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PRITPAL KAUR

Morning saga

Sunlight has invaded every nook and corner
silence broken
flowers bloom
grass rose from slumber
birds are hungry once more
one more night slipped away
undecided from darkness' grip
one more time
the cold war is settled
the night has lost
one more battle
hey you!
The victorious morning!
I salute you!

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Glass ceiling

The day I walked out of my wooden door
my shoes tick-tacked
inside those my humble feet just tiptoed.

Glass panel closed behind

without a sound

on my back that still ached

for the force of the wind

and that sound it made

hit me hard with a thud.

That was the day

my heart skipped many beats

and I knew what it meant to fall in love!

Four walls I lived in

had a ceiling made of glass

I could see the stars

the moon too sometimes shone at night

mornings came sunlit bright

but my bones were turning brittle

and my flesh was going grey

heat of greenhouse baking them

cold of winter biting deep in my recess

gloom sitting in every corner

waiting inside bottled water

then it blessed and it blasted

my chamber screamed

made it halt with a screech

wide awake for first time

I opened my book of dreams

and alas!

All were dead

not a breath

not even a single ray of hope!

Pressed against each other

those dried up yellow leaves

stared at me with vacant eyes

begging me to sharpen time

asking me to fill my heart once again with some woes

telling me to claim their share from this world

moment they were waiting had now arrived

love I felt for myself

stayed with me from that night on

each night

every night.

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DEATH

silently she came
she came to conquer and never left
riding through a tunnel filled with grief
of unknown souls' shrieks
lest they ask for redemption
from sins they never dreamed

snakes were hanging from the trees
snakes were crawling on the grass
snakes devoid of any venom
their shining skins were all I could see
brown, black, green and blue
their forked tongues concluded the horror

thorns protruding from the walls of my throat
and then she showed the wall of water
cascading down the slope full of algae
slipping down with the flow
I could see the source of this

and then I saw her bulging arms
carrying me on her shoulders all this while
she was radiant and sublime
filled my heart with love and respite
now I knew how to move

how to hanger
and how to sew the torn dreams

she touched me with a feather
touched my close eyelids
touched the corner of my lips
touched my shoulders and my breasts
touched my heart with her fist
and then I felt the final blow
she squeezed my pounding heart so hard
made me fall on my knees
made me shudder with delight

there she was staring hard
into my eyes
into my life
into every shelter I built
my last love
my final abode
my life's love
my partner in crime.



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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