

***COLORS OF THE RAINBOW***

**By Dr. Simmi Gurwara**

See how the colors of the rainbow change  
Deceiving the onlookers into a state  
That puzzles.  
This change is so unbecoming  
Never expected, never invited;  
It rattles the spaces  
And unsettles the fixtures  
That time created in its leisurely hours  
Knowing full well the short-lived nature  
Of phenomenal material.

***FORGETTABLE PAST***

I have reviewed the spaces Inside-out  
Lot of clutter has lately consumed  
the narrow alleys which boasted  
life and fragrance, once.  
Peeling the pods, I have bumped into  
spaces that went unsearched; Columbus spirit  
is renewed, shedding the weariness of years.  
The layered existence will now be dissected  
To dismiss the skunk remains of forgettable past.

***MY ABODE***

The house that it was...  
Breathed with me in my  
good and bad and unmentionable moments.

It turned into starry blue when  
I was secretly yearning for a glimmer  
Scared of nocturnal cues  
and carried me along a journey  
that can be lived but hardly defined.

It morphed into a cozy den to  
enclose my expressionless ferocity  
That mutely threatened  
to wipe away the inglorious hours  
And dig their graves into the heaving heart.

It embraced my quirkiness  
that touched the Everest  
Of defiance and disobedience  
and let me be  
In my most condemnable avatar.

It converted into an asylum to shelter my  
Weakening nerves and rehabilitate  
My unnaturally dying potency.

It was shorn of all pretences;  
Measures of high living standards  
Which I often bemoaned to sickly proportions.

Being the ensemble  
Of soaring aspirations that stoked after every  
Socially-transmitted hysterical bout,  
I demanded perennially more  
But it kept mum, waiting patiently for my return.

It soaked in my routine aberrations  
and gave balmy looks to nourish my parched soul  
that helped me absorb the inner beauty  
of a bravely standing Samurai.

Above all it gave me my militantly-guarded identity  
Which never did I lose, keeping close to my breast  
That swelled at every non-judgmental sight of 'my abode.'

**Bio**

Simmi Gurwara is Professor and Head, department of Professional Development (Humanities & Management), at Radha Govind Group of Institutions, Meerut. 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 is a columnist with 3 National Dailies- ‘Aaj Samaj,’ ‘Hastakshep,’ and ‘5 Dariya News.’

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.