

*I have been sleeping awfully late these days,  
Sometimes, I don't sleep at all,  
What keeps me awake are my thoughts, fears and worries  
Or just that void in my heart that burns into my soul,  
It would have been easier to fill it temporarily  
Through a hearty chat or just a short call, with a friend;  
But these days, friendships are rare and so are friends  
Who can go into the depths of my thoughts;  
Who can see through my eyes, how sunk I am from within,  
Or how the void in your heart is consuming me,  
But then what the mind abstains, the body indulges,  
And I fall asleep anyway, to wake up with the same emptiness,  
Yet, as each day goes by, I got to be the tough person  
That I think I am, at least in my delusional mind,  
So I cover that void in my heart, with clothes of dignity,  
As I cover my face with a mask,  
Disguising my inner turmoil with a grin to display the other world,  
Until it lasts.*

*-Thoughts from a Bandaged Heart*

*Amrut Patil*

*MMS C*