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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.