

Lapis Lazuli

An International Literary Journal

ISSN 2249-4529

www.pintersociety.com

GENERAL ISSUE VOL: 8, No.: 1, SPRING 2018

UGC APPROVED (Sr. No.41623)

BLIND PEER REVIEWED

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PRITPAL KAUR

Bedroom window

One late evening I got up from my post
put on a red sweater over my white jumper
opened my bedroom's window silently
and jumped out
ground under my feet was soft, muddy
but somehow my shoes stayed clean
so much so that the shoe shine boy
I had been watching since morning
asking almost everyone who passed by
to get their shoes polished
did not even bother to look at me

with clean hands I opened that
rust covered iron gate of human park
I had seen it being painted with maroon
long long time back
now it looked something between
black and red with smoky grey

there I saw him standing by balloon stall
leaning against a lamp post yet unlit
as evening was still fresh
all around, in my mind and in his too
I knew as I read instantly
the most fresh page of his mind

he had painted a beautiful woman
with all her grace and bare charm
his deft fingers were lost in her shining mane
her arms longing to surround his shoulders
but falling short
evening was moving gradually
but I found him in no hurry
he picked up a mascara brush
and painted her eyes in green

as I walked closer and closer

I felt fragrant air of the park getting thicker
air flew in my direction and with it
all balloons came my way
filled my path with wondrous delight
I was lost in their dance for some time
and when I passed through this joy
he was gone
but he had left one of his paint brush
with the portrait of that beauty
holding both in my hands I stood wondering
if this was what I had jumped out of my bedroom window!



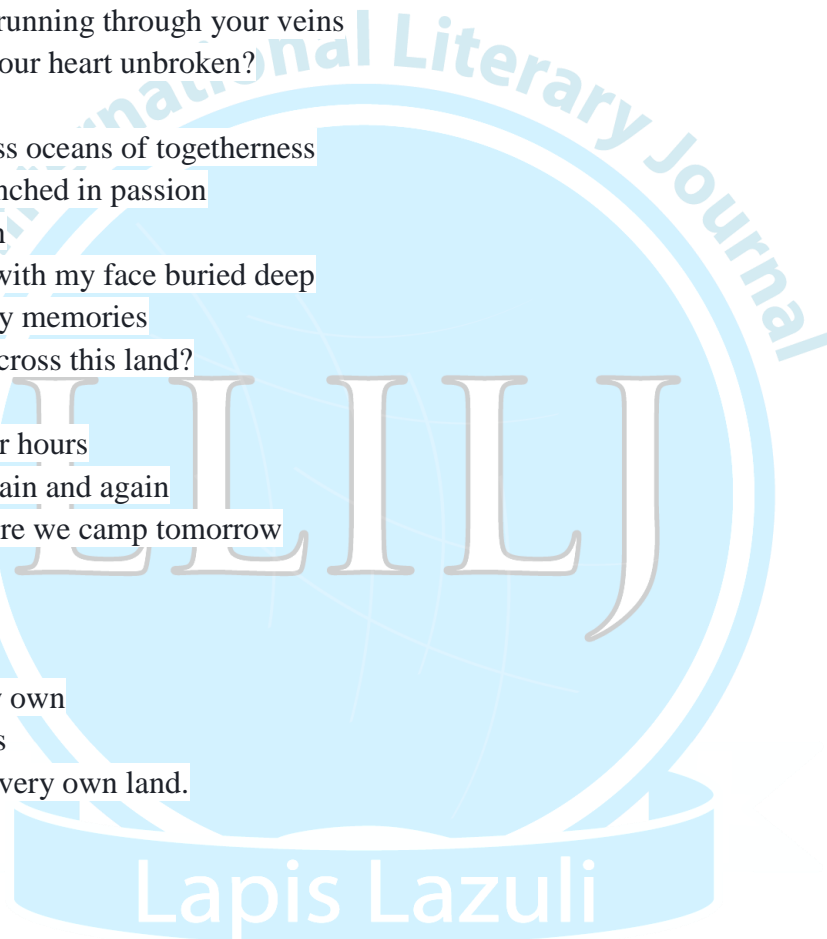
The land

while roaming on this earth
I turned into earth
and boiled with the sun
to touch skies
to fathom its height
with my barely clad arms
that enveloped your shoulders

while roaring through my dreams
I turned into a river
of my own blood
surging and running through your veins
did I reach your heart unbroken?

I swam across oceans of togetherness
to arrive drenched in passion
on this beach
lying down with my face buried deep
did I rake any memories
that we set across this land?

I churned our hours
again and again and again
to reach where we camp tomorrow
unheeded
undetected
unusherred
into our very own
lonely flights
to reach our very own land.



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.

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