lonely grave with no flower.

I forget; their hate is older than the sheet of linen
they covered their first, dead, loved ones body with.
Their mistrust is deeper than the cryptic mystique
of the Pacific Ocean; their disgust traverses through a path
where blemished voyages are exposed to unforgivable wounds.
Time cannot mend their broken souls as the borders ricochet
the cry of the dead, the unnamed bullet, and the ghosts of the past.

I dreamt to see a fearless life
but borders carry tales of history,
is that why people look back while running forward?