

Poetry Series

Sitabz Garg
- poems -

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Sitabz Garg()

Born on 22nd July, 1997 in a small town called Dergaon of Assam, India

A Visit To The Zoo

By the bedroom window
There is a photograph,
Of our family trip to the zoo.
my wife posing for a photo
with my son and daughter
And me behind the camera,
They say cheese, and I click.
After all these years
I lie in my bed, and see that photo
By the window,
the first ray of sun
on my wife's face
and the merry children
with two zebras in the background.
A few months ago,
I visited the zoo,
Alone,
With my wife gone
And my children well off and married
I looked around and saw
What I came to see,
With the lions, tigers and chimpanzees,
Much has changed
And yet everything's the same.
That night I went to bed
And dreamt of zebras
And my wife wearing stripes.
She asked me to take a picture
And as she posed,
I asked her to stop moving so
I took the shot
with zebras in the background
smiling.

Sitabz Garg

After The Play

Lift the curtains high my bosom friend
For beyond the darkness there is a place
where dreams began,
and life was born to the dead.
As merry actors dazzled and throbbed,
to walk off the stage one day
many a thespians played their parts
where nothing but ghosts remain,
of an empty stage an empty world
which gazed straight to the empty lives beyond;
where storytellers looked at an empty mirror
Where silence soared from the world of dead,
A goddess stood intransient in the center
with tearful eyes
for with two bars of iron
she could not keep the curtains up
and she watched with pain
as the curtains dropped dead
to the face of the earth
nothing but a word unsaid.
She stared at heaven's gate,
with a shattered heart.
She looked up
but didn't see the eyes of her god
staring back...24/3/14

□

Sitabz Garg

An Early Morning Picnic By The Sea

Whose idea it was,
An early morning picnic by the beach!
The air is cold and the sea is loud
With the sea gulls all clattering
my husband fancies taking a dip
with the children all clamoring.
as the dog runs chasing rabbits
the wind's thick as soup.
While I lay here in the picnic mat alone
Brushing sand off my dress,
There is a click and I look up
And see my daughter with the camera.
I frown and send her away
Wondering could it get any worse,
Before I could finish the thought
I look down, see the tiny ants,
Good, good; the ants are here, I say
I didn't even know there were ants in beaches
I shake them off while I constantly wonder
Whose idea it was; whose indeed.

Twenty years later in the basement,
Going through some stuff,
I find the old photograph
Of the Sunday morning
In the photo,
I see my husband in his shorts
Ready for a swim,
My three children, the dog
Everything I remember clearly,
It was the one my
daughter took;
of our early morning picnic by the sea.
My husband's been gone four years now,
My kids are busy
making houses and memories
with wonderful families and happy lives,
all in their own new worlds

they all looked so happy
while I was galled
all of it a lifetime ago,
in that Sunday morning
of my life
as I close my eyes
and go back there and reminisce,
of that morning by the picnic mat,
with heavy baskets in my guard,
I feel the breeze and look ahead
In the fresh sun
I see my husband, young and happy
I look at the kids
and see time flying away
With the sand
Blowing in the wind
I look at them playing
And say,
'never grow up'
In the moment,
twenty years of late,
by the Sunday morning
I look at the sea and smile
on the beach,
And I am happy for a while.

Sitabz Garg

An Elegy For The Moon

These pebbles were
once a moon,
an old moon,
Our moon.

from
the liquid sky
a new moon
In the heart
of a lily
Sprouts

We will
all be gone
by the time
the new moon
blossoms

It will shine
over different people
Men
from the future

And we will
remain
Only in
our ancestral marks

that
we painted
with red fruit
in our caves,
In the broken,
downtrodden
Halls

Sitabz Garg

An Elegy On The Death Of A Leaf

A schoolboy named Life looked skyward and saw
A leaf falling.

Carrying the dying thing

In its bosom, the wind

Whistled a funeral tone.

Its arms frail from a long journey, dropped the lost thing in the schoolboy's arm
where in dying breath, the leaf whispered 'you lied! '

The boy smiled in childish innocence

And he let the leaf fall further: 'A dry leaf on a busy road'

as it saw life walking past,

Until a schoolgirl named Death came hopping by

and without looking down

She trampled it to dust.

