

**ONCE SHE URGED**

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Once I urged him  
‘Not to be the ‘same’,  
But he left ‘I’ in chagrin with a sovereign masculinity.  
Don’t trust and have faith  
Thee must betrayed  
A hollow soul; evolving through pseud and postiche affairs  
Proving his blessed face,  
That only gratifies thy momentary desire –  
Cleopatra’s milky bosom  
Veiled, indeed, unveiled  
Loin for the lion’s claw  
Wallowing, enjoying and feasting his eyes on the ‘flesh’  
And, I kept on screaming  
‘Not to be the ‘same’.  
What did actually he want? The ‘unfathomable fame’!  
And, was I, Ivan, the terror?  
Penetrating his furry freedom!  
Go, go, go away from my sight,  
The sordid beauty of nature  
Sorcerer at my simple eyes!  
Why did I call thee –  
‘Come with me on the sanctimonious path’  
That was only for  
The spirits on their holy way.  
Once I urged him  
For the mother’s womb  
A hidden place- But, now, a grave  
I, a ‘common’ woman with nostalgia  
Full of his carnal love  
Or, Macbeth in schizophrenia  
Washing and wiping his own blood!  
The winter’s blow  
Pours my heart with pus,  
The chilly opus wind tinkles my mind’s string,

Standing aloof by a hillock  
Watching the Asoclantian life –  
A hovel and a ruined wife  
Cutting the eggs with knife.  
The grouchy mother for her only son  
Abusing that little clown.  
I sat behind the curtain, hanging at the gateway,  
And gave a penny to the boy  
To take me across the bay.  
(No it was not a bay but a river)  
There stood a scarecrow in the field  
Or myself  
Became the nightmare in his sleep!  
Once I urged him  
For the eternal grace  
Far away from the ethical plain  
But he smouldered in erotic pain.  
Curse the devil of fame!  
Brought the wordless speech to a tour-de-force  
It was the only tiff, broke  
The thread with no discourse.  
I, lingering at my room,  
Hearing the mournful sound of the neighbour's wind chimes,  
Spent almost a month  
And now I awake,  
Was it the place, I had to exile  
For uncountable years,  
The yesteryears are haunting here too.  
But this world is mine  
Serene, calm and tranquil  
With no screaming and shrieks  
Yell and yelp.  
The ambience is blessed with a eupnoea  
With no feminine urge.