

Poetry Series

Rupa Gogoi
- poems -

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Rupa Gogoi()

I am a teen and often have many indescribable emotions. A momentary angst regarding nothing, day-dreaming amidst beautiful sensations everyday, and so on.

For me it's amazing-this mystery in from the complexities of this world, there exists another world-of dreams, wishes hopes and feelings.

These words i write are just an ode to that beautiful world.

City After Dusk

Glimmering lights- shimmering ones-
Embedded in the dashing black
Fill my views as I watch
The darkness darkening after dusk.
The twilight drops drop
But the city hardly stops
From playing its tune-
That zealous and exuberant music!

And on goes the evenings,
And on goes the nights,
With that tune still playing
Under the nights daylights

Rupa Gogoi

My Heart

My heart's a canvas
And I, an artist
Creating numerous paintings on feelings
With the colors of my emotions...
And I am but an optimist of an artist
With an equally optimistic brush called hope
And so, I paint rosy pictures of life
With the only grim paints I possess...
My heart is painted with woeful happiness
Each hue presents my varied feelings.
Though its looks cheery and hopeful
The paint is just an allusion; a mask
Hiding the plain white sheet beneath
Hiding this pain dwelling underneath...

Rupa Gogoi

Namaaz

('There is no shelter for us under this skies..', Abba says..)

..And this heart aches

As it witnesses

Tears on every face it sees..

Then it weeps, with equal fervour

It's not blood, but a salty river

Flowing in my veins..

Cries even the heaven

Nights seem never to end

Mornings are but bleak

And if a bird sings, she sings

A sad prayer, dripping with pain,

Beckoning the Allah of every religion,

To have mercy and listen-

Listen as the red evening sky

Is reflected on a soaked, red Earth

And the ringing temple bells echo

To the cries of a thousand women.

Listen, as darkness sets in

Bringing deathly stillness with it

Dark becomes every hut, quiet every being And bullets tear unforgivingly

Through the night's bare chest

Listen!

As a thousand hearts are hushed with fear

And a thousand more are shushed to death..

Hear the stillness that follows,

And the heartbreaking cry that shoots through it..

She sings on, her voice drenched in pain: Will you be able to ignore the prayer even then?

There is no shelter for us under these skies...

Rupa Gogoi

Where He Dwells

I set out for the holy temple.
Climbing those endless steps, I reached Your abode.
Reaching there, I looked all around me to search for You.
I saw thousands of people,
Praying and making offerings of milk, flowers and gold;
But couldn't for once find You.

I searched in the eyes of the people and saw wishes in some;
while some carried love, others were full of devotion.
And following them I entered the Garbhagriha.
The pundit sang verses and sprinkled holy water on all
As we knelt and bowed to You.; I could hear the milk fall,
And trickle all the way down the Shivalinga.
I knew You were there, somewhere around.
But "where", I couldn't see. And then I went to the Pundit.
"where is God? ", I asked him silently.
He stopped his Aarti, stopped his song; and looked at me curiously.
Then sternly gesturing me to sit, he went on praying to the Lord.
I came out of the temple, to the streets;
Mumbling a prayer, yet doubting Your existence,
I went on walking...until I met-a weak, old man.
"Help me carry these, child,
These flowers and these sweets, up to that temple".

I nodded and picked them up. That question struck me again.
"Where is God? ", I asked him.
He stopped, smiled, and looked into my eyes.
"I'll show you", he said.

We reached the temple.
Soon, the flowers were arranged,
the sweets kept and the diyas lit.
"Come with me now", he whispered, and walked ahead.
The old man, with a crooked back, took me to the village.
'At long last, I'll see You', I thought eagerly;
As I kept on walking...with him ahead of me.
By a cottage he stopped. A worried lady sat anxious there.
A child then ran to that same waiting mother,
as she gathered him in her arms lovingly

-relief and love reflecting on her face.
The old man looked at me and asked, "What do you see?"
"Caring and love," I said "of a mother for her child..."
"And that, is God", he added.
We then crossed a village doctor's hut,
with people crowding all around-waiting earnestly for their turn.
"What do you see?" the man asked again.
"Hope," I replied "hope for a happiness".
"That hope is God", he added.
We reached a pretty place. The last rays of the sun were slowly fading.
He showed me a little nest with eggs in it.
And, behold, one of them then hatched! I gazed at the little thing;
and soon its mother arrived on hearing it chirp.
"I just saw...life", I said to the old man.
"And that too is God, my child", he whispered,
"This body of yours is the shrine;
your beating heart, the Garbhagriha
And a purity in there is what we call 'God'.
Everything that exists, is a part of Him.
Did you understand whatever I taught you?"
I did...and so I cried. How I searched for You everywhere.
And all the time, You were all around me, all within me.
And at last, I found You-the Sweetest of the sweet.

Rupa Gogoi