

THE REMNANTS OF A LOST LOVE

By Pramila Khadun

My thoughts linger

On the remnants of a lost love

Gone with the wind.

With precision profound

And passion unflinching,

A profound allegory showcasing

The truth of love

Reigned in my heart for years many.

‘Loving is always cathartic,’

He whispered with feelings exuberant

In my ears attentive.

The message spread around

Hale and healthy, bright and light

Like kaleidoscopic rangoli

In all the cells of my body

Making me shine with

The seven colors of love.

I was in the prime of my youth,
Always talking gleefully, gently and peacefully.

I touched his grey hair
Which was like fur of a velvety cap.
Leaning close to his shoulder, I replied,
'Love knows neither decay nor decline.'

We looked at the crystal moon,
Our fingers entwined,
Admiring the sights and the sounds
Offered by the waves.

We slept together on the sands soft.
In the morning, while the first sun rays
Warmed our hearts laden with love

And bodies drowned in passions pure,

We said goodbye and parted.

Love has her reasons to bring us together

And life had his reasons to separate us.

EYES FOCUSED ON ANGELS

The face of a woman may become old,

Yet, deep inside her heart, her feelings are not cold.

A sharp pain of sadness may strike her body,

Yet, she will hold herself upright like a lady.

She may take a bath in a sumptuous marble tub,

Yet, like a lioness, she jumps out to protect her cub.

Life may be squealing and screaming around,

Yet, young and statuesque, she stands in her gown.

Her past may be toxic and tumultuous,

Yet, with fierce pride, she'll make the future glorious.

She may have unconscious desires beyond her control,

Yet, with a firm grip, her senses she will hold.

She may feel a weight on her chest, like a stone,

Yet, she will glance imploringly at the shy and never moan.

She may have a sense of impending danger,

Yet, her stamina will never make her feet stagger.

Green as pea soup,

Red as pimento,

Juicy as pineapple,

Tasty as pudding,

She always holds the sky with one hand

And her children with the other

While her huge eyes are focused on angels.

A PART OF GOD IS MINE

God, I reached the pinnacle of success

And yet, in my mind's deepest recess,

I know there was a link missing

To calm down my heart's heaving.

I traveled extensively in modes of transport diverse,

Where various routes of beliefs converge.

With intelligence uncanny and silence crystalline,

My troubled thoughts standing in a line,

Sadness seething deep inside my pores,

Feet swollen and painful with sores, I

I traveled a lonesome journey of great heights,

Always spreading my arms to light.

He who seeks finds, say the sages,

Though fallen in agonizing abyss of cages.

I was progressing as a pilgrim,

Pursuing choicest of my heart's dream.

I could hear soft and intoxicating hymns

Bubbling in my ears and filling my heart's brim.

Spreading the canvas of my memory,

I erased thoughts of all category.

I loved the emptiness

In the middle of nothingness.

I looked at the glinting dew on roses,

That shone like pearls in showcases.

In a loving, imploring voice,

I called for God with grace of my choice.

I heard His voice reverberating in the valleys

And I ran in between the flowery alleys

To see which part of God is mine,

Which He has granted with a heart kind.

THE POWER OF WORDS

Sound is one of the most beautiful

Creations of God.

We can't figure out the number of sounds

That keep humming across the globe,

Boundaries amorphous and tones numerous.

From the ocean of sounds

Emerge the waves of words,

In shades subtle and sweetness implacable.

Words cascading from the audacity of thoughts

Are interesting most of the time,

Effusive for some of the time

And for the rest of the time delineating,

Nonchalant, sans peur, sans pudeur.

Heroes of the past, present and of course the future

Believe in the strength of such words,

So do the philosophers and great thinkers.

There are words bursting from sarcasm,

Like lava, they flow, burning feelings,

Hurting sentiments, creating a maze in the mind

Where angels fear to tread.

Cowards with growing fears in their hearts

Hide behind such weapons,

For facing truth and looking at it in the eyes

Is to them a task next to impossible.

Sweetest of all is the language of poets

Where words are dressed in linguistic grace,

Coated with honey, ambrosia to taste,

Velvety to touch, celestial enchantress to listen to

And to hearts, a lamb, warm, loving and innocent.

Such words are so healing, so revealing,

So powerful, so wonderful

That deities bow down to them.

WHAT NEXT LORD?

‘Lord, in my first life,

I was scavenging for morsels of food,

Slept on the pavement, ate on the pavement

And saw my children growing by the roadside.

From this life, I learned humility.

In my second life, I was born as Mahar.

I had to tie a broom to my waist

To sweep away my polluting footprints,

Spit in a pot hung to my neck

So as not to pollute the soil.

I learned the meaning of forbearance.

In a third life, I was born differently-able,

Led a life of missed opportunities

And spent sleepless nights

With tears on my soft pillow.

I must be a burden to society

Though my mother diligently

Camouflaged my fears.

However, endurance is the greatest lesson

I learned from this precious life.

The fourth one was so terrible,

I was born black in the U.S.A

And suffered the crooked and knotted

Guillotine that racism is,

Though from outside everything seems fair.

I learned from this life that patience

Is the greatest eye-opener.

Now Lord, what next?

Give me some good stuffs in the next life.'

The Lord looked at him,

Strolled His fingers on his hair and said,

'Son, each life teaches us something.

The fool forgets,

Only the wise remembers.

In the next life, you will be a bright star

And the world will take notice.

Mind fallow, senses well under control,

Intentions pure,

heart filled with love,

You will be born as a leader

To lead the whole world

In the clear path of righteousness.

Soon, the universe will revolve

In the reverse direction,

The land will turn around,

As does a potter's wheel.

New valleys will be formed,

Mountain ridges will tear apart,

New gulfs cut out,

Ancient heights overturned

And new ones will spring up.
Many animals will be destroyed
And the small part of human race
That will survive will be enveloped in darkness.
To darkness, you will bring light.
Go my son.

Bio:

PramilaKhadun is a poetess from the island of Mauritius. She holds a degree in Food Science from S.N.D.T Women's University, Pune, India and a Post Graduate Certificate in Education(P.G.C.E) from the Mauritius Institute of Education. She had been Head of Department of Food Studies Department at Modern College and part time lecturer at the Mauritius Institute of Education. Her first poem, 'Open me the gates of a world different' appeared in S.N.D.T University magazine which won the best article prize.

She had three collections of poetry published and more are on the way. Recently her textbook 'Food and Nutrition Simplified' was launched by Lifi Publications at the Kolkata and Delhi Book Fair and her novel entitled 'When Love Speaks' will soon be under print.

Now she is comfortably retired and lives with her husband Raj and three children, Dr Rajnee, Priyumvada and son Kaviraj, an airline pilot. She spends time, reading, writing and travelling and life flows with the beautiful grace of love and peace.