

Quest

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A singular quest amidst the changing seasons
emptied me out
it blew deserts where green fronds grew
and scraped away the dermis of my being
sprouted a mole on my body to take along to my next life
and a lump in my breast that no scalpel could cure
the search took all I had and it blew deserts where green fronds grew
rich-poor, black-white, good-bad, bidden-forbidden
when had it ever mattered except that it should be found...
like an encore of sweet music on an emptied – out mind
the sweet octaves of *raag malhaar* ¹ should play
they should pulse like the rains at the doorstep of the heart
drenching, mixing, melting, liquefying, thawing life's essence
teaching what is to be taught so that the heart might beg no more
so that the soul may never enter another form again
ah! this quest
it frittered away the mind's papyrus
criss-crossed my palms, my feet
gave me nothing, took me nowhere,
exhausted me
don't go too far, mother had always warned
but what are the earth's ends but tent-pegs?
anchoring flapping winds concealing vital truths
I must leave no stone unturned in my quest for love.

Note: 1 raag malhar – Classical Indian music set especially to the emotions of love in the rains

Monsoon Showers

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The scent of wet earth
after an amorous monsoon shower
climbers up the walls of my heart
like a snake
biting into my poise
the blue poison of desire spreads

some memories wrapped
in grey sheets of thick old rain
are still strangely warm
like a hearth fire not fully extinguished
or like hot lava fingers scratching a cool earth
from beneath

some longings grow younger as we age
love is one of them
these rains act like a rake on the senses
heaping autumn colored resolves
in to the far corner of life's garden
they water even the weeds, dimpling them
singling me out
to wither bit by bit with every monsoon.