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ANAND KHATRI

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...



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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