

Dear varalakshmi,

A Bottomless Pit

A bottomless pit
awaits by my side
to engulf me.

I may slip off
my grip any moment.

A pitch-darkness flows
down the ravenous abyss.

The forces of darkness
play umpteen wars
to nudge me down the edge
of the void of helplessness.
The predatory beast of pity
opens its canine-teethed mouth.

I live with a sharp alertness,
the brutal sharpness
of a butcher's knife,
every minute, every second.

I stand guard at the mouth
of the cavernous pit,
lest I be sucked in.

(30 October, 2018).