

POEMS FOR SUBMISSION

ANIRBIT

1. THE LUNCH

A table for two. An empty chair.
A white cloaked man. A plate of edibles.
The scorching heat. The summer afternoon.
A run of time. A chase of dreams. A mist of thoughts.
A blinding stroke of existence..
Between universes of nothingness.

A sms on her cell.

{ Isn't it that number from those pastel brown memoirs? }
{ Was it a reply? }

A pair of windows. The frilled curtains.
A pair of dark torchlights.
{ Beautiful! }
To stare. To look. To gaze.

{ To notice? }

Was she the eternal audience..
For the stream of colourful matchboxes?
That carry carbon based bipeds.
To factories of existence and of monochrome thoughts.

{ Is he too such a traveller? }

Will she return to the cubicles and the plastic walls?
Or will she return to the nihility of faceless identities?

Was the sms not an invitation too,
To yet another nullity?

{ A nest? Or just a pile of brick and mortar? }

{ Didn't they both steal something? To sms. To reply }

Even if it is a grand enactment. A lustrous stage.
If they both stole that vanishing time,
Shouldn't they choose the nest,
Against the colourful boxes and plastic partitions?

A choice?
Between her name and her identity?
Between anonymity in silent possibilities
and a fade away amidst the psychedelic matchboxes?
Between being a possible shadow of nobody
and a mirage amidst the kaleidoscope of cubicles?

It is still an oblivion for which the search is all about.
It is for that iridescent thin line between the earth and the azzure.
It is for those stolen moments between the lunch time and the cubicles.

2. THE DINNER

The rice is cooling down, (then it wont taste good).
The soup is getting cold, (I know you don't like soups),
The fish is very good to taste, (I know you don't eat fish),
The chocolate ice-cream is great! (Oh! ..sorry..I forgot that you like vanilla)
The almonds in the chocolate bar are also great, (Oh! ..No! .you like only plain chocolates).

See..its already late,
I am hungry, the food is getting cold, Won't you come?
I am waiting for you,

Yesterday I waited at lunch, you didn't come,
The day before that at breakfast, you didn't come,
That day I was waiting in my room, you didn't come,
The day before at the bus, and many times before....

I know I am empty handed, I have nothing to give...
But neither do you ask for anything!

The sun has set long ago, vermilion scarred the evening sky,
The sky bled with joy, the sun reveled in its colour,
The river rolled smoothly by,
And I was waiting....

See..now its very late..where are you?
The dinner is getting cold.., Won't you come?
What? What did you say?
Oh...you have already had your dinner?

...that day too you didn't tell me...
That you had already had your lunch.

I know the food wont taste better, whether one eats alone or not.
I know the information will be told, whether on sms or in person.
I know you will understand, whether I explain or I don't.
I know the road will be walked, whether I walk alone or not.

The chocolate ice-cream is melting, the soup will go stale...
The lights are going hazy, its vapours all around,
A waterfall in the dining hall?

I shall wait again for you,
Tomorrow again at lunch, in my room, at dinner,
Whenever I am free...
Will you come tomorrow?
Never mind, if you can't,
I will wait again the day after...

I know there are millions waiting for you,
But can you wait for me?

Oh! ..Sorry! ..you are busy.. I wont ask again.

I think I had a heavy lunch,
I think I can skip my dinner.