

Lapis Lazuli

An International Literary Journal

ISSN 2249-4529

www.pintersociety.com

VOL: 9, No.: 1, SPRING 2019 POETRY

UGC APPROVED (Sr. No.41623)

BLIND PEER REVIEWED

About Us: <http://pintersociety.com/about/>

Editorial Board: <http://pintersociety.com/editorial-board/>

Submission Guidelines: <http://pintersociety.com/submission-guidelines/>

Call for Papers: <http://pintersociety.com/call-for-papers/>

All Open Access articles published by LLILJ are available online, with free access, under the terms of the Creative Commons Attribution Non Commercial License as listed on

<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc/4.0/>

Individual users are allowed non-commercial re-use, sharing and reproduction of the content in any medium, with proper citation of the original publication in LLILJ. For commercial re-use or republication permission, please contact

lapislazulijournal@gmail.com

ASHISH NARAIN

Charity

What was it I found a lifetime ago?
It didn't feel like that, which is often called love.

I left at dawn, thinking, today we shall be one.
I wait still in the shadows, for a moment alone.

I begged, body and soul, for your affection.
You gave it like alms, as if a bit is enough.

Don't pity me. I am not lonely, my friend.
Each moment, I spend embraced by shame.

(Original poem by Sangeeta Goyal, translated by Ashish Narain)

भीख
– संगीता गोयल

प्यार की परंपरा तो दूसरी थी
जो पाया मैंने
उसे क्या नाम दूँ।
घर से निकला था ये सोच
आज उसे ले लौटूँगा।
कुछ टक ही देख पाया उसे
वो अकेली नहीं थी।
बैठा हूँ एक पत्थर के सहारे
आज याचक हूँ।
मौन हूँ अकेला नहीं
साथ है फैले हाथों की शर्मिंदगी।
भीख मुझे भी मिलेगी।

Dost

What remains to be said, my friend?
You rule my heart, and know all.
What care I for the world, my friend?
You fill my being, my every thought.

Your doe eyes, your red lips, your smile.
Oh veil your beauty, I beseech!
Close as a rainbow in a dew drop,
You wound, by being yet out of reach.

Last night I thought of you, and you came.
I remember well your smell, the soft touch.
For that one moment, my befuddled mind,
how much can I thank you, how much?

Today we sit together, among others.
Shy- avoiding glances, even talk.
Outwardly distant, we laugh with the crowd.
Within, we hold hands and quietly walk.

(Inspired by Abida Parveen's rendition in Urdu under the same name)

<http://www.lyricsanytime.com/dost-lyrics-abida-parveen-coke-studio/>



BIO-NOTE

Ashish Narain is an Economist by profession and a haiku poet by choice. His work has been published in online journals like *Sonic Boom*, *Otata*, *Bones*, *Prune Juice*, *Modern Haiku* and *Frogpond*. He lives with his wife and two sons in Manila, Philippines; and has almost got them to agree his poems make sense.

Email: ash.narain@gmail.com