

## **Akshat Shukla**

### **Dark Musings**

Clotted thoughts,  
And nocturnal scribbling  
On austere, unfortunate pages  
Stained with the blood of time;  
Xeroxed musings of the past  
Devastate the placidness  
Symptomatic of the present;  
The light that rubs its ink  
On the blank pages of the mind  
Is nothing but a prelude  
To an incessant darkness.

## Closure

Floating in the mist of horror,  
I clutched at a dream of agony  
Until the mist fizzled out, and nothingness  
There was all over my wrenched, pale soul.  
Never, ever there fell a drop of darkness  
Where I desired a closure, and exposed  
I stood always by the lightness of a little light.  
The left, the right, the middle: I chose all,  
And my brain metamorphosed into an enigma  
Puzzling the very essence of my existence.



**Akshat Shukla** is a research scholar at CSJM University, Kanpur, UP. He is working on ecocriticism for his research thesis. Apart from research writing, he writes fiction and poetry. Most of his poems are philosophical musings and many of his stories deal with existential crisis as he is heavily influenced by western philosophy.

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