

Poems

■ Jaydeep Sarangi

When She Receives No Call

I'll adjust as you show me the path
 Lord Shiva visited
 Through the upward flow of the river Beas.
 I know, you remember me
 I raft and make my way
 When you all cry from behind.
 You left for another place.
 I moved through dark lanes
 Calling you again and again.
 A miscall!
 You live for your own thoughts
 Where I am a stranger.
 I sit alone on the bank of Sutlej
 Count may days to become old!
 You never review what you have done
 To all my emotional reaches.

■ Yashodhara Prasad (Translated Poem)

Candle and Cigarette

Today, last day of the year
 my heart is filled with a strange fear,
 my heart is filled with Astonishment,
 has spread on my face, and in my body too,
 just keep on asking, from the system here,
 Which is the last step of civilization
 where women, melt like a candle, and men,
 burn like a cigarette.
 women melt like a candle,
 and men, burn like a cigarette.
 one, being finished just by melting down,
 and another, while getting burnt.
 In front of my naked eyes, i have this scary truth.
 and a question hanging in a vacuum
 that when it will be over,
 the Originality of this
 horrible installment.

- Poem by Rani Shrivastav