

HEAVEN

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The sun comes in street staggering
with loads of expectations,
piled up to the height of sky;
trying to knock a close door.

In a long queue outside the great temple,
waits humanity for its turn.

A heap of dusty shoes and chappals, lie restlessly
for the souls who reached; heaven yesterday
with trampled breathes and crushed faces.

A young whore waits in her familiar darkness,
somewhere behind that rusted bus-stop
for a new urge to come and fondle her dead senses,
to seek a momentary heaven in those loose ends of her life.

family priest reads codes of his aged book,
to announce that,
my dead grandmother is wondering after death.
She wants a cow to hold its tail and cross,
the river of dead to reach across heaven.