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## HIDDEN HORIZONS

I cup your face in my hands  
and search for the world  
that slowly materialises  
as I delve deep into  
the abyss of your eyes  
seeing the sea wax and wane  
in tandem with  
the neaps and springs  
and the breakers brimming silently  
at the threshold of the  
kohl lined edges  
and retracing their footsteps  
to come back again and again.

The world that takes shape  
as your breezy breath  
picks up its rhythm  
and embeds and encapsulates  
within all the  
raging storms in the universe  
and as blood seeps into  
your cheeks that  
slowly get incarnadined  
into a blushing pink  
your lips quiver  
and pucker in a pout  
the sighs escaping in a whimper.

The world that forms  
in the cup of my hands  
then dissolves into  
something like  
a shapeless magmatic mass  
spaceless  
timeless  
having no coordinates  
no boundaries  
no demarcations  
no more the heart plunges  
no more the soul soars  
but the quest continues  
for the seeds and the shadows

and for  
the hidden horizons.

## ADRIFT

It fails my memory to remember  
the umpteen times that  
I cast off and came alongside  
again to brave the waves  
and be back to the harbour again  
and again to secure fore and aft.

It fails my memory to recount  
the hazards I overcame  
the dark and dense nights  
that I sliced through while  
the vagrant waves relentlessly  
crashed against my gunwales.

It fails my memory to reflect on  
the reflections of the desolate moon  
on the mirror of the sea  
and the black dots on a distant sky  
becoming bigger and bigger as the  
seagulls close in and perch on my mast.

Now as I get ready for my final voyage  
perhaps never to return  
I don't care anymore if my ship  
is still seaworthy  
if my sails are with gaping holes  
shrivelled on a ramshackle mast  
if my compass still swings  
or if my charts are updated  
for I have no need for any of these  
nor do I need any hand to  
hold my hand to lead me on.

Let me free my ropes from  
all the bollards and cleats  
and sail into the unfamiliar seas  
for one last time  
with no fear of the winds and waves  
no wait for the landfalls  
no more scanning the horizon

for a flashing beacon  
but just float away  
on my journey of serendipity  
that may take me wherever  
whenever  
for I have no definite destination  
nothing to deliver either  
and no compulsion  
to retrace my tracks and do a u turn.

## ON THE EDGE

As you stand precariously  
on the precipice  
dreading to look down  
and you are equally scared  
to turn around  
and retrace your steps  
back to the cesspool  
that you left behind  
don't you despair  
the time is not yet up  
the story is not yet over.

Just remember  
no weapon can ever destroy you  
nor can you be burnt by any fire  
no water can ever drown you  
nor can the wind blow you away  
for you are in deed  
immortal  
invincible  
indomitable  
being an extension  
of the supreme soul  
not trapped in the confines  
of time and space  
of birth and death  
of hell and heaven.

Spread the wings of your soul  
and let it rise and levitate  
while you hurl yourself  
off the ledge  
and let your body be sucked  
into the endless oblivion  
and let your finite self  
lose its identity  
in the vastness  
of timeless eternity  
and boundlessness  
of cosmic infinity.

## SHELF LIFE

Immortality  
is just a concept  
an attempt to  
fool yourself  
about your invincibility  
at best  
a self fulfilling prophecy.

Everything comes  
with an expiry date  
nothing lasts for ever  
everything that goes up  
has to come down  
sooner or later.

Eternal love  
undying love  
extraordinary love  
and relationships  
that defy death  
and get carried over  
birth after birth  
are only fallacies  
and make believe  
pretensions and  
perhaps  
sweet deceptions  
that hold no water.

It's finally  
about asphyxiation  
of the life line that fed into  
your turgid arrogance  
inflated with  
a tumescent  
bravado  
and a defiant ego  
that you nurtured  
over the years which  
finally cowers in a corner

whimpering and gasping  
for breath  
with an irreversible flaccidity  
of a placid phallus!

## AFTERMATH

The sun no longer splinters  
into million shining stars  
through the prism  
of the dew drops  
gravitating on once  
green leaves that have  
now been liberated  
and have fallen at the root  
of the denuded tree.

Amidst the leaves  
strewn around  
lie our wilted kisses  
our frigid sighs  
our flaccid silences  
and droplets of our  
cold sweat that  
collect in confluence  
on a fecund wet soil  
but to no avail.

Let me pick up my rake  
and sweep them into a heap  
and strike a match  
to incinerate them  
and turn them into  
smoke  
that would slowly curl up  
and mix with the pollen  
wafting in the air  
and that way  
at least I will save  
them from rotting  
and from  
definite decadence.

Then I shall go home  
recounting to myself  
the happy stories  
that we wrote together



and reliving  
those intense moments  
when we sang  
in tune  
with the amorous birds  
that chirped on the boughs  
across your window.