

Poetry by Anuradha ('86 MMS) & Sagari ka ('93 Bio)

The Hawker

BY ANU GUPTA



They came in a jeep,
Demolished the little shop,
At the corner of the road –
They didn't even stop,
To see the havoc they wrecked;
It didn't affect
Them in anyway -
Justice is here to stay!
But is this justice really?
I loved the shop dearly;
Tiny and homely,
It was her life's earnings,
Invested in the shop.
That is why I stop,
To ponder,
Should it be done,
Doesn't the road belong to everyone?
(I understand the 'law')
So if it does not,
Is there a better way -
Than people left bereft?
Left to rot?
What alternative did we provide?
What else did we help them decide?
Is it worth it?
Where is it writ,
That this is justice;
Whose justice is it? ♦

Separation

BY SAGARIKA JAGANATHAN

The pain and sting of it
Like a thousand needles
Piercing the heart
All at once
The fangs of a viper
In an icy grip
Spewing sweet poison...

Every vein
A candle-wick
Lit brightly
By love's undying flame

Blood coursing madly
Fueling every living cell
With the breath of desire...

Raw heat
Burning passions
Stifled sensations
Muffled heartbeats
Stretched moments
Of abject nothingness
An infinite extension...

Time...
It chafes the heart
A painful erosion.
Bittersweet
Lingering
Cruel
Separation... ♦



The Little Vendor

BY ANU GUPTA

The little girl in tattered clothes,
Was a tiny vendor-
She was the municipal's
Little offender!
But if we snatch her livelihood,
Have we even understood,
We will push her to beggary-
We definitely would!
Replace it
Provide her with an alternative-
education, vocation
Teach her to be assertive,
About her rights;
So that she doesn't get into
Beggary, prostitution and fights.
She yells loudly, "Rs. 4 per pao"
Her salesmanship,
Leaves me saying, "Wow!"
I buy vegetables from her
It is a small gesture,
(To provide her just her next meal)
In return for her overture.
But it will not help her,
It is only my whim,
She needs a long term solution,
A resolution-

She needs to find a way.
Is it really beyond us,
Can we just walk away?
Ask yourself what you would do-
If it was one of your children up there
Facing that despair? ♦

Who needs words...??

BY SAGARIKA JAGANATHAN

The talking eyes
Darting
Spewing volumes
Of love-lore
In one fleeting glance
Leaflets inscribed
In quill
Ancient pens
Old as renaissance
The age of romance
Da Vinci, Michelangelo
Older...
Predating evolution
Even the big bang
When the entire universe
Was just a pair
Of darting
Talking eyes
Spewing love... ♦



Life goes on

BY ANU GUPTA

Her child lies dead.
Outside her hut
A blot on the resplendent landscape.
Just yesterday,
He was playing and laughing.
A high fever,
No medicine-
Was a potent combination.
Inviting Yama*
Her heart aches-
For her dead son,
There are others to be fed.
So today she must work,
There is work to be done. ♦

*Yama - God of death

From a poem read at the 74 batch Silver Jubilee
Reunion; BITS Pilani, Oct 2004

Yaad ne Jaye

BY SRINIVAS KULKARNI ('74)

Yaad na jaye, beete dino ki
Ja kar na aye jo din, dil kyon bulaye unhe.

Din jo pakheru hote, pinjarey me main rakh leta
Palta unko jatan se, moti key daney deta
Seene se rehta lagaye.

Aye the ghar se nikal kar, dil mein sanjose sapne
Hum bhi baney engineer, shayad banenge triple
E
Lekin bun gaye triple X.

Mess mein jo khana khaya, humko kabhi na
bhaya
Bahar jo ja kar dekha, bahar jo kha kar dekha
Yaad parathe aaye, humne jo mess mein khaye.

Nutan connaught mein ja kar, masti kari thi
jamaakar
Compre jo sir par aye, ghote lagaye raat bhar
Phir bhi na CGPA aaye.

Class-en bhi bunk ki humne, make-up bhi mil na
paye
Phir bhi tha kuch is jagah mein, kuch to sikhaya
in-hone
Hum bhi kuch ban kar aye, kaise samajh na
paye.

Kuch yaar aise mere, jo aaj aa na paye
Maan mein basi jo moorat, lekin mite na mitaye,
Na the kabhi woh paraye.

Yaad na jaye, beete dino ki
Ja kar na aye jo din, dil kyon bulaye unhe. ♦

