

Poem

C.L. Khatri *Navaratri*

On the ninth night of Navaratri
I was meditating before my deity
Praying for pelf, power and peace.

She rushed out of the black statue
Pierced my pinkish eyes with her trident.
Blood gushed out with a loud strident.

She stashed hot molten lead in my ears.
With her sword she slashed my Turkish tongue.
With sharp nails she peeled off my onion skin.

The lion leaped forward with hungry
Claws, nails, jaws and teeth
Relished the fatty liver, hoarded food
In small intestines, tore up venomous
Bile, choler, phlegm, rugged ribs.

I kept howling like a jackal in a lion's claws.
My body parts writhing in the prayer room
As if popcorns are frying in an oven.

The lion cleared the room.
Only I was left purged of dross
Lighter and brighter than a golden leaf in autumn.

Bhashmasur

Lure for lordship
largesse of an ocean like heart
a sea surfer sinks under his weight.

A devotee's long arduous devotion
goal to become a super power
compel Lord Shiva to bestow the boon.

The devotee turns devil
boon becomes bane
threatening the Lord.

A brain powered robot
went out of control-a Bhashmasur
humans await a Vishnu.

I am Akhlaq

I know no pain, have no fear
no haze, no maze
drama of death, lyre of life
epitaph on the tomb
crystal clear from here.

Why are you crying?
I laugh at your cloud burst
of attribution and retribution
muddles and puddles in the sleepy soil
Dadari becoming a tourist destination.

Why don't you impose a toll tax
on tourist, levy on savvy bites in the air?
Sell the story to Sheilly Sheldon
set up huts for the visitors
nearer the temple dearer the charges.

You can become a guide
show the three mannequins
baking beef on the top of the temple.

God has no religion.
Make a Gurugranth of holy words
flowed from the flaming tongues.

At another place play the wedding songs
sung by Muslims and Hindu together
and show mirror to the clamouring crowd.

C.L.Khatri, a reputed perceptive critic and editor of *Cyber Literature* and several anthologies of criticism, is an emerging voice in Indian English poetry. He is a bilingual poet writing in English and Hindi. His three poetry collections in English are *Kargil* (2000), *Ripples in the Lake* (2006) and *Two-Minute Silence* (2014). He edited an anthology of poems on world peace *Millennium Mood* in 2001. He was awarded Michael Madhusudan Acadmay Award for his poetry collection *Kargil* in 2002. His poems are widely published, anthologized and translated in different languages in India and abroad. Currently he is Associate Professor, Dept. of English, T.P.S. College, Patna, Bihar, India.

Email : drclkhatri@rediffmail.com
website : www.clkhatri.com



Shouvik Narayan Hore

Chilka

A hill planted on a still lake- the Sun
Behind her shallow cliffs had hid- at Six
While crossing the curve when the day's third done,
The waters- dead still- yet living- their mun (archaic for mouth)
Was farther seen to mingle in the sea.
The sea! Less real, more vision's precious gift
To remind man of his split and the rift
With perennial joy- when the eyes unfix
From her sagacious face- O peace, dear peace!
That ruling the realms of dead melody
Now come; as trees and thrushes pass by
Man thinks and is brought in a closer mould-
O guest of three score years! In Heavens lie
The Chilkan lake- in carcaneted gold.

The Nightjar's Confession

The nightjar visiting my chambers said,
'I witnessed a woman and groom married,
An unfettering beauty she doubtless was
Easeless the groom lift her form- carried
For a nightful of dreams; my eyes they cross
I knew her prompt. She was the Muse, thy love,
Thy heart wrenched, soul wearied girl had laid
The garland on another- I knew not him
Neither the belljar knew nor mere foxglove,
Who he was, but knoweth we it wasn't thee.'

It was not me indeed- the nightjar dim
Stared at the skies, at the skies absent
Nay, stared at my face and its eyes dizzy,
Understood the pain and silently went.