

Dr. Shalini Sharma

Assistant Professor, Amity School of Languages,
Amity University, Maharashtra. litterati9@yahoo.com

Punctuated

Between the vague words and blank spaces,
I searched for my poetry in places.
Strangely the words and the phrases hid behind,
And little figurines started sulking in myriad.

As they loomed large in front of me,
I could see them as lovely entity.
And there started dancing my poetry,
Around the aesthetic orthography.

Yes, those punctuation marks squealed in delight,
When my Muse offered them a poetic spright.
I laboured through my instincts and creation,
To storify those puny signs with imagination.

Think putting a period after a sad moment,
To not let it bother you even for transience.
If only each happy moment could be added with comma,
It would bring to end so much trauma.

The exclamation mark raised its head to plea,
If I were not there what spice you would see?
In the sarcasms and surprises of the world,
The line and the dot always lie curled.

The sign of equal came as a perplexity,
Where was it when people frowned in audacity.
The loved ones who left us could not be held back in ellipsis,
The drama of life continues with every separatrix.

The question marks are there to tickle,
The curious minds and curious eyes so fickle,
If only punctuations were for real,
The world would be so surreal.

A Parent in Search of Y

The lives and lingo from Gens X to Z,
Skip some beats and set some free.
As a parent I often ponder why,
Between Gens X and Z skipped a humble Y.

Thus begins every time a roller coaster ride,
Of being a mom and mentor to minds myriad.
Uphill makes me feel life is so weird for thee,
Downhill I feel oh how weird you can be?

That little finger I held so dearly always,
Can today scare me if swing sideways?
Incessant questioning was then such a delight,
But things you question today put me in fright.

The patriarchy that binds,
The tradition that blinds.
The farce that society wears,
The relations that come with fears.

From saving your eyes from screen,
To scrolling down your DMs with keen.
Somewhere I educated myself to unlearn,
The stigmas and rituals to spurn.

Isn't it that when with times definitions change?
Same contexts do themselves rearrange.
Our luxuries are now your necessities,
Our struggles are just a case of inequities.

The stress that we flew in the air,
You pick it, prune it and put it to dare.
We dealt with the fear of unknown,
And now you tackle the fear of known.

Those nomenclatures and these coinages,
Are just labels and brackets to tether ages.
Whether a millennial mom or parent of gen x,
Still skips a beat when gen z kids vex.

The Y that I searched for between X and Z gens,
Slithers in the frowns and laughter gems.
The grey matter might have weakened the umbilical cord,
But from gens a to z all crave for caress and a handhold.

Pain to Panacea

Silence screeches through the empty spaces
The count rises faster than the pulses.
No news is news
Just a grisly scene, for more views.

The data enlightens with the numbers
Behind every count there are tears in numerous.
The government, the system, despaired the millions
The thought itself cringes to think at conditions

The soul searches for loving Power
That will drench this wasteland with the nectar.
The healing hands will panacea bring
And infuse the breath of love and living.

While waiting and looking for that Power in idols
I stumbled upon my inboxes full of cajoles.
As some kept calling technology a fiend tragic
The stories, feeds, forwards and tweets worked their magic.

The fastest fingers continued working on the touch-pads
Connecting the dots and raising the healing hands.
The numberless and faceless with intentions benign
Are the real panacea and nectar divine.

Kun fayakun - Be, and It Is

The bejewelled shores with watery beads,
The frosty skies with bluey leads.
The cool verdurous that peeps from greens,
From the speckled beauty a saga earth weaves.

God has imprinted His love in so many hues,
From nothingness to the chirps and the views.
The fauna, flora and fowl in their song and dance,
Make us also adore God in all His trance.

Despite ...

Despite the dark clouds the sun shines,
From the stony autumn a flower smiles.
The pale grass and thistle,
Still make the bird whistle.

Despite the ebb, the flow holds the sea,
Darkest of the nights yields stars to see.
The dreary sands still let flowers to bloom,
The ray of hope shines from every gloom.

Hope is the thing with wings,
With the tiniest sound it sings.
It perches on in the soul that beams,
And flutters from hearts' rims.

Between a Couple of Punches and Lunches

Such is the saga of work life,
Two punches, a lunch and some strife.
The repetitive whirl of punching in and out,
Becomes the reason of getting up and about.

The recognition of your finger and face,
Is the measure of your salary and days.
The adventurous story everyday unfolds,
From punch to lunch as clock beholds.

The mornings seem to be like hares,
Running and slogging ahead unawares.
The day withering does remind,
It is for me that you toll and grind.