Sitabz Garg

Anna

What do the heavenly eyes gaze upon?

A squall hurdles

As silence, descend to rain

her temple doors rattle

Winds dim her temple lights,

Amid the thunder a vista

remains evanescent,

Reverberate, a flickering sight.

What does the darkness-the world of light conceal?

The prophetess,

Of heavenly light o blessed Asher

The rain rattles her temple roofs

The night darkens further

All voices deprived of sound

It rains, retards the morning bright

Behold, a prayer that to the heavens

Flows and shakes the thundering clouds

What earthly rain, of gales and storms,

What forces in heavens could deprive

The lord her soul embraces.

An inferno embodies her spirit

Ascertain him o true messiah

Tonight she stays awake

She fasts to the lord

Says his prayers

For the morning tomorrow

She shall stay, and lie awake the night

Tomorrow she shall drape the truth

For the good news is here

Listen before it ebbs

Today she lies awake

Not alone, her lord is not sleeping

In her womb her faith is born

And stays awake, and spends the night

With her it fasts and pray

The savior is coming, lord Jesus Christ

Waiting for him to come, for her to see the day

She stays awake...

27/03/14

Sitabz Garg

Anti-Christ

Before he was
the anti-christ,
He was a poet,
and a painter.
Before he was called
upon to bring
destruction
He was an artist

...he destroyed,
He killed
poetically

Sitabz Garg

Being Me

I lock them all out
And I stay here,
I sleep in the shadows
Away from them
I stay in the dark.
They tend to wonder
Why live so alone
Why be in the dark
With days past I shrunk deep
Deeper into solitude
But its them
Who lives in oblivion.
I have my own true world.
They say they follow rules and such
Matters with consequences,
Conventions and manners
Seeds of dust,
While I sit here
Where they see darkness
I have my own light.
I can't help it
If its invisible to many
They say its not my way
I must follow.
But dear sir it's my story
Its how I want to be.
You do not see reason
In my manner
I do not see logic in yours.
You say "son go out and play"
Son, don't bolt your doors'
Your friends are there
You have toys, yet you do not play".
Mommy please go away
Daddy please leave me alone.
It pains me to see
Your ignorance and strife
Despite your age
you don't see life

I don't find god in your religion
I don't see myself in your shoes.
I don't want to be like you guys are
Skeletons in closets
Darkened doors

I know that you don't want me
I know this is not how you had me pictured.
I am sorry I can't lead your ways
I am troubled
I am far away.

It will seldom happen
That I will laugh at your jokes
Simple life
With merry folks
Won't work for me.
I don't like your ways
I will live with that
But its unbearable
When you try to change me.
I don't ask to put up my way of being
But just to let me be.

But if it's so much trouble
I will leave you now
My hushed up life
Will bother you no more
Silence will tell
As I close my doors.
Darkness will creep
But no invisible light will come
You didn't see it coming
You will not see it go
Tears will fall
The world will snow
It's time for me
Now I will go

Sitabz Garg

Colours

In the winter rain
I held your Melting body
The paint leaving you
Escaping me
The blue brown yellow
from your skin
the ivory from your bones
they slip through my fingers
Where you soul was
there remained
a soaked canvas
battered and twisted
in my hands
With all the dust of the world
you were washed away

