

Whispers of the Void

Life—

a tale muttered by a fool to the darkness,
a cruel jest echoing through the hollow of eternity.

We cloak it in borrowed meaning,
but the fabric tears as soon as we speak,
and all that lingers is the taste of despair.

Time, the quiet predator, feeds without pity,
gnawing at flesh, at thought, at memory,
until only a brittle shell remains,
pretending it once drew breath.

We drift through this charade,
blindly faithful to dreams of progress,
to the mirage of purpose, to the promise of tomorrow—
yet beneath our feet, the stage is already aflame.

And when the fire at last devours
the final veil of our delusions,
no truth will rise from the ashes,
no redemption will descend—
only the calm, unyielding certainty
that we are destined to dissolve
into the tender nothingness from which we came.



The Middle Children of Time

Across the boundless scroll of human days,
we linger—suspended between was and will be—
the middle children of existence,
adrift in a world that seeps through our fingers
like water fleeing the hand that would hold it.

No trumpet of war summons our valor,
no famine or ruin tests our bone.

Yet we are not untouched by struggle.

Ours is a quieter war—
a fire without flame,
where the soul contends with its own shadow.

Unseen threads entwine us all,
woven through the patient loom of life.

Above, the tapestry appears simple,
but beneath, the fibers twist and knot,
patterns born of our own design.

We fashion our burdens,
and under their weight, we awaken.
The struggle instructs us;
its heaviness unveils our unseen depths.

In despair's dark soil, truth lies sleeping—



not to drown us, but to call us forth,
to stir us from the gentle deceit of comfort.

Sorrow murmurs of healing,
bidding us face the quiet sickness
we name by other names.

The mask must crumble,
so that serenity might take root in its place.

Our wars no longer scar the earth with fire;
they echo now within the chambers of thought.

They wear the faces of confusion,
of fear, of longing—
woven delicately into the cloth of our days.

Yet if we unravel the stories we spin too tightly,
if we release what was never meant to bind us,
we may step into simplicity,
and through it, into peace.

It is not the soil of our birth that defines us,
but the courage to transform—
not where we began,
but what we dare to become.

Through trial, we are tempered;
through rising, made whole.
And in that ascent, we find our freedom—
not inherited, but created,



forged in the sacred act of becoming.

Bio

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Dr Urvashi is a dental professional turned public health consultant whose deepest impulse has always been to write. Poetry has been her quiet anchor since childhood, and her work has appeared in international journals. As she moved through clinical practice, research, and her current role with the Ministry of Health and Family Welfare, her love for language only grew stronger. Literature opened a new horizon for her — a space where her experiences, observations, and inner world could take shape as verse. For her, poetry isn't separate from her profession; it's the thread that connects every chapter of her life.