

Erosion
Megha Sood

The nakedness of this moment
the silence—
deeply nestled in the crevices
of this deep nothingness
I can hear and pretend not to like it
but it comes and goes
strikes at my rapt attention

like a grey colored pigeon in the square
pecking at food
ready to take flight at the thinness of the sound
petrified of its survival

I stand here bereft of the emotion
like the air losing its moisture—
the eternal soul of a cloud;
like a rainless chunk of vapor
broken and crumbled into pieces
roaming with a dejected look

a vagabond wandering from place to place
a stray dog at the mercy
of the people of the town
an unwelcome guest

Loss is a personal thing
it takes chunks out of your soul
like the angry river from the land touching its shores
I'm losing myself to the time
slowly but surely
the erosion is taking place.

Megha Sood lives in Jersey City, New Jersey. She is a contributing member at *GoDogGO Cafe*, *Candles Online*, *Free Verse Revolution*, *Whisper and the Roar* and contributing poetry editor at *Ariel Chart*. Her 300+ works have been featured in *Adelaide*, *Fourth and Sycamore*, *Foliolate Oak*, *KOAN*, *Visitant Lit*, *Quail Bell*, *Dime Show Review*, *Nightingale and Sparrow*, etc. Works featured/upcoming in 20 other anthologies by the US, Australian and Canadian Press. Two-time state level winner of the NAMI NJ Poetry Contest 2018/2019. National level poetry finalist in Poetry Matters Prize 2019. She blogs at meghasworldsite.wordpress.com