

Dilip Mohapatra

## ECLIPSE

The diamonds  
dazzle  
with borrowed  
luminosity  
and do not dare  
to read  
the epitaph  
on light's  
tombstone.

A forlorn  
moon  
is trapped  
and scared  
to step out  
of the sun's  
fragile  
and fractured  
shadow.

## DEMENTIA

I look for my reading glasses  
can't find them  
where I left them last.  
I look under the folded newspaper  
behind the dusty books  
lazing on the table  
and then you tell me  
that I was holding it  
in my left hand  
all along.

I gently rest my head  
on the soft and fluffy pillow  
drenched with yesterday's  
dreams  
that exude a  
familiar fragrance  
which I cannot figure out.  
May be it was the  
scent of your silent smiles  
or the jasmines that  
you wore on your hair.

As I lie on the bed  
with my eyes vaguely transfixed  
on the shadows of the  
window bars  
fanning out on the white ceiling  
and threatening to throttle me  
I hear a faint and seemingly  
intimate melody  
wafting in from a far off land  
and I try to recall  
the name of the singer  
I rack my brain  
but all in vain.

I don't remember  
how did your lips taste  
and how did I  
make sense of  
the satiny touch  
of your fingers  
doodling nonsensical figures  
on my bare back.  
I don't recollect  
when your tears  
and mine  
converged into a confluence  
and our combustible breaths  
combined to catch fire  
and leap into flames.

I have ambled a long way  
may be to the point  
of no return  
and as I try to look back  
at the fuzzy and puzzling  
chiaroscuro  
of the wake left behind  
I find my senses  
numb and lobotomised  
and my memories  
maimed  
mutilated  
and mummified.

## CELEBRATION TIME

As I stand  
at the end of the day  
at the end of the journey  
and at the end  
of myself  
along with millions like me  
with shining  
shovels in hand  
furiously  
digging the pits  
and blessing them with  
the sweat off our brows  
the hearses arrive  
with the bodies  
of the small deaths  
that we died  
many a times.

It's party time now  
to celebrate  
and rejoice  
and raise the  
cups filled  
with ambrosia  
say cheers  
and sing in chorus  
Auld Lang Syne.  
For it's apocalyptic time  
salvation time  
and in our deliverance  
from ecstasy and shame  
we live on  
and all the little  
deaths are decimated  
decapitated  
and dead.