

‘The Bat’s Bruises’ by Aman B. (Divs)

The lift of the cricket bat,
A flash of serenity,
As the cherry sphere,
Its rigid body
Scarred with stitches
Whizzes through the air,
A cool whisper as it soars.

It strikes the bat hard
With a deafening noise,
As the bat tremors in agony,
Denting the wailing wood repeatedly.

Though due to that clash,
The ball sails high into the sky.
A glimpse of glory,
That seems to gradually diminish,
Before the next cherry is struck again
And the bat suffers,
Enduring the pain.

For in life,
Success
Is just the mere consequence of anguish.
The hint of satisfaction gained seems a good trade for pain,
But that just seems to go,
Before we suffer again.