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AAKRITI JAIN

This My City

This my city and those the roads
This my road and that my destination,
lingering alone they never did call me
although I treaded the path relentlessly.
The government makes it a point
to build them anew, over the joints,
the flyovers have made it easier for me
to reach my destinations and home
when the day's over, its way known.

This my city and those the roads
This the road that exists in Chandni Chowk,
I ask around for Parathe Waali Gali
at twenty years of age.
They look at me with the
same kindness that they look
the searching tourists with;
so like a tourist
with fear and amusement
I walk till Jama Masjid
and sit after having my fill,
the milling people on its stairs
churn their lives around me
dexterous at their local skills.

This my city and those the roads

This the road that exists in Green Park
I ask the autowallah to take me to Siri Fort
at twenty one years of age.

He charges me less
than I think appropriate,
he knew the by-pass route towards
the auditorium which has
for many years now
been home to all kinds
of arts and dilettantes.
and this once,
it was Tchaikovsky's Swan Lake
and now I know as many already did,
Russian Ballets had been performed
there before, excellent in its every bit!

This my city and those the roads
This the road that existed before those
I route and reroute on a straight road
to Delhi Gate
at twenty two years of age.

I had seen The Gateway of India
three times but Delhi is
eight cities within a city
close to one of which is
Feroz Shah Kotla Fort,
ruins of a session in the court
held among the centuries old
Djinns and the faith that it still holds.

This the city and those the roads—
My feet have only now lost its soles.

World Wide Web

Customary feelings well up
nonchalantly, the leaves look up
towards the sky, or maybe they are
just shrugging the dust
meanwhile the sun detains it's
burning lust

Provides a cure but not willingly
the clouds gather solemnly
give a flirtatious air to the wind
dubbing human fantasies
into a cinematic mind

With an ideal setting
I wait on the sand
that hasn't yet been made
into a road that outstands
such waiting scenarios
in a city atmosphere

A leaf falls from the banyan tree

and a couple of eyes gawk
I am standing free
on the roadside, waiting
accumulating, straightening
then moving my index finger
through the thread
creating a sundry world wide web

Over the other finger, then cross another
fingers dexterously rebuilding
the memories of all others
when thread could be counted
in movements till four
and entangle the tip of the finger,
A hand or the end of the fore
arm in the world wide web
made by those fingers
bored and free
to entertain, momentarily

until the dramatic ruse draws close
fantasies come to blows
scanning the world
with my web around
And foray into the following
public account;

A couple detains themselves in a car

while I stand not too far
the engine runs mercilessly
as the weather calls for attention listlessly
while they heat up the area
I plead, come on now, come out
dance to the cinematic setting
laid out for you
I plead and plead,
“you think lovers can hear you?”

There! Out he goes
finally realizing my hopes
that the neutral gears will shift,
now I am just a person standing
on the roadside in chappals
so I expect no Tokyo drift,
but I hope they turn the engine off
give the weather some regard
for now even I am heating up
even though the weather is good et al
come out now, in the open
you can share those lovely braces
Miss, “If only you’ll turn the AC off”
I explain it to her
the setting and the popular fantasies
and that;
Miss, you have him

and I know how dizzy
it makes the lovers
the weather's whim



BIO-NOTE

I am a postgraduate in English Literature and Language from Miranda House, Delhi University. I have a keen interest in languages and I am always on the lookout for expressing the familiar in these different languages. Poetry is for me both, a site of hope and hope.

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