

## **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*.