Coming home to an empty Home

What is this place where I live ?

What you would call a home

Is not where I live.

In a building that soars high

A designer apartment so fine

To me is but an empty shell

I return to roost here each day or

at times after many days of travel

I really don’t know why, but I do

I call it my home as is the norm

My lips say the word, not my heart

A picture on the wall can’t be it’s soul

I fumble to fit the key in the lock,

and to greet the emptiness inside

I ring the bell – but there’snt an echo

As the loneliness envelops me

The memories of our life caress me

I hug the bolster tight, drift to sleep.

Midnight of 1 March 2013 Powai Mumbai.