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POETRY: ANANNYA UBEROI

POKHARA

We move as wild birds, swiftly,
but not failing to stop and recoup
the vast expanse that clears above us-
the sky moving westward,
making room to hold in it
both full- one waning in its leftover gold
the other reclaiming its voluminosity
a strange concurrence of two lights
set upon the moving dome.
The spruce bearing its wood pines
among silent trees in a restless rustle-
as if mimicking the old whitewater
that runs miles below the
tremendous mountains, in a low, muffled harmonic
we gladly tune into;
and quaint birds chanting age-old
windage trapped in cracks of tree barks

and curvatures of stones that turn sharply
as we climb - they say the higher you climb
the deeper you go; the more you hear,
the more you know.

Lung ta prayer flags strung upon shiny mountain ridges,
call for a different breed of peace - five colours
dyed on thin cloth, for the mountains can be brutal
in the dearth of tincture and translucent winds often
call for revival in desperation - today, we are
coloured in them.

These bring you good fortune, daughter,
the Tibetan woman selling keychains
on the foot of the hill before we started, whispers
once more as the campfire dies down, the last light
gone, and we return to our lodgings.

We rest as wild birds at midnight
soundless, warm in our shelters nestling with
fine tea and good food, for we must sleep well
to wake up in time to taste the tangible rays
of golden light as they lay gentle and godlike
upon the massive rubble the earth is.

The small dreamcatcher hanging on
my hiking bag should keep us from
wayward nightmares from far beyond that come
hunting for paradise.

YOU LOVE

You love, as the
rich amber of
a swift falling autumn leaf-
sweet, unacknowledged
in a forest of white trees
and buried fruit.

You love, as the
woodland green of
St. Augustine grass in spring,
slow-moving, replete
on abundant lawns of verdure
carpeted in you.

You love, as the
warm lilac of
Eurasian heather in moorlands
fragile, free
under downward blowing winds
that whisk across.

You love, as the
coral red of
full grown black-skinned plums-
scrumptious, fulfilling
to hungry summer mouths
at morning-tide.

You love, as the
cotton white of
the first December snow
soundless, halcyon
behind open wooden windows
of boundless joy.

You love, as the
shadeless cry of
a mysterious bird at nightfall
painful, persistent
resounding in the gallant grey sky
long after it has lapsed.

RAPE

Ere you pluck all her fruit
with your probing hands
and gut her clean of seed and juice;
Ere you run your naked
whirlpools about her
while her stems are broken loose;
Ere you take from her
the smell of the earth,
the gardens, the herbs, the flowering stalks;
And run down her
the stink of smoke
or rub her flesh with ebon rocks;

Ere you scathe her skin
or merely crave
the bud that blooms between her thighs
Ere you tear her down
as cracking boulders
upon your head, shall she rise.

Anannya Uberoi is a computer science student at IIIT Delhi, with an ardent love for literature and philosophy. She has always been in constant touch with art, having been a western classical vocalist at the Austrian Cultural Forum for over two years. A nature enthusiast and a travel junkie, she logs her experiences from unconventional journeys on paper. She is currently working on her first anthology, "Of Apples and Roses", a collection of poems about love, feminism and passion.

"I am all the words I wrote,
but more, the words I did not
and most, the words in me
that have never been
because language fell short."

anannya15014@iiitd.ac.in
