**Melancholia**

Swapna Sanchita

Caught in a stinging deluge

of scorpions that bleed

Through a night infested

With the howling of muliebrity

Being knifed and spread

Like butter on some burnt toast

That emits tremendous odours

Which seeps through fissures

That cobweb soporose bodies.

The best way to deal with pain

Is to use arduous words that fall heavily

From leaky pens on recycled paper

Letting them be prodded and poked

In order to find some kind of restorative

Which invariably will not work

So that the only recourse left is to let them be

Lying across an impermanent sheet

In a helplessly ignored mess that may

Or may not find deliverance.