

***MY LOVE EMBOLDENS ME***

**By Simmi Gurwara**

My love emboldens me  
and drifts me into the unknown  
where there is no flicker of falsehood  
and no trickery of vacuous valor,  
defining the contours  
of a non-fictional world.

What lies all around is stillness,

encased in the aroma of heavenly bliss,  
a comforting quiet  
sprawled in its full glory  
longs to embrace my cage  
and unchain the locked inside.

***YOUR LOVE IS MYSTERIOUS***

Your love is mysterious  
wrapped in multiple layers  
of quirky and insidious

overpowering cues;

it speaks less and mumbles more

Jostling in the limited space,

And drawing hazy pictures

To lure me into a tight fold.

It tries every bit

to confuse and rattle

my lately awakened nosiness

to know the underneath

that I read, bleary eyed,

multiple times and manifold

to know the intricate artistry of

discolored crimson, carefree canvas.

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### ***LOVE KNOWS NO BOUNDARY***

Love knows no boundary

And love hath no fury

It treads along the rough terrain

donning calm and composed finery.

It complaints of untrue hours

Empty or half full glass

But never loses its pace

To match the exhaustive hurdle race.

It rains boundless love

On a dry and pallid surface

To help it blossom and

Glow with the brightest glaze.

It bears the shame,

Politicking and dirty mind game

But never cowers beneath

The high headed metallic frame.

It seethes but survives

The flimsy fictional account

Spouted by the dry fountains

which flutter before they finally die.

It opens the window

and warmly welcomes, soothing winds

in rose mint colors, shining brightly,  
dancing sprightly on the window panes.

Thus it carves and thus it embroiders  
Each passing moment,  
To turn it into eternal joy  
That lingers in the buoyant heart  
Today, tomorrow and for countless hours.

***THE WINTER OF OUR LOVE IS HERE***

See, the winter of our love is here

Banging heavily at the snow-clad door  
Of our measly existence,  
Reclaiming its woodleness from  
Quietly dying aloofness  
Of our love which once reigned  
The kingdom of our joyous hearts.

The times are changing,  
And so is our love  
Falling victim to mortal fears

Of known today, unknown tomorrow.

Our love is shaken

trembling in its flimsy dispensation,

crying uncontrollably for resurrection,

For completing the circle,

Deftly drawn but mistakenly broken

And left to breathe, faking animation.

### **Bio**

Dr Simmi Gurwara is Professor & Head, Department of English, Greater Noida Institute of Technology, Greater Noida. 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.