

## MURKY LINES

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Let me break my friendship  
With Easterly Breeze,  
The music has gone,  
Lazily are standing all the trees;

The rivers have poised,  
Neither there is chirping in the shrubs,  
Nor are there flying flocks of geese;

My colours are fading,  
And the pen is seizing.

The darkness is looming around;  
And the Moon still  
Though changing its visage  
Is no longer kind  
As She used to be;

The clouds  
Seems to be thirsty,  
And the rain  
Doesn't appear to please anyone;

Who I'm writing for  
These murky lines?  
Who's there  
So that the ones to be shared?  
No! None is there to take heed.

I don't know why,  
But there is  
An impenetrable mist  
Between you, me and the bridge;

Yet,  
I won't lose hope  
No matter today  
How much I grope,

Someday for sure  
The nebula will condense,  
The snow will melt,  
And tomorrow  
It will fall like the first drop!

The pictures will emerge  
As my colours will continue to slop,  
The brushes will breathe,  
My fancies will fly,  
The surfaces will shine,  
And the pen won't mind!

**Biographical note**

Sudhir Kumar, a visual artist, and presently a Doctoral Research Fellow in Aligarh Muslim University, India is currently working in area of Indian Contemporary Art with special references to the ritual arts of India. A gold medalist both at graduate and post-graduate (MFA) level, he has a number of interdisciplinary research papers/presentations with a special interest in Indian visual culture, and South Asian art and rituals to his credit. 1st prize awardee at UNIFEST-07 and an invited artist at SAUFEST-07 and Regional Lalit Kala Akademi, Lucknow (India) he has got several other awards/participations at national/international academic and fine art events. Though he has been composing poems for several years, it is the first poem by him that is appearing in a publication.