

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.

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 complains 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 covers 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 woodenness 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.