

To see you and be in love

In gladness, in madness, in swiftness
So beautiful, so melodious, so cute
So carefree, so agile, so innocent
Pruning, preening, preying, pecking
Parrot, Parakeet, cockatiel, cockatoo,
Budgerigar, kea, macaw
What's in the name? If you call them any, you sweetie, cutie
What a couple in supple joy!
Together you live, together you fly, together in joy
Your beak, your band, your claws, your wings, your tongue,
Your tail, your crest, your eyes, your body, your sound
You mimicker! You sharper!
You observer! You dazzler!
Flying over valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
Woods, or slumbering shores
So colourful, so bright, so light
Playing, saying, laying, whistling
Parrot, take carrot, maintain thy life in me
And I will dissolve my despair in your dance
And I will be glad in your glide, take me to your joy ride

They were looking for ...

They were looking for the lawbreaker

I was left as I read law

They were looking for the culprit

I was left as I was the spectator

They were looking for the offender

I was left as I defended the deed

They were looking for the thug

I was left as I didn't mug

They were looking for the goon

I was left as I had the boon

They were looking for the gangster

I was left as I was not registered

They were looking for the fugitive

I was left as I was lucrative

They were looking for the sinner

I was left to be taken

As all have gone already and only I was left...

So much is lost in the translation

So many things have been dying in me
Memory at every bend stands confused
With dead language
Drinking life in teaspoons near a muddy puddle
With discoloured verbs and adjectives
Muffled by machines of madness
Time fell in the dark ditch
Nothing is same as anything
Consonant crackling in chaos
Obscenities busy in naked parade
Faceless lies barge in and out at jet speed
Phrases of frayed dreams on fire
The same language of suffering in different clothes
The grief of decades is down for rites
In the global hurricane of money
Values, principles, morals are hurled.

Nothing can come of nothing.

I have been looking for nothing for long. I want no friends, no books, no family, no gifts nothing. In my room, there is a vacant chair around a vacant space punctuated with a silent wardrobe and empty pots. All I desire is this. No one shares the room with me not even the spider. Late in the afternoon of life, there is no sign of coming and going.

I have come to a hotel, but why? For whom? I am waiting for no lover, no love, no hope, nor change. In the twilight of life, I roam alone on the street. All I have been looking for is an empty chair in the corner of a park where I can see the slow drifting of clouds.

Before I forgot what I had in my mind was the time, people, places and promises. Before this, I yearn for bodily desires, tonic for the eye, comfort for the heart, and solace for the mind. Ah! I am aged now these are trifles, lost charm not of warmth. In the backyard, there is a neem its dried leaves are scattered in the courtyard. No one cleans it. Some humming sounds from the distance come and fade away. The temple at the fourth block, waits for visitors to ring the bells and chant mantras. Nothing outside is filling the nothing inside.

No winding up, no going back. Now, I have lost everything. I will live in these empty days and hollowed years. I believe there is no meaning in life. Nothing is gained and nothing is lost. Nothing I lost, nothing will I gain. O there is so much peace in this vast vacant sky, in my room, in my life.

O Power

O the power of life

Dissuade me from misusing your name

In my humble voice, I pray to end pain, suffering and vice

May I be free to cross and travel as birds, as waves, as air

May the opium of fanaticism die

May there be a defence without documents

May there be no orphans and lost generations

May there be no conflict and war

May there be no greed and hunger for power

May there be no rush to crush the market

May there be no fear and tear from another human being