

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.