

***THAT'S ME***

**By Rajesh Joshi**

Don't try to pluck those stumps  
They are actually my twisted fingers  
I twisted them , they wrote poetry  
Those dying embers there in the corner  
They are my dreams  
Faraway that fragrance of mogras  
That fragrance is of my unrequited love ,  
Still lingering , not going away  
Those footmarks on my heart  
She had trodden on it once  
My laughter is this gale , now weak  
You are mistaken my friend  
That's not a tomb , that's me .

***MY EYES***

Have you seen the thick brown color blood that oozes out of the heart  
It jerks out and then stops , then trickles slowly and fills the nose with a nauseating tangy smell  
Have you seen the sea- shells and their patience  
They face the sea silently which is relentless  
They carry the sound of the sea in their tiny hearts  
Have you seen birds dying  
Clasping their wings , breaking their beaks in abject pain

The stony look in their beady eyes  
Have you seen my eyes .

***THE EMBERS STILL GLOW***

The embers still glow  
The fire clings to the bone  
A sea-gull glides down the moon  
A sea - lion barks alone  
The ritual of sacrifice  
Is yet to begin though  
The sky is full of stars  
And the pale moon shies away  
The wind pregnant with dust  
Blows hard to rattle the nests  
A hermit like heron sits atop  
Shivering on its dwindling legs  
The fenders of the night  
Are about to give in  
The bosom of the sea heaves in panic  
As the night crawls  
The odd man walk's home  
The embers still glow  
And the fire clings to the bone .

***THE SHEDDING***

The sky is far away from my outstretched hand  
Tonight I will stand upon my toes and try  
Or I will pick up a little rough stone  
Throw and shatter the whore like moon  
So long the flowers are not blooming  
Their youth captivated in shut buds  
Till they blossom and wither  
How do I cope with or without  
The lost youth , the shedding  
The loss of innocence .

**Bio:**

Rajesh Joshi is a poet in his mid- forties. He did his post - graduation in English literature. He is a professional writer and a social worker. He is deeply influenced in his poetic career by the mighty river, The Brahmaputra, on whose bank he was born. Joshi is mesmerized by the mystery of the woman form. He believes in the rejection of the ephemeral and seeks the sublime. In his poetry though we find a strong personal front, he never rejects the social dimension of his soul. He explores the complexities of modernity and goes beyond what is usually regarded as conventional.

