

A Sweet Epic

Rochish Mon

Heat waves blow

In the water flow

When thirst was quenched

Grief was gathered

By errors, with errors

Our journey we carry out

If not to errors

Where else can we reach out?

We are entangled

In uncontrolled opinions

We are suffering from

Our own views

We stagger a lot
Even to live we hesitate
We hate facts
We have no emotions

When we seek for literature
We receive mere vocabulary
When we wish for music
We hear noise-jugglery

Why is this?
Finesse, why should we miss?

Sculptures of our thoughts
We have to sculpt properly
Paintings of our descendents
We have to up keep safely

To have a glittering history,
We will have to alter ourselves
To have our world
As a sweet epic let us live like good words



Rochish Mon, lives in Chennai, is a business man by vocation and a poet by avocation. His poems have been published in international magazines and anthologies. He received an award of honor from the state governor in the year 2006 as recognition to his involvement in poetry. He writes poetry in English, Telugu, Tamil, Sanskrit languages.

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