

# Lapis Lazuli

## An International Literary Journal

ISSN 2249-4529

[www.pintersociety.com](http://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](mailto:lapislazulijournal@gmail.com)

**PRITPAL KAUR**

---

**A bunch of hands**

When she began this journey  
scarf she carried was stark white  
she caressed it with her soft pink palm  
spread it over her bed and lied down

she spun dreams with future embedded  
in simple pleasures of a rich life  
as she moved arms  
opened her eyes wider  
her posture defined all that came to her  
love, lust, pleasure, water, sand and some flowers

then one day all was wished  
wished away by one thought  
a single thought  
never ever occurred before  
thought which set sails of life's boats  
saved lives of millions afore  
but this one time  
she needed to know  
will it save her from a definite decline?

she waited till it happened

she waited sitting upright  
on her four-poster still intact  
sitting on her white bedspread  
stained now with bleeding dreams  
soaked like a wet rag  
there she sat feeding her long lost dreams  
turning them stronger  
with blood running in her veins  
every one of them was shining bright  
looking at her with soulful eyes

then she saw that bunch of hands  
sown on the floor of her room  
they had all come out now  
crop was immense  
all of them  
each one with veins protruding  
covered with mud of passion and might  
her lowered head felt proud for the very first time

she picked up her dreams  
folded them in a neat bundle  
held them close to her bosom  
and walked away in search of  
her own life  
a new horizon with half moon  
but stars bright!

**The girl next door**

A gush of wind knocked at her closed window  
pushed it with all its might  
unbolted it from outside and threw open the window  
sailing over the window sill  
it walked over her sleeping form  
caressed and woke her up with a start!

With half closed eyes she stepped down the bed  
walked towards the door  
opened and sleep walked down the stairs  
dishevelled hair, crumpled night gown and warm feet just out of the bed  
sailed the steps without even once touching the cold stone  
into the hall and she held her breath with such force  
loose papers left on the corner table began to fly  
quickly she held them together clumsily  
their rustle made them look up at her with bewildered faces

“shhhhh!!!!” said the master, sitting in his arm chair  
she obeyed and tip toed in  
with eyes fully open now she saw them  
all of them

lady sitting on the couch cross legged chewing on hazel nuts  
master again got immersed in his newspaper immediately

in the centre of that three piece sofa elder one sat  
with his pepper and salt goatee hanging down his chest  
his eyes brooding, last night's whisky still languishing in his stale breath  
he looked up and she felt a shudder down her throat

master looked up from the paper  
gave her a warming look and she settled  
faced the goatee with stern face as it went white as snow  
eyes drooped more  
stench of the stale whisky left room  
he became a vegetable  
limp and green with no stem to hold

just then she heard a burping sound from the other sofa  
here was the other one eating his wild oats, sowing them  
consuming whatever came his way  
burps and farts he gave out were fuming his corner  
she bucked  
she tried to evade  
just then the lady had finished her nuts  
made a swish of her hand  
and he disappeared along with the chair he sat on

She ventured further feeling cold in her bones  
clung her folded arms to her bosom  
trying to feel some warmth in the chill of the room

master and the lady had forgotten about her  
lost in their world they let her be  
she walked in further  
sat on that upright upholstered red chair  
she had been sitting from the time she learned to sit

waiting for warmth, asking none

waiting

waiting

still waiting!!!



---

#### BIO-NOTE

Pritpal Kaur began her career teaching Physics in Agricultural University and as a casual announcer at All India Radio, Bikaner. Her short stories and poems have been published in major national magazines and newspapers. In 2012, her first novel *Half Moon* was published. Kaur is presently working with 6dnews.com and lionsexpress.in as Consulting Editor.

E-mail: [pritspalkaur@gmail.com](mailto:pritspalkaur@gmail.com)