



Meditative Magic of Night

by Ankusha Jain

Walking on eggshells, running on empty,
The non-stop chaos hits harder
When I plan to drift off in the bells of imagination.
Beneath the non-echoing, radiant dark of the sky,
I dance to the rhythm of the gentle air.

The crescent moon enters my sphere,
Clear and pure, unrefracted by my rustic windows.
Spellbound, it guides me toward the meadows.
I stand between heavens—on a field of lush, green grass,
Under the open, endless blue,
Light-years away from noise and chaos.

I think, *“No one here can feel any loss.”*
I take a full breath of crystal-clear air; my wings flare.
“Splendid, exquisite, limitless,” I whisper,
Passing every field of joy.

I flew a long way off but hadn't seen any boy,
Awareness of that absence pricks at me,
I stand, sit, dance, and stand again—
But soon, a quiet question rises:
What am I to do with this freedom?

The outer beauty is flawless, eye-catching, jaw-dropping,
Yet inside, she trembles, hiding cracks that never cease.
The inner beauty lies profoundly buried,
Feeling she has failed under the weight of the world.

They both think: the other part held it best.
I pace this picture-perfect field despite it being time to rest.
Beauty and beast coexist together.

You may see me dancing on the wind's rhythm,
But for me, this chapter is a test of devotion.

