

Ashok Niyogi

NOW

In this instant there is reckoning.

Millions of suns are born and burn white hot,
space stretches tentacles and draws juice
from primal sound across barriers that draw apart
with the speed of light,
and black holes are brightly intense
sucking in matter like puppets on a string.

And yet I woke up this morning, once again,
and found myself in alignment with yesterday's
ceiling,
in the same progression between sleep and awakening,
as time unwound once more from order to chaos,
and exhaustion took over from the urge to get things
done.

This is how the universe expands and galactic wars are
won.

And newspaper columns get written, high energy
breakfasts get eaten,
and love forms puddles on an overworked music score.
So many compromises made, so that we can jointly own
a crooked house on a San Francisco sea shore.

I walk down Manhattan and look over my shoulder
at galaxies I am leaving behind, in this instant of
reckoning.

SOMEONE ELSE

To step inside and tell myself
that this pulsing, bloody, seething mess
is not me, but someone else.

All the scars, all the wars,
I began but could not end,
all the hurting white hot stars
that life does send,
all the leaves of fall
golden and red,
like death.

In Tarot cards I see
lilacs from Eliot's spring
merge into a summer evening,
when corpses rot on blocks of ice
melting into nothing.

I step inside and tell myself
that this obstinate chant and unseemly want
is not me, but someone else.

FALLEN

In this lately found state of bliss
words are what I most miss.

As I do, the propensity
to be indecently intense
about the past
and in the future tense.

In the barter of chartered souls,
there was this language of wholes,
and fractions hid in dark alleys,
hardly hoping to be counted as goals.

And despite the gloom of mixed metaphors
I found that in the psalms I sing,
words are what I most miss,
not your ring that I once did kiss.

Ashok Niyogi is an Economics graduate from Presidency College, Calcutta. He made a career as an International Trader and has lived and worked in the Soviet Union, Europe and South East Asia in the '80s and '90s. At 52, he has been retired for some years and has been cashew farming, writing and traveling. He divides time between California, where his daughters live, Delhi and the Indian Himalayas. He is increasingly involved in his personal spiritual quest and has undertaken serious study of scripture. He has published a book of poems, TENTATIVELY, [iUniverse, Lincoln, NE – 1995] and has been extensively published in magazines in the USA, UK, Australia and Canada. Ashok writes about life.