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ANAND KHATRI

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**An hour on "Robert Frost Trail"**

Tepid madness of life expressed  
Squalls for me and thing suppressed  
I trembled on each step I took  
To stand where the poet stood.

On untouched turf he oft rode  
For rhymes in spoors and every nest  
Many with endearing hearts appear  
As flames within the breadloaf disappear.

Wayside along the winding roads  
A thread of Frost, a scribbled trail  
Which rode amid the hearts and words  
As spirited horses in autumn woods.

Through rusting leaves an hour spent  
Chuckles of gnomes hushed in breeze  
While riotous cicadas on crickets rode  
The spell of this wayside shrine.

Winged dreams from a poetic crest  
Will always find a branch to rest  
The Road not taken poignant though  
Stood speechless on a paths so known.

Only an untouched forest does know  
Its way to shine in limericks though  
New born leaves with a dream so new  
Was caught in age old poesy though.

What if I walked the forest breeze  
Into the woods with broken trees  
Will rhymes of breaths weave a trail  
Though winters cover it with snow.

## Of Hands and Touch

I have always wondered  
Where was it that my hands  
learned to crave and to remember  
a touch, that they so long for.  
Where is its memory stored  
and how does it signal a tremor in  
my consciousness.

While you remained away, my hands  
have aged to a fluffy rough  
with marks and mounds not known to  
days of togetherness.  
Its in the waiting of many decades that  
they have learned to slide and glide against each other  
in the symphonies of anxiety and  
the serenity of the yog mudras  
while with you, in youth they  
had freely danced  
for months and weeks and years.

Together we invented the language  
of the dumb, the imbeciles and the juveniles  
as palms on palms listlessly fly  
and as the indexes entwine  
to a firm grip,  
leaving the others free to  
imitate an embrace  
or stay closely huddled  
till the beating of the pulse is felt.  
Palms laze on palms  
as parachutes collapse to the ground  
while the silks of your wrist glide  
and surf the  
tactile of the wavy hair of forearm.

Listless memories of my unsteady hands  
learning a grip and then a feel,  
trying to remember and distinguish a  
caresses from an abominable touch.  
The language of the hands is learned  
with patting on the back, leanings on shoulder

and the nipping on cheek  
in the morsels, in the huddles and in the embrace.  
While the body and soul resonate  
its the hands that communicate.

From a montage of touches  
my stimuli has learned to discern,  
but I have always wondered  
Is it that the ridges

of our hands meet and collide  
to a tight fit  
or cause an electrostatic charge  
from friction  
or is it Love that flows through the  
finger tips  
when it has no other measures  
to express and explore.

Hands know the language  
of hands  
there are seeds that reach the soul  
with a caress and  
a touch has memory  
only that, it does not evolve  
because the body intervenes  
too soon, and steals the play  
making them only objects of  
grips and holds  
objects that lie tied as cuffs  
or strangle or tie  
while the pleasures born are  
stolen into the torso.

I have always wondered  
What is it in the epidermis that  
gets transmitted  
through the cusps and the mounds  
into the soul plates of nerves  
that remain entangled in my hands  
causing a flow and a longing  
in all Contact.  
There is something that hands do  
in the idle hours of listless days

till labour, hunger or desire  
spade the laze and fructify action.  
They have learned the  
hops of the index, the  
slides of the moist palms  
the knuckle knocks  
the high-fives  
the thumb cajoles  
the mound to mound collides  
and the thumb sting play  
games only hands know  
how to play for a better TOUCH.



**Will it ever be me again**

Incompatible worlds  
 that thrive on my facets  
 poach on me  
 Vagaries that breed to  
  
 disarray me  
 smother reality  
 Infectious peace retracts  
 for prodigious expectations  
 self reacts to self  
 Divided along asymmetry  
 torn along rift zones  
 flows the molten me  
 Empty for obsidian  
 plates sifted  
 will it ever be me again?

I am the world to which I belong  
 I live in a world that  
 Wakes and sleeps with me  
 Days that carry dates to me  
 And propose that I accept the supposition  
 That all sunrises belong to an endless chain  
 From continuum to continuum.

I spend myself in hours  
 That pay for their burden by safekeeping  
 Parts of me in their past-folds  
 Engaging me in the novelty of the unseen forthcoming  
 Sublimating nano-seconds run for refuge  
 While my consciousness unravels  
 Realms, dives in mediums and resurges to  
 Snap again.

Listlessly nights lie  
 Holding my hands  
 Curling around my shoulders  
 And try to predict my dreams  
 Visualizing reality  
 Belonging to a world that was born with me  
 And shall die with me.

Gradually losing all I know  
I am unable to find myself in the world  
Trying to believe that I survived this long  
In a world that I do not believe  
In a world that does not believe in me  
I am the world to which I belong  
And in that belonging seek you...



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**BIO-NOTE**

Anand Khatri is a theosophist, powerlifter and bilingual poet from Kanpur, currently residing in Noida. Additionally, he has also founded a society for poetry – *Poiesis*. He has completed his B. Arch. and M. Arch. in Conservation. His poetry has been published in several magazines and journals.

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