By Vani Rao

**Rest**

The image chafes
Abrates and galls
The masochistic eye
Fixating in morbid fascination
Tiny hands and Velcro shoes
Porcelain cherub in breathless sleep
He could be mine, the red heart weeps
The boy on the beach
Sinless head on barren earth
Facing the quiblah
Sightless gaze on the Kaaba
Through lips forever muted
The seraph inculpating
And so the febrile mind
Asks and seeks
Seethes at the heavens
Teeming in mocking silence
And then from the
Foaming darkness
At last, a star winks
Quiet, quiet the mind
It will pass, this too.