Sitabz Garg

Dear God

Dear god,
Remember me?
It was a long time ago
When I walked away from you.
You turned a blind eye on me since then
I am here and I am not asking you to forgive me
I am not asking for some room in your paradise
I am also not asking you to take me back in your holy embrace.
I am a big boy now and I suddenly realized; I have no one to talk to
Or share my feelings whatsoever; I know we have not talked in a while
And I know you will be mute today like ever before, when my mommy prayed
You were blind to her too, weren't you? She believed in you, asked me to do so
too
And I did for a while, but never again and never will, as I don't see what my
mother sees
I do not feel what she felt, she had incense I have cigarettes I am never going
back again, so
I have much time to spare, I know it's a contraction, for you are busy, I am
prodigal wild and free
You are free to talk to me, whenever you want, I am alive and as they say, so
are you; speak, I shall hear
Guess I am pretty drunk now huh? But you know what I have to say; you can
read my mind, see my fears
But it is when I need you, you are never there. So I will stop talking now as I
have said I am a drunk.
Forgive my insolence god, for the only thing that shows you are real is the pain
you always send me,
Punishments, yes they are always there too, and you have taken all from
me.....
Its dark outside, I am alone and, so are you, I am drunk and so are you, I shall
sober up but never will you....but now it's just me and my wine.....i will
sober up tomorrow and I am weary now,
It is sad, but at least I am trueit's dark outside and hush the rains are
whispering,
And are getting louder and louder I hear. There's a storm coming and I shall
sleep now
Wake me up when the tempest ends and then I shall hear what you say, so
goodnight
Tomorrow's a new day, a humdrum life awaits me and so does your life

and fantasy world where everything is good bright and clear
So sorry, I have disturbed you and I shall stop now
A silent night's sleep would bring me peace
The roof shall keep me warm
You are there in the dark
I shall sleep, and
You can watch
But hush...

23/6/14

Sitabz Garg

Devotion

I am lifeless,
coldest of the coldest
Sculptures of stone .
An alter lies barren
With my name
No hymns are sung
No flowers adorn
my halls.
Where once you came
And prayed
Asked me for joy
Love,victory.
Great conqueror
Hero of war, you
Came with faith
Washed my feet
Ever so gently
And you prayed
And I gave, wholeheartedly.
Only here, with your head bowed low I have seen you weep.
I blessed your battle axe
I let your tears wash away the blood in your hands graciously.
And ever so softly you said your prayers
with my name.
I was the god of war
And you were the hero,
King, mighty warrior,
But I was the only one
Who saw you at your weakest.
When you cried with your head at my feet I felt your pain.
Truly devoted, you were of faith
But I was the devoted.
Only in your presence was my temple holy
Only in your prayers I learned what faith was.
I wished I could melt,
Stoop down and pray,
cry with you.
Wished to hold you close to my heart of stone.
You went to war

And in some foreign land you fell.
I couldn't protect you there, you were too far away.
And they came for me.
I was never so helpless and alone,
Never so broken.
They stripped me off the gold you had me wear,
Of all the beautiful decorations they stripped me naked.
Left me alone, twisted and broken.
I your deity no longer divine, fell.
O king,
Now you are a flower in some strange land
I am dust,
Lifeless and Grey.
Say one of your prayers son.
Pray to the winds
Perhaps she will take me along
and Spread me over your body

Sitabz Garg

For My Dog

...a flower
For my
Dog:
She sleeps
her dreams
bring flower
To the
Persian silk tree
Overhead

Sometimes,
After a long
journey
the winds
rest there,
and sings
to my dog
their songs

She sends
with the wind
a little ruff
a small woof,
it lingers
by the steps
As I come home
and find
her voice,
fading softly

Sitabz Garg

Harold's Coffee Bar

Black coffee', says the old man
The old woman smiles,
'Ella Fitzgerald', you remember.
And the old man hums
("I'm feeling mighty lonesome
Haven't slept a wink
I walk the floor and watch the door
And in between I drink
Black coffee...')

The old woman laughs
'Oh stop', she says,
You're a terrible singer.
So you remember the song that was playing
And that I was wearing blue,
You remember what I ordered
And everything else, on the night I came with you
To Harold's coffee shop.
It's been forty years
And here we are
Do you know?
There's a drug store now in place of Harold's
The old place been down for thirty years now
Or so I've heard, the old man continues.
And now and then he stops and looks at her wan face
That once was bright as summer.
She seems to be listening gaily
where her questioning gaze said otherwise.
He sighs, and lets it out,
Dear Sue,
You know
I loved you true
She looks at him
not surprised,
I've always known that she says
I know you had the feelings
And so did I
But what could I do
We were so young
I thought I was the sensible one

