

Lapis Lazuli

An International Literary Journal

ISSN 2249-4529

www.pintersociety.com

GENERAL ISSUE VOL: 8, No.: 2, AUTUMN 2018

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/>

Lapis Lazuli

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

SWATI CHANDRA

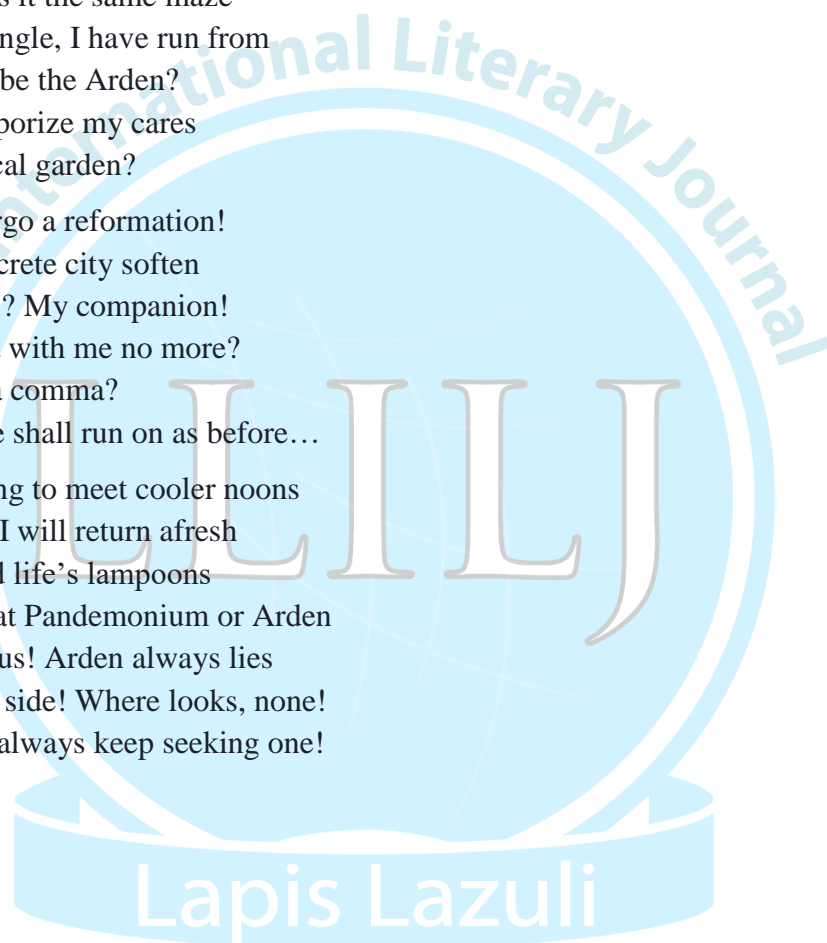
An escapade

Sit I here, in this silent spot
Seeking a stasis, in this calm plot
Away from various dins urbane
Of the chaos within and without
An escapade! To turn human again

Far into the green network I gaze
Wondering is it the same maze
The urban tangle, I have run from
Hoping it to be the Arden?
Wish I to vaporize my cares
In this magical garden?

Shall I undergo a reformation!
Will the concrete city soften
Its harshness? My companion!
Will he fight with me no more?
Or is it just a comma?
The sentence shall run on as before...

I am not going to meet cooler noons
But perhaps I will return afresh
To withstand life's lampoons
Or accept that Pandemonium or Arden
Moves with us! Arden always lies
On the other side! Where looks, none!
Because we always keep seeking one!



The Rara Avis

Wide and loud was made a call
For all the rara avises to gather in a hall
To have a voting session to decide
Who was the rarest of them all?

The owl came complaining, with a gloomy sound
Of humans preying on his kingdom
Of owning the night; preying on wisdom
Chasing Lakshmi but threatening her mount!

Then came peacock, out of his concrete jungle
To shower enough rain even Kartikeya was unable
Saddened at the loss of water in human eyes
Forgotten were his dances and erotic cries!

Then came with a dry olive branch, the dove
Turned pale; ingratitude had taken a toll
Of a world despite Venus, starved of love
Peace had shrunken to a mere symbol !

The nightjars, and gulls, and kapakos and their clan
Stood gaping, feeling already extinct they were!
When such common avises are already rare!
Without them what would befall, had realized not man!

Then came lamed truth and amnesty
And then maimed wavering honesty
And the wingless feeble trust
And then love with all the rust
And the malfunctioning compassion
And the hall stood up in alarm
Speechless, not knowing what is best
Who was more prone to harm!
Came a voice-humanity is the rarest!

BIO-NOTE

Swati Chandra is an Assistant Professor in English at College of Vocational Studies, University of Delhi. She is also a secretary at FSLE–India (Foundation for the Study of Literature and Environment). She writes poetry in both English and Hindi and also pens short stories when she finds time.

Email- id: chandra.swati1989@gmail.com

