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## Surrender

Ritika Gandhir Poet Meerut Uttar Pradesh, India

Death comes knocking at my door

And asks me where would I like to go.

I say, to the land which has no name

And clouds not billboards welcome you in

And the clouds melt away

And the sun is on board

With a little drizzle and

The cool greyness of the shore

And pity the sun shines again

Pity the wind will become hot.

The truth is all those scars on your body and face which you forget

Come back to haunt you.

Opening your wounds again

Is the only way to mend

The time that has been lost

Snatched away from you - there's no

Concept of consent

In a world that burns at the tick of the clock



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And with gates to guard, frightened of petty thieves - on every block.

Re-opened wounds sure do hurt a lot.

And the pain never melts away - a dry ice block.

The pain is to be befriended, and so is grief

And so is regret and when you try and fail

Go ahead and fret.

But only by these wounds will you understand

That stitches made in hurry will always be opened again and again, and again,

Till you clean your memories and brush away the dirt.

And face the sun, the sun, the sun

In the face of the sun, lies courage

Lies the will to surrender

To something that stands beyond you -

Beyond the grey emulsion of lies and truth.