

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.