Holy Himalayas Beckon Me

An abode of snow, where god resides
in silence and sanctity
in spite of wild and wicked winds,
betwixt meditating mountains
whose forehead the sky is fervent to kiss
and snow-fed rivers flow like lonely souls
who know where to go, go nowhere else,
with tributaries straddling many borders.

Though the fluffy clouds disturb the icy solitude
and the snowy peaks vie with each other
to cuddle the floating clouds that swirl near them,
it lies in a long slumber, even time at pause,
as if to forget pains of the past.

A haughty thought crosses my mind
If I could fly like a bird
over its serene peaks, gracefully,
braving the thrash and lash of the vile wind
to touch their snow-white turbans
and land there gently as a ballerina,
perhaps I can make out
whether they ascend to the sky
or the sky descends to their peaks;
Who holds the flight of stairs?
or sans one at all, with a wish unbound
to make my while worth the voyage.

Life is a Gambling

Life is a gambling;
some gains, some loses.
At the end of the day
when we tally gains or losses
realize it is a play of luck
either bringing rapture
with a feeling of worth,
or driving us into madness
with a roaring sea inside
carrying in its depths
obstinacy, revenge, fear,
hate, deceit, pride and so on
and if we analyzes neutrally
causes and effects of gains or losses
it is obvious we are at the helm of things
and we alone can steer things.

The Surge Unseen

My words want to explore
the deep forests,
mystery of the caves,
peaks, cracks and cleavages,
isolation of the dark forts
hiding in human minds
and I wait for a poetic stir
manifested through diversities
like skepticism of God
insanity of the sane,
or the beauty in the evil
which grants me the muse to write
and so it happens, but I do not know
which atom of my consciousness
starts to feel the very first tickle of it,
like the sea which can't remember
from which drop of its water
the tides start to surge.

An Evening at Marina

I meander my way at the sea coast
to escape the sweltering heat that toasts
enjoying the sea's salty kiss upon my feet
as the sky sings the title song of the night
on the faded glory of the dying day
the chance of the day's last rays,
maybe their last wish too
to impress dusk with their sheer beauty
to bid adieu on a good note at sunset
a farewell multihued
with full of pigments billowing
as that of a painters pallet
and I see the sun watching
its own reflection in the mirror of the ocean
from behind the curtain of dark clouds
those take a trot in the sky to trim their waists

– K. Pankajam*

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