

DREAM

By Dr Simmi Gurwara

In my dreams what I see
I try to remember with my open eyes
Though I know they are not ready to oblige.
No, it is not necessarily all fun and glee
Either I hold my ground shuddering or I flee
From the uncertain shapes that I blindly draw
Without any weaponry, with my overgrown claw.
I see no unison that could bind all flaws
In those hourly shadows that huddle and scream
Without giving me the secret code
To decipher their befuddling Braille
They dance with abundance
Oblivious to their body- weak and frail
When I try to catch them
With my nervous hand
They splatter in a flurry
And drown me still.

WE ARE POLES APART

You and me are poles apart
With the thousand years of massive wall
Built strongly between our hearts.
It gets stronger with each passing day
Whether we try or let it lay
Its enormity doesn't frighten me any more
For now I know that it is a symbol
Of permanence that won't ever go

Leaving us in the plunging darkness of our aching sore.

If this monster ever falls by some divine call

We would be too aghast to see it go

As we have mastered the immaculate art

of living together in our separate furrow,

how will we accept the unannounced change

that we don't even pray for,

deep within our hearts we truly know

that the proximity promised by such

unexpected move will be a killjoy

to our long embraced loneliness,

of countless years, which lives happily deep within our hearts

and shudders at the slightest thought of moving apart.

LONELINESS

I am hopelessly in love with you

my loneliness;

no one loves me as you do.

This is not a newly sprouted love

Adorning the offshoots of my miniature shelf;

It is rather old

Since the times when searing winds

Were icy cold,

To the extent that time and date erased

From the silence of the sands beneath

But what I remember is the strange composure

that comes along in a heaving heart

And its tiny fingers gently uphold my drooping mast.

It rains profusely when it sees me roam

tirelessly in the Sahara of my unbridled soul
and soothes the inflamed roughness without any spoken word.
It stands boldly by my side when the world says it renounces me
And garlands a silken kerchief around my neck
To raise my tentacles up to reach heavenly shrine.
I groan in pain and drown in my sorrows
Of torrential rain that continues for endless days and night,
Without remotest let up signs.
It waits till I overcome my dismal plight
To shake my hand with a gingerly smile.
When I go unresponsive it shows its persistence
Which pokes my prison walls and make me in my half-ness giggle.
When my outer core crumbles like a pack of cards
the uncrowned queen collects her scattered shards
to build a structure that towers high
in the lowering skies of my little heart.
it is where she proudly lives
safely from the crawling creeps.
I know it though you never say
our togetherness is here to stay
to keep us away from the hateful regime
where nasty narcissist naysayers rule.
Let us match our steps in perfect tune
And dance all night under full moon
Before we say this world goodbye
And lie together tightly close by.

Bio

Simmi Gurwara is Professor and Head, department of Professional Development (Humanities & Management), at Radha Govind Group of Institutions, Meerut. She has penned academic books, research papers, articles, short stories and poems that have been published in reputed national and international journals, magazines and newspapers. Creative writing has been her forte. She is a columnist with 3 National Dailies- ‘Aaj Samaj,’ ‘Hastakshep,’ and ‘5 Dariya News.’

She has extensive media related experience to her credit. She is the script writer and commentator of 4 documentary films commissioned by Films Division (Govt. of India). She is the concept writer of a Hindi feature film “Coffee House” that was screened at prestigious Cannes Films Festival in France in May 2009 and also at the Film Festivals held at Mumbai, Chennai, Goa, Dubai and Iceland. She has worked as translator and dialogue writer of bilingual documentary and crossover films.