

ORDER IN DISORDER AND OTHER POEMS

By Dr Simmi Gurwara

She missed the hemisphere of order
in dictatorial disorder. And chased
a wrinkly utopian dream that
blinked wickedly, never serene.

Heavy duty trials and horrendous
Errors staged repeat shows.
No sense, no sensibility;
Sublimity seemed a distant dream.

Discordancy limped along;
burnt hands tightly clasped.
The travel touts misguided
the path; strewing it
with faithless wrath.

And so it went days along;
misfit goals and zigzag roads.
Awakenings slept and loudly snored
till a momentous epiphany
stealthily roared.

Tick-tack it conveyed what
the wisest sages and the folded
pages together failed to say.

A new dawn came to stay...

Acrimonious notes auto-cut sounded
soothing to the old and
accustomed lobes. New happy
strains emerged, bidding adieu
to the ding-dong dirge.

THE TWO-SOME

In matters of heart, heart
matters less, mind matters more.
A slave goes ambitious dropping its
slavish robe and entering the strictly
prohibited zone to crush and control.

His utter calculations and crazy
combinations convert the hearty habitat
into a robotic black hole. His headiness
surmounts as he shamelessly walks past
his master and sits on the throne.

Master in his gentle demeanor goes
weak kneed and loses the power that
defines his creed. Softness mars his
primitive prospects making him delectable
to his usurper who chews on the chances
of his all engulfing power.

Full-on displacement takes place
leaving no place for the poor soul
except in works of fiction or Christmas
carol. The lowly creature takes a back
seat, helplessly enduring the bricks and concrete.

If at all it surfaces in the realm of heady
affairs, it is brutally eliminated with
bile and fiery glare. The wretched fool
waits for the season to change and
waits endlessly going nearly deranged.

LOVE THAT WASN'T

He loved her and needed her like a knight of the holy grail.
He lived and died for her like the intro and outro of a riveting unpublished book. He scripted
histories and unmatched
histrionics, some got expunged, some re-scripted and others
played out imperfectly leaving much to be desired and detested
by the demi-god. His measureless love was objectively measured...
like an archeological inquiry by the naysayers of Nostradamus lineage.

His love though was reciprocated in an equal measure but he failed sustain it like a self-
possessed autobiographer who unwittingly tries to give an impartial treatment to his life course.
He was profusely judged, parodied and critiqued for his (ab) normal tilt like a person for his
obnoxious built. Days and nights just rolled on, nothing gathered and a great deal lost-his
scruples, his joyous crackers.

Villainous sarcasm and slippery cynicism took a dubious toll on his love- sick self. The more he proffered, the more he hoarded in his barn. No wonder then he was buried and bemoaned by the decree of love. His love game when untimely disrupted, never resumed again and his lovelorn soul played a sweltering swan song.

Bio

Dr Simmi Gurwara is Professor & Head, School of Languages & Culture at Sharda University. 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 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.