

Father's Shirt

Wore Father's shirt
on this dhuleti fearing
soiling by sprayed colours.

And then I remembered his words:
'Son, keep this shirt spotless
even when it is darned.'

Daylong, people sprayed colours on it.
Yet the shirt felt truly clean
light like a cotton flower.

Then at evening I realized
that this shirt could
always be worn though not put on
and once worn
would never be taken off.

Like every morning
when I put on a fresh, pressed shirt
I kept feeling that
father's shirt was still present
on my flesh and bones!



They Do Not Become Footprints

So difficult it is
to remain still
or gust away like breeze.

Taking baby steps
we have stumbled to an unsteady gait.
Yet where on the path
are we?
Don't know.

Sometimes we wonder,
has there been at all a beginning
or has the end arrived
or we are still groping mid-way?
Can't make sense of anything.
Feet remain just feet
tired or cast of clay.

Opening or closing the window
feet stagger sometimes
endure with an armchair's support.
Yet the foundation
remains unstable.

So simple it is
to march hundreds of miles
holding a flag
and simple even to roam
like an ascetic;
standing erect on one leg
is a bit difficult.
But most arduous
is to pace steadily.

Feet get tired often
and one feels
their weight.
But the path within the path
inspires one again yet again
to walk on.
After much trudging though
the feet remain where they were.

So tough it is
to become steady
at the path's end.

Steps do not turn into way
nor the path
into translucent time.

Feet verily remain just feet
not turn into footprints.



Until This Moment

The bird calling on and on
awaiting the turning
of a drop of blood into a lotus
dried up into a twing.

From the first two-story mansion in Babylon
2500 years back
to New York's WTC towers
everything has been turning into rubble.

All the devices
from the wheel's discovery
to the modern robot appear
antiquated.

Though it took just 20000 years
from dark humans to turn fair
even after a billion years
everything is yet the same.

The fire springing from the friction
oh but two flints
has always remained luminous
overpowering.

From the Earth's birth
to this moment
the destructive dance of sparks
has kept forming new forms.

Blood's fire has worked
to change history again and again.
But fire has remained fire
has never become flower.

In the dry bush in flames
every drop of blood has struggled in vain
to turn into flower's fragrance
to this moment.



Why do I feel like

A trunk without branches
despite these arms?

Stretching out far and wide
in search of a live snake
these arms crashed into each other
ended up into sheer expanse of nails.

From the grip on grandpa's stick
to the one on the balance bar of bus
the fist gathered just the dead vacuum.

Anticipating that
these stretched scarecrow arms
would turn towards the sky
the whole farm was thrilled to sprout.

Every single particle of earth
clung to the farm
like arms.
every single furrow
a fortune line on palms.