

Tasted Have I

Tasted have I of success a spoonful,
Drunk pleasures from Alchemy's lakes,
Gorged for seconds in Poesy's valleys cool,
And realized my own mistakes.
Bards lifted me to their fancies and flights,
Plunged me down for lessons to learn,
Swam Pacific's tumults, touched Niagara's heights,
Toppled so could I discern-
That masked poets are but sinners in disguise,
The vineyard's not for them; Such urge
For men whose hearts are jewels of Turquoise,
Unpredicted rains with them merge.

Slow but steady has risen my kingdom,
Of labour shall I find my sum.

Shouvik Narayan Hore is currently pursuing Masters Degree in English Literature from The University of Hyderabad. His previous publications include two books, *The Horizon of Thoughts* and *Poet's Choice*. In India, his works have appeared in *Efflorescence*, *Cuckoo* and *Abhihi*, in The Penwood Review of The United States, and in the anthologies of Lost Tower Publications(UK).