I remember too
That date at Harold's,
You gave me daisies,
I can still picture
That coy red face,
In black suit and tie
The old man was smiling
And he finally replied
You say you love me
you acted like you didn't care
You had suitors like bees in roses
And I loved you.
That's a long time ago she says,
Look at you, you're...
'Old and fat? ' he fills in.
And she laughs
You always made me laugh
That's why I adored you.
All those days,
A lifetime ago
A young woman and her lover
In a hopelessly romantic hour,
Went in a date to Harold's coffee bar,
The girl was jazzy,
The boy was shy,
He gave her daisies
In the chilly December night.
Jazz music
Started in the record player
And the boy asked her.
if she'd mind a dance
she said that she didn't care
in a night of romance.
The waitress brought champagne
And asked for an order
I can't decide she said,
The boy asked for this and that
We will share, he said.
It was snowing outside
And Ella's song turned up,
I absolutely love this song
She lightened up, let's dance, she said.

Back then in the dance floor
For the first time two lips met
and Harold's bar gloomed again.
Forty years later in a November evening,
They met again, reminiscing about the past
As old people do
they sat unit the old man asked,
Will she join him for coffee?
And she said yes
Both went by
Into a coffee bar with fancy music and fancy lights.
And when asked for an order,
'Black Coffee', that's all she'll have

Sitabz Garg

How The Lights Flickered In The Rain

Dark skinned,
cross eyed,
with thick mascara
She was a poet.
and a dancer before that
Or was she a singer,
I do not remember.
It was the festival of lights
The light from the earthen lamps
fell slowly
into the grass
and in the freshly fallen dew
it lingered awhile.
She wrote in her poems
Of how she was a firefly
She could shine
But no longer fly.
She sang, she danced
and got drunk in everyone else's music.
They cursed her pen
And so as she lit the lamps
she knew that she,
will burn that night.
Her dog with in his yellow collar
Slept under the diwali lights,
dreaming of lizards
and of Christmas.
They put a lot
of lights out
that year,
In a friendly
 competition
with the neighbours.
The lights were on
all night
and it rained
later that night.
No one saw how
the lights flickered

In the rain.
But she did.
She walked
passed them
when everyone else
was atlast sleeping
She took
the essentials.
in hand and
like the lights
in the rain,
she burned.

Sitabz Garg

Living

We dont
have a story
So a love song
will never be.
No poems
or portraits,
Only a grey moon
And a salty sea.

In the darkest
corner
of our room
you built
us a home
you made me stay
Made me pray.

Great master
you created
yourself
Out of creation,
left us with little
Pieces of you
to find
And to colour
them pink
Red and
leathery black.

I traced a bird
from the glum sky,
She caged it,
I sang to it
She painted it red
I fostered it
She stole
all its poems:
I loved,

She consumed.

Caged bird
Stop singing
Look how
the sun ages
without its yellow
In your black wings

So you have
come to visit,
I rise to greet:
my pen falls,
drying, dying
An uninspired
life starting
with a poem,
ending with
A song

Sitabz Garg

Night

A white cat
strolls out
for the night.
Strange music
in the bamboo
forest,
Crickets
And a
Hooting owl.
A bee
stirrs softly,
Trapped
in a web
Within
a flower,
A spider
gently
Comes

Sitabz Garg

On Leaving

Last night,
Gravity let me go.
As I raised higher
And higher
Into space
An empty void.
I put out my hands
To see if I could catch some stars
But the faraway sky won't let me.
The clouds are there
I see the moon too
The wind brings familiar scents
Aromas of peace and solitude
Of my mother's house
And my garden pond
Where all the lilies so gently bloomed
In yellow and white.
I hear the flute
And it's sad old tune
Of funerals
And on leaving home.
The cries of widows
And my mother's sound
Heartbroken and an epiphany
That there's no returning.
Unfinished symphonies
Played in melancholy
When it's known
That there's no finishing.
Glass roads shatter
People fall and die
Cries of the dead
Long gone awry
I look down
To see the disappointment.
I will never return to
the unfinished business,
the hungry lot
left unattended.

