

DISTANT PULSE

Ajit Fenin

There was life in
a being—a
nightmare to walk within.
Get-up-and-go
there was no incentive
only turmoil
a loss of nerve.
Self-consciousness all
muddled up on
the walk of puzzlement
looking for a confidant.
It was just a shadow he forgot
to look high and
assumed it to be
admiration but
all it was trepidation.
A game of throw-ball
he failed to recall the
instructions—all he did
was dodge a ball.
His first encounter with
the void was when
he met a girl
being ridiculed for
her nightmares.
Existence gone for
a fall, a ghost has come—
a night of confinement
images fading in stillness.



Emptiness sighs,
"You again."
Troubles of the flesh—
handling himself like
a dry leaf
feeling cracks in
lifeless structures.
Life has stranded like
a meatloaf
locked beneath the
wandering day and night.
Thoughts like fragments of
melancholy scatter through
the confines of the mind.
Darkness and confusion consume—
Sometimes it feels
like an adventure;
other times, it is
just emptiness.
Hold a gun—
the choice
the choice
The word is dead.



Ajit Fenin is a literature student and emerging writer with a flair for exploring themes like identity, isolation, and the human psyche. A passionate cinephile and keen observer of human behavior, he brings depth and sensitivity to his work. He is the author of *In a Lonely Place*.

