

STRESS

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Being stressed out I just want to rage
for I am trapped like a bird in a cage.
Why does my life become such a mess?
Have I engaged too much in a rat race?

Oh dear Stress! You are a killer
Is Time still the best healer?
You are a diamond in the rough
and makes my life very tough.

You are trying your level best
to give myself an eternal rest.
Sucking blood you make me pale
and shedding tears I flood the Hell.

I am dispirited for nothing is going right
and you make my mornings darker than night.
Eating my soul don't you feel sad?
I pay the penalty knowing I am not bad.

Stress you are not only making me depressed
but also my words beneath you are suppressed.
For me why have you written such a text
which even makes you afraid of what lies next?

I can see the results you produce
but unable to find a way to reduce.
While you sleep peacefully at night
I keep myself awake for the one last fight.

I don't want to be controlled by my stress
for I have plunged already in utter distress.
Who is in need of God's blessing-
it's you or I? And I keep on guessing.