Is the music still there?
Or is it something
That has been buzzing in my ears
Leaving me sleepless nights
With lonesome dreams
To wake up to
And cry.
I guess that's what life is
No matter what
There's always something left
Things unsaid
Dreams unfinished.
It pains me to leave undone
But I go up and up
To the long inevitable.
People say
It's a better place.
But from my view
It is a distance even longer
I see nothing new
And nothing old
But I wait for someone to come
And take me home
I wait and wait in silence
I try to sleep
But no sleep comes
I am weary
But I cannot sit down
It's in the world's end
The edge of the earth
I see the sun rise
I let myself go
And I fall and fall
Into the downward
Oblivion,
and I close my eyes.
I nod off in the dark
And when I finally wake up,
I wake up in the heavens

Sitabz Garg

On My Death

To the gravedigger, dear sir
let the ivy grow and the rain fall in the stele
As a flower fall from Eden, I hear the angels sing
While I slightly twist and turn in the God's acre, so deep.
Erstwhile a soldier of war, till kingdom come, I shall remain as such.
I am not a hero, just a son who never returned
in foreign lands and in an alien time I sleep through days and nights
as the war ends and victory levitates I do not celebrate
Just mourn over broken promises.
As in the early morning there on the sepulcher
A blackbird sits and cries
Down to the pavements and to the catacombs
it caws and caws in despair to wake the dead.
And as the roads that lay out of the graveyard
And the thousand miles journey
That follows, shall never be trodden.
As the church bells ring
And the crowd that follows shall pray for me,
How as of upon a very fair time and of now I ask my mother
To take me to church and lay me down at divinity
A girl and her lover meets in the burial ground
And they speak of their love in secret
Hush now, the dead are listening
Of your tryst in the graveyard
Of every night and the sweet parting kiss,
We wonder, we covet and remember our own despair
When we hear your love song in that strange tongue.
I weep in the depths for my own tattered love
Where my lover still weeps by the hillside
Or has she moved on.
the first drop of rain, or the first piece of snow,
The first beam of light of the first cover of darkness
Strike my bed first
And while the sun keeps the moss away
I wait and wait, not for my widow
Nor for some candles in a dark stormy night
I do not wish for flowers, for I cannot smell them
To days past and nights darkened by
All I wish and could wish lay by a thousand miles

In distance, homeward bound.
Since I cannot follow, and never make haste
I shall lay here quietly, without a sound
And dream of the seas and oceans and of clouds passing by.

Sitabz Garg

Refractions

1.

Why does every thought come as poetry to me?
Something must be seriously wrong.
But then again,
I am of that age.

2.

When I learned that my thoughts were not much profound,
words,
Not as poetic,
I wept, I prayed.
A muse in the form of a mosquito came and sang to me.
The same song she sang to Van Gogh
As the almond blossoms came to be.

3.

There was once
a green sky
behind me
and I did not
follow it.
Now I see the green sky
Fading, fading

Sitabz Garg

Reverie

Half awake
I hear the clock and the calendar
having a fight.
The clock was uncertain
whether to strike one or thirteen,
and it irritated the calendar.
They fight every night
after I go to sleep.
They don't know
that I always listen.
No longer interested
I give in to sleep
But as usual
its not sleep that comes.
I fell myself drowning,
but its not water that's
fills my lungs
I fell that I am being swallowed
by this monstrous beast.
This beast has no breath of fire,
Its not loud, has no wings,
no sharp claws,
long teeth, red eyes, nothing.
I slide down its belly
Its not fear that I feel,
Maybe
an extreme sense
of loneliness,
or is it boredom?
I can no longer tell.
This beast, blank
and featureless
is my town perhaps,
or is it a country,
or a house,
A room, a bed...
It's not the darkness
that hides the beast,
Nor the thunderous clouds

or the tallest trees.
The TV was on, in the other room
I go deeper and deeper
The fight ended,
I dont know who won,
with my ears still fixed on the TV
I go down,
possession, possession
The calendar made some noise,
The clock like always, was silent

Sitabz Garg

Sari

Sari~

A naked woman
Clutches a sari in her hands not to hide her nakedness
But she holds it tight to her bosom as if she were a mother trying to protect her
little baby from swarming mosquitos

She will not wear it.
She will not wear the sari.

