

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.