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Plight

Received: 16 July 2014
Accepted: 23 July 2014
Published online: 15 August 2014
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Empty eyes—with death staring out of them sometime,
somewhere—the tears drowned in their very own depths;

Helpless defeated, torn apart by the tide of affairs.

A stifled scream—rising somewhere from the cavernous
depths of life....

Hoping against hope in the sea of despair where the hope
only floats.

Once a beautiful face, pale now; lost in the darkness of
her locks,

Weeping wounds, bleeding hearts, where the death
mocks.

The soul covered by a shroud of body....

Gasping for a single breath;

Like the hidden moon striving out of the tyrant cloud.

Locked hopes, struggle futile and life fragile;

Breathing yet breathless, living yet lifeless.

Shriveled body, smudged eyes....

Oh grief! But is there something which can relieve him—
his sufferings?

They cried—the death smiled;

Caressed by the icy hands, freed from the burning breaths,
peacefully laid

No pains—No agony,

No sufferings—He's dead.

The author acknowledges the support of Dr. Nidhi Choudhary for
the idea and inspiration for the poetry.