

My parasocial world

Abirami



Presented by

My poetic Side 

About the author

I write poems for fun.

I want to keep it as a life long hobby to reflect
myself occasionally.

Sometimes, I will be relevant. Sometimes, I am
irrelevant.

Give them a read.

summary

Strictly parasocial

Wedding Cliffs

Strictly parasocial

My musings, buzzingly, hover over
From a sided *affair*
to a woven parasocial *cobweb*,
Which was dwelled by my *lover*.
Who, with a mower, maimed
the anonymous me, as in a *darkweb*.
None but I know it.

Howled love swirls in the *wind*
While unechoed empty voices
Blew my *mind*
Except it made my eyes *unblind*.

My vision *blurred*
as the fabric was *unfurled*
to veil my eyes
While I froze as *ice*
as I indulge *in*,
all by myself, all *again*.

Wedding Cliffs

On the brink of wedding-cliffs,
I clung to my pals.
Yet the grip loosened
as their nuptial rings clasped their hearts
in a wound-tight hold
leaving me aloof on the summit
with nothing to hold onto,
or to wrap around my finger.

The dialing tone
to my long-distance pals
was hung up by the soft coos.
While the clock inside me
ticked and tocked
amidst the chaos of my neighborhood.

I wish my pals had dragged me
off the wedding-cliff,
just to silence the words spilling
from my chaotic mind
onto this page.