



POEMS

--- Akshat Shukla\*

1. **Weathered Words**
2. **A Cesspool of Images**

## WEATHERED WORDS

Weathered words evaporate  
Out of dusty books  
Standing tall on a shelf;  
Words obsolete, words obscure,  
Ditched by the winds of change,  
Words once adorned  
On the tongue of poets,  
Words once revered  
For beauty and youth,  
These words  
On the edge of their existence  
Creeping out  
Of the grimy confinements,  
Consummating with the winds,  
Reshaping themselves  
On the sacrificing altar  
Of change.  
Now, these words breathed in  
Like oxygen,  
Adopted like orphans,  
Securing their place  
Once again,  
In the stories  
Of futurity and infinity.

## A CESSPOOL OF IMAGES

A cesspool  
Of sinister images  
That pall over my eyes—  
My eyes reflecting the horror;  
I wallow in the darkness  
Of this cesspool,  
Rumbling my way  
Through the thickness  
Of this ghoulishness;  
I hope to unearth the embers  
Of the murdered light,  
And swallow them down,  
Letting my body smolder  
Into the flames  
Of a newborn light.

**\*AKSHAT SHUKLA** is a research scholar at Chhatrapati Shahu Ji Maharaj University, formerly Kanpur University, India. He is working on Ecocriticism for his research thesis. Most of his poems are philosophical musings; they reflect how he perceives things in general. He started writing poems in 2009. He is heavily influenced by Keatsian Romanticism. He has done Diploma in Creative Writing in English from IGNOU. He can be reached at [akshatshukla2012@gmail.com](mailto:akshatshukla2012@gmail.com).