

THE FRUIT AND OTHER POEMS

By Neelam Dadhwal

Perilous,
the duties are conferred
a scratch that one ignores
itches more.

You place the Bible, the Koran or the Gita
in one's hand,
tell them to close eyes.

The mind's inner sanctum is now full,
enough sunshine through a day.

A mere puppet collapses
somewhere, behind the curtains
a papa's girl cries to the applause.

Warriors have no name to identify
unforgiving fruit of hell snarls,
each one sits with one's own platter

the song runs,

the lights turn dim.

FAR FLUNG

Before we could tell

despondency from our tears,

trench is breached

rivers are plunged

a swing across the dawn.

When a child moves,

the whole universe where

feet are drawn,

when a child stays,

the murmur of sweet song

echoes is heart.

A soft fibre cloud

the trail of stories rise

consistently,

there are few bound

breath to body,

fire to soul.

PAINTED PICTURE

Nobody asks a question,

but would it be,

only a change,

if not of desire, but a change.

Next day,

everyone stands a equal chance,

tumbling sliver of stream.

We talked of primates, dwindling ecology

craving a mask of aboriginal for a dance.

Bio

Ms. Neelam Dadhwal is a poet from Chandigarh, India. After culminating her career as a web developer and administrator, she took writing as a full-time pursuit. She has penned since 2013 three poetry books and one short story book. Her poems has been published in Readomania, Indian Poetry Review, Literary Yard, The Unknown Pen and anthologies on women international, peace and humanity. Her latest book, "Footprints" deals with aspects of womanhood. She blogs at Prism of Joy and tweets at @neelamdadhwal.