

Lapis Lazuli

An International Literary Journal

ISSN 2249-4529

www.pintersociety.com

VOL: 10, No.: 2, AUTUMN 2020

POETRY

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/>

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

SANJHEE GIANCHANDANI

Red

The flashing red light
on the crossing near my house
that I didn't see change
and crossed the road

The blood smeared
on the new born baby
and on the fresh wound
Happiness and pain intertwined
The vermilion on my mother's forehead
that she dutifully applied each morning
and that of the bruises
gifts that dad gave her every other day

That of the coy bride's outfit
Seen through the looking glass
as she begins her journey
to lose herself completely and
to embrace womanhood

The bangles of a new bride
clanking together with smiles
for new hopes and old memories
and to ways to please everyone around

Like crusty fallen leaves of Autumn
carpeting the scorching land
waiting to embrace the petrichor
fiery, blazing like internal resistance

The old sorcerer's handkerchief
intended to befool but aren't we
all already swindled enough
of power, opinion, possessions
and more importantly of peace?

Red tomatoes and dried chillies
My grandmother's secret recipe
intended to keep one's man in check
Passed on for generations- but in vain
For men have always been men

The fruit salad you made me of leftover
watermelons, apples, and strawberries

The gesture meant a lot and so did
your confession. The slap resounded.

My little balcony garden
changing seasons from red lilies
To hibiscus to dahlias but never roses
Allergic? Only to nebulous concepts.

The red dragons we only read about
The fairy tale of Little Red Riding Hood
which taught us that big bad wolves exist
and that we need to challenge and resist

My red lipstick and nail paint
my first gift to myself
smeared with my coming of age
when silent first encounters turned
to passionate lovemaking with rage

My sister's ruby ring
that I always set my eyes upon
perhaps the only memory
we have of her today
before she got lost for good

Love letters written in blood
words like red ants crawling in the mud
The flags of dynasties gone by
Crimson sunsets in the skies
That we once dreamt of together

The Peregrination

This constant search of something
one cannot define
limits one to think beyond oneself
the stars make constellations
and move their places
within a moment, destinies alter
miracles happen with a shooting star
So is it fair to plan or should one just
go with the flow?
Where will this transcendental journey end?
In Heaven or in Hell?
I believe in Karmic forces -
the negotiation which ends in this very life
And my wandering soul asks me
where should the next destination be?

BIO-NOTE

Sanjhee Gianchandani holds a Masters' degree in English Literature from Lady Shri Ram College for Women. She is also a CELTA certified ESL trainer. Currently, she works as an English language editor in the K-8 space.

Email id: sanjheegianchandani28@gmail.com

