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GRAFFITI

They are commoners
not the elite class like
murals or frescos
nor even hieroglyphics
and are accused of
being malevolent
vandals and defilers.

They are born
behind the curtains
in dark dungeons
when no one is around
in forms of their very own
through scribbles scratches
and sprays.

They survived
the Vesuvius eruptions
those incised inscriptions
and still tell a tale
sometimes sepulchral
sometimes sanguine
ethereal and eternal.

They just don't care
for the raised eye brows
of the prude
or the law enforcers
and speak their heart
lending voice
to the otherwise dumb walls.

ANCHORED

In the vast expanse of your
oceanic eyes
and upon the sea that
swells within
its ultramarine depths
in which the viscous nights meld
everyday
and the purple twilights
get dissolved
with the red rays of the sun

dancing on the waves
to the tune
of the saline winds
whistling through
the casuarina reeds
on a desolate beach
I drift without a rudder
till you let me
drop the hook
through the hawsepipe
of your full ripe lips
and your lingering kiss.

And as the flukes of
my anchor sink in
and hold the ground
my heart sprouts wings
to set my soul soaring high
and go adrift
astride the albatrosses
trying to touch
the wispy cirrus
up in the sky.