She stands in the streets
Everyone sees her
They dont pay much attention now.
Her nakedness is now familiar to them.
The town came to terms with her.
It created quite an uproar when it was first erected,
The figure of art in their small town

Sitabz Garg

Silence

We hear a sound
and our instincts
they yell fire
But there was no sound
Everything ended
And I stood numb
Everything was silent
I was too

Sitabz Garg

Soldiers

We ran deep into the woods
from the other side of the wire
an enemy came with me.
Stripping our uniforms bare
we hid in the river
A mouthful of oxygen
from an enemy's lung
And in an embrace,
We floated in the liquid sky
Above us the fire flowered
With its thousand tongues
raving in riot.

We ran deeper and in the night
we made a fire huddled around it
I sang a song
I don't think he understood a word
He liked it though
I can tell.

Deep in the woods
The enemy slept peacefully
as I kept guard
The fire weakened
I let it wane
And in a dim light
The movie started
In the forest,
By the lake
I watched for hours
Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman dance.
Deep in the woods,
We were all in Casablanca

(...
the fundamental things apply
As time goes by...)

The Lost

The Lost (fruit)

No one picked up
The abandoned fruit.
Amidst blades of grass and time
It lay hidden,
it rot in silence
till all was gone
but the mourning soul
as no bird paid heed
and was left ignored,
untouched and unbroken
beside its mother tree
as many a brothers fell
and were swept off
by the autumn rain
but one tiny seed stayed by its mother
for years hence
until the big storm came
and broke its mother apart
and for many a summers
no fruits came trembling down.
and with every passing season
one tiny plant grew
and after years of fruitless summers
one tiny fruit fell again
from the youthful tree above,
bearing its own sweet fruit
first from the many more to come
sprouting hope and flowers anew.
29/1/15

Sitabz Garg

The Lotus

In the lake
by the old temple
a lotus fell in love.

At a moonlit hour
she looked down
seductively shedding
off her bridal gown,
sees the moon
like a fallen flower
sleeping.

In the temple,
the midnight ritual begins.
people come with their prudence, wine and Shakespeare.
They chant and the water trembles slightly
Causing the moon
to loose sight of her beloved.

Sitabz Garg

The Promised Land

Is this the Promised Land?
The land of the beautiful people
Built on earth's ruins
These valleys and mountains
Where hell's bell echoes through the silent hills.
And debris of a fallen heaven can be seen so clearly.
Is this the place where all dreams come true?
Here where one's blood pays for another's glory
Where the sea runs through the highways.
With salt and water, all bloody red.
And the sun shines in black and grey
Everything gory is proper for the man of the west,
Where white is no colour
So they paint their churches red and black
Where god is but a myth
And they welcome the devil as a friend
For he was always there in times of need.
Their prayers go out to the vigilant snake
And he will hear and all it takes is an offering of blood
As he remains athirst in perpetuum.
They had seen the lord's work
But they seem to remember vaguely.
Where outsiders are welcomed with mirth
And they own him easy.
But it is forbidden to leave
for it's the promised land,
the land of God's people.

14/12/14

Sitabz Garg

To My Friend

Two children playing in the field
What did our hearts desire?
We ran through the freshly reaped crops
Did we mourn of the day passing in haste,
Or did we discuss the killings
from the morning paper?
While in our climb down the mountain
You held my hand, so I would not fall
And once in the summer we rode off
And chased the setting sun
To have our picture taken.
Don't you remember
when once you and I
Walked the town complete
Searching what? Nothing
Back then, who were we
If not children of the day,
Of joy and of play.
What were we made of
If not of the stars,
Hope and glee.
Where were we
If not in the elysian fields
With angels and fireflies
And what were we, if not alive
In the quintessence of brotherhood
And in our last ride together to the river
In the sands filled with thorns and bones
You hurt your leg, from the broken pieces
Of the shattered sky, and we found
a little fish in the river, lifeless
Still floating(or) , swimming home?
I've witnessed the sun set then
And I did not fear; I seized the day
And yes I dared
and disturbed the universe
And in my war
I scarred my soul.
We are butterflies in a hurricane

tiny fishes in a riptide.
A lotus in the desