

A SIP OF THE SUBLIME

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Aligarh (UP) - 202002

India

Over again the 'Moon' today
Is so wonderful,
Who I'm staring from my window and
'She' looks so cool;
Flurry clouds are frolicking around her to and fro,
Seems locks of her aureate hair
Dangling round her pretty eyebrow;

There she appears, and at once disappears,
May she be playing
Hide and seek behind thickets of trees;
Yet I can spot her by her aroma,
As she can't baffle the easterly balmy breeze;

Her countenance is gleaming like a golden disc,
Yet veiled under swaying clusters of leaves;
As she gradually peeps through twigs,
The heart can't resist hopping,
And breath taking heaves!

I can see her ascending up above the horizon,
No! No! Like a nymph she is emerging out of a sea!
Shimmering droplets are descending down her lotusy contours,
Why does drenched she is drawing closer up to me?

Smiling, she seems calling,
For an embrace up from the paradise;
But here I am confounded- Whether that is the Moon
Or my beloved, shyly hiding in shiny disguise?

Graciously! She twists and turns!
Enhaloing the centre of the rings within rings;
Eager to have reached there,
What if, had I been a gander
With milky pair of wings?

I would fly to her as it were

Once to have a sip of that sublime bliss;
But O my Love! Helpless I am,
Can do nothing,
More than bowing unto you
Down on my knees!

As the night advances,
She like efflorescent queen of night attains her puberty;
She looks more appealing, I'm getting mad seeing
The extents of her beauty!

You are so close, yet so far!
Will you tell me please - Who You Are?
Are you my Moon?
Or the Glowing Face of God!
What could I say more in your praise
When the words seem helpless,
And the tropes are at odd?