

Parul Garg

Blood so much Blood!

Where is the Wound?

Oh Lord ! What was that place !
Alone I was in an octagonal hall
All surrounded by empty corridors
In front of me a gigantic statue stood
With a handsome face, serene expression
Exuding unmatched peace...ashen eyes
His long , curly hair covered the shoulders
.....a dense mass of small spirals.
Who could surpass him in grandeur ?
Every moment I saw a new beauty in him
And thought I had met him before..
Perhaps in a dream.....
Perhaps in a previous birth...
And he called me back to his tomb.
Suddenly, I felt, earth violently shook
I had to run through secret royal chambers
Stumbling madly on queens' baths
Through the sprawling ruins of
Crashing wealth , power and art...
And,yes, I had seen before fainting
Those gothic arches collapsing on me...
Here I lie unharmed, uninjured
Surrounded by concerned sisters
Who report with smiling relief
That a curly-haired mysterious...
Serene and eminent looking man
Brought me back from death's imminent grasp.
Speak they while removing blood-stains
From my face , arms and hands

And urge me to change my
Blood-soaked clothes if I feel fine.
"Blood, so much blood !" I inquire
"where is the wound...."
"Wounds are all his" comes the reply
"and blood is all his....."
" It was he who profusely bled..."

Dry Insects

" These beetles were trapped for their curious ugliness" He smiles, "and these fireflies for their magical light...", After a brief pause he chirps again, " and these butterflies were captured for their splendid beauty."

He is beaming through and through. I observe how tightly he holds me in his dark, possessive eyes.

"This is a strange, little museum" I respond with a controlled, emotionless voice." and I am so glad that I have nothing curious, magical or splendid about me or are you trying to invent a fourth reason?"

His smile flickers a little but he says nothing, so I continue, "Have you ever noticed that a butterfly dies the moment you put it inside a jar. The subsequent death is only a compulsory ritual, the culmination of the first decay and beginning of the other.... So please let me go while life still pulses through me, let me dance and hum and live my freedom..... in the right place, in my ill-kept but generous garden which retains its own patch of sky. Remember, my cynosure, you can never entrap a living being, you can trap only their brittle residues and in the end you get nothing but a handful of petrified fossils. For Freedom, the subtle essence of soul, never steps inside a jar, prison or dungeon but often wanders around it, singing of unfulfilled longings."