

SWINDLED

Malkeet Kaur

Pale as a hazy sky,
devoid of borrowed rouge sang
of the blushing spring,
I walk past
the dust clad blossoms
with incomprehensible names;

The murky cotton balls
in the sky
herald
the clandestine promises
bestowed by the novice past;

The wrung out veins,
run dry in
shocked isolation every month,

and I walk on
swindled by the past -

a flimsy colourless ghost
in this cluttered, cultural wilderness-
with slowly fading dreams

of my

Promised Land. . .

THE CITY OF CONCRETE HEARTS

Malkeet Kaur

I haunt these patched roads
in the buses-
homeless and alone:
the city towering over
the sleeping bodies
beneath the drainage pipes
and on the pavement side walks,
the city over pouring privacy
in the empty
spare rooms
for a
well planned family
and nursing
labourer mothers
dry feeding

listless infants in the open.

This city
changes colours,
camouflages,
gobbles dreams;

Here,

a candle is lit
only when
the weak and needy
lie with screaming wounds-
shameless and exposed
on the streets. . .

and
the only choice is

to join the gang
and rationalise
emotions and relations,
be stoic philosophers
on the high pulpits

or just die
an outcast-
a sentimental fool

in the
city of concrete hearts. . .

BIO

Malkeet Kaur stays in Mumbai. She works as a teacher in a reputed school of Navi Mumbai. She holds a bachelor's degree in Education and Master's in English literature and Applied Linguistics. In her spare time she loves reading books and writing poetry. She esp. writes on woman oriented themes and issues as she believes that the voice of poetry is very strong and reaches far. She has got few of her poems on feminist and existentialist themes published in anthologies like Poet's View of Being and Acerbic Anthology featuring poems against domestic violence and violence against women.