

Pooja Ramesh Surve

The Dead Man's Closet

The dead man woke from his closet
And looked around with hopeful eyes
He had got a chance to see life again
How could he not thank his skies?
He walked around a bit awkward at first
And then galloped like a horse
He ran, he yelled, he laughed, he cried
Finally after long he was out of the bars
He finally saw hordes of men
With this greatest gift called life with them
Dragging her listless all along
With no meaning, no purpose, no higher aim
They had taken life so much for granted
They had forgotten to live to earn a living
They planned to live later forgetting one truth
Death is a certainty, life is just a fling

Not wanting to become a living dead
The dead man returned to his grave
He slept peacefully knowing the other side
He wouldn't gain much by being alive



Pooja Ramesh Surve is a post-graduate from Mumbai University and has been working as a market researcher for the last 6 years.
