

Dilip Mohapatra

STRINGLESS KITE

I dive deep into your dovish eyes
and get swept away
with the tidal waves that surge within
pent up in captivity looking desperately
for an outlet that may release
them to their quietude.

I resonate with your pulsating breath
and get sucked into a raging storm
that blows within
and I feel like a straw in a wind tunnel
being tossed around helplessly
till you exhale me out.

I sheepishly enter your veins
and flow with the rhythm of your heart
and then I feel the fire in your blood
that scalds my ins and outs
that burns through my bones
till I escape into the cool arms of a placid sea.

I search for serenity across
the contours of your valleys and hills
but it feels like a roller coaster ride
and then I sever all my links
that connect you with me
and I sail the skies like a stringless kite.

DISCONTINUITIES

We delve deep into the abyss
of the depthless dovish eyes
and decipher their declarations
but ignore what is unsaid
when they are closed and shut.

We gaze at the dark canvas
of a moonless night on which
the stars glitter in their glory
but ignore the apparent nothingness
that separates them into dots.

We read the couplets and lines
and let ourselves flow with the current
absorbing every bit of what they pronounce
but ignore what they don't and that are
embedded in the spaces between.

GRANDMA'S SMILES

As I enter her dimly lit room
where she lies supine
her salt pepper hair making
a halo on the pillow
her pain laden eyes split open
and her lips purse into
her trademark sublime smile.

Her smile spreads its arms
to clasp me in a tight warm hug
wrapping around me
like a soft protective quilt
making me always feel safe and cozy
like the new born baby bundled in
the white hospital flannel.

Her smile that traps thousand stars
always dazzles me like the
fizz in a glass of champagne
and cheers me up
with tiny sparkles of glee
running in my veins igniting
the embers in slumber within.

Her smile that exudes
fountains of unadulterated
and distilled unconditional love
engulfs me with the coolness
of million moons
and I float endlessly on the tides
always in springs never in neaps.

Now that her heart beats no more
and she is somewhere in the galaxy
twinkling in her divine glory
her smiles on her lips and in her eyes
though frozen still gravitate
and shower on me and I continue
to thaw them till perpetuity.

RIGHTS OF THE WRONGED

The night has its very own domain
so does the day
but the twilights fight
for their right
in both their avatars
of dusk and dawn
and claim their boundaries drawn.

They wield the labrys to cut both ways
and get branded with
pink triangles
and convert their half lives
into doubling time
and flutter their pride flag
over the rainbow.

The sun continues to ride the horizons
and cross the meridians
to define the day
and goes below to carry forward
the day to the other half
leaving one half to the night
while etching the purple Lambdas
in the space between the two.

As natural and as real
as they are.