

Sankar Roy

After his domestic *yaars* called Mirza “promising”, “a maker of slighter works”, Mirza went overseas with a chunk of agony near his throat. There, within his *sharab*-sedated heart, Mirza began unfolding towering creations in line with other overseas-dignified arts.

He stopped calling himself a domestic, changed his intonation and discovered the *jamaal* of the adjectives & proverbs. He sparked the flame of his verbally-irregular rhetoric, mesmerizing his distant, ancestral relatives with his cathedral thoughts, found himself a keen & viable maid-come-lover who also found herself no other lovers than Mirza’s hyper-creative soul.

Overnight, Mirza made himself respectable, a household name and a householder. He frittered away many warm-beer hours with a royal agent for a buy-one-get-one-free Knighthood before he started missing his bucolic friends from back home who, so sick of their own naiveté, always live on the verge of leaving.

yaars = friends
sharab = wine
jamaal = beauty

Great Moth

Now that Mirza has finally found his wings, he will break through the cocoon's crack and drift in the wind dense enough to carry his weight. Lastly Mirza can say — “Yes, these hills are slighter in stature than the cloud's castle and the rain is born in the womb of a rainbow.” Oh, the glory of demise is not in rebirth but in the contentment of dew droplets frozen at the tips of the grass blades.

Give Mirza a morning to recast his shadow over the summer-worn flowers, hand him a canvas of clear light. He will invent a universe of forgotten color. Mirza is the last in the lineage of the moth gods. Only he can buzz: Relinquish, vanquish and vaporize the continuation of the milk-white stars.

Romance Writer

Mirza's pseudonym is Apollo for moonlighting as a romance writer. Apollo narrates the saga growing between a dude and a dudette, pitches the pages filled with their love lore toward the *maabtaab*, fill the ears of women, telling them how wondrous they are, how full their mouths are, how grand their chests' panorama, how much they are craved in the hearts of every man. Then he cons every man's mind. Apollo utters phrases through the man's mouth which make no sense, describes a sunset silent with couples embracing like fate's linkage while whispering earful of lies to one another.

maabtaab = moon

D Day

Mirza doesn't pay any attention to what the editor has to say. Instead Mirza scribbles ghazals, *suras* vertically down in Japanese style over the words that are already there — profit, target, returns — while the editor babbles his breath away about some urgency to sell more books.

The editor delivers his final word the way a mullah gets rid of the evil spirits but Mirza, in his over-poetic mind, wonders about wandering into a clearing he recently discovered: a circular ground surrounded by trees standing like Bastille guards.

Mirza plans to sit there in the middle on his coiled-cobra pose, head up and scream out loud, *No more will I have to deal with that fucker.*

suras = verses