I'm the Same, the Same as I was

I am
as formerly
true to you.
Nor ever wandered from your love,
I'm the same, the same as I was
my heart retains its inner world:
of concern for you,
gentle esteem,
of love
and constancy.

I'm the same, the same as I was,
my laughter runs all through the room,
lines too
of a loving song,
and dreams
more bold than those I told of you,
the heartache of parting, grief……

I'm the same, the same as I was
unchanged
in tenderness,
unchanged my love of verse.

Poesy—my treasure on earth,
my dowry to you.
I am wholly unchanged.

I'm the same, the same as I was,
and even were I born again
all the same
I would live as yesterday I did and do today,
dearest in life,
you know yourself what way I've changed—
wrinkles more and more appearing,
calmness leaving my sleep at night,
heartbeat tempo
shade of hair.

What is changed
and gone from me
in the world of youth.

– Vinay Kumar Dubey*

For a Moment Only……..

If I were an eagle in flight over mountain crest,
I should leave my peaks; fly to you as my only nest.
If I were to have a rendezvous full of happiness—
My head on your knee alone would I wish to rest.

If I should become a Parting, with keeping thrust,
I would swoop around you, as a whirlwind must.
And should I fall to earth like a shooting star,
For you I'd start to blaze……till I burnt to dust.

Should hunter's arrows strike me and fatally wound,
I'd trace your name in blood out on the ground.
And I would endure with all of my stubborn will,
The bitter fury unleashed by a storm unbound.

If spring should give me her colorful brush to use,
Your portrait alone to paint I'd choose;
And when sweet nature would gaze on my work of art,
Her wilding ecstasy would the world confuse.

If I became a song that held not a word,
Of grief….on your lips, I'd swing like a bird;
And the sadness and the grief that tortured your heart—
They'd be held on a curb-rein, never spurred.

If I could raise a storm as the deep seas do,
I'd dedicate all my polyphony to you.
If I become a garden of rioting colour,
I'd say you gave me each shade and tint.

Could I be lightning once, or ye the wind,
I'd drive all the shadows away that hang on your mind.
Whenever, wherever, you need me, if at all—
Be sure I will seek you out and search till I find.

Without you, my songs are stilled and as mute as ice;
Without you, all earth and life……lost paradise.
So live and shine on earth's bosom like a star,
From age to age undying splendor rise.

– Vinay Kumar Dubey*

Comparisons

I compare you to a flower—
Though the flower's life
Be only a day
Or only a year.

The likeness lies in
Neither the flower's span
Of life, nor that of man.
I compare you to a flower——
In delicacy
And tenderness.

I compare you to a lion—
What likeness here?
The one a beast of pray—
The other man.
If you should catch his
Eye, in the heat of rage
He'd tear you all to bits.

I compare you lion
In valour
Courage
And pluck.

I designate you elephant——
Would I come close?
What likeness lies
Between unreasoning
Giant, reasoning man?

I designate you elephant
For strength, for power,
For work that knows
No beginning or end,
For honest merit.

I compare you to a horse—
Yes, even now with
Horses out of date.
Where then
The likeness?
He tolerates saddle,
Harness, flicking whip,
Long roads.
Whereas who dares to
Lay a finger
Upon you?
For you are a man,
And he—mere beast.
I compare you to a horse—
For fortitude
When the way ahead is hard
And troubled.

– Vinay Kumar Dubey*

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