

POETIC VOICES

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The Curriculum

Ceiling fan rehearses its tired lesson,
circling the same unanswered questions.
A cracked cup on the table
tells the syllabus of incompleteness-
every sip is half-emptied before it begins.

Staircase knows the weight of my steps,
creaking like old chalk on a blackboard.
Shoes at the doorway, mud-stained,
record my arguments with the road-
every journey a scar folded into leather.

I measure my hunger in burnt toasts,
bitterness of mornings that refuse sugar.
Fridge hums like a stern tutor,
guarding jars of yesterday's denial.
Even the mirror conducts roll call,
naming absences one by one.

In this school without bell or recess,
the desk is made of unpaid hours,
the pen of unanswered prayers.
Pages turn themselves with the draft from broken windows,
each line written in the ink of surrender.

Yet beneath the rubble of failed assignments,
I witness a curriculum only pain can draft:
that cracked vessels still hold water,
creaking stairs still lead upward,
bitter bread still nourishes the body,
and the body, bruised as it is,
still learns how to stand
when called again to the class.

I Have No Plans Now

I have no plans now.
Calendar hangs like tattered skin,
dates emptied of meaning.
Clock ticks, but not for me;
time has lost its teeth.

I have no maps folded in my pocket,
no compass whispering north.
The road may vanish mid-step,
or split into a thousand mirages.
It's OK.
My feet are weary pilgrims

need no destination,
only dust to remind
they belong to earth.

I have no plans now.
I have unthreaded the loom of tomorrow,
let the fabric unravel in the wind.
Even the threads of ambition,
once knotted in clenched fists hang loose,
as prayer flags offer themselves to storms.

I have no plans now.
Only this vast nakedness of being,
a cup set down in rain,
knowing it will be filled
with what the sky chooses to spill.

Surrender, defeat or freedom?
In the hollow left by broken designs,
something greater breathes.

I have no plans now.
This is the only plan
Supreme ever wrote for me.

The Hidden Grammar

The universe does not speak in sentences,
but in fragments-
a falling star,
a shadow across the moon,
a bird vanishing mid-flight.

Readers of riddles stitch these syllables into meaning,

yet grammar of infinity escapes our books
spilling across margins of time.

Each atom hides a scripture,
The roadside stone remembers galaxies,
but offers only silence.

The night sky is not a ceiling,
but a page half-erased.
Constellations are footnotes
to a text not yet found.

What of us-
ink made of breath,
pages bound in bone?
Is the mystery meant to be solved
or to be lived?
Or to be carried along, ahead,
glowing softly in the dark?
Universe seems to me

not outside,
nor within,
but the trembling in-between,
where knowing collapses into wonder,
and wonder stands eternal
as the only truth.