

The Thought of Love

Aneesh MP

aneeshkmp@gmail.com

Assistant Professor

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Loknaya Jai Prakash Institute Of Technology,

Chhapra, Bihar (India)

A
Hand
Holds the other
to feel the quietude and dissolve
in it. It doesn't talk, but stays underneath.
when a strong wind blows, we know the rains
are coming to welcome us with watery arms
into the bosom of a lovely land where
we are a bridge to the sky
where we forget all about
the dampness
of the four
walls.
Now
we
are
again
bound
by
the
thought
of love
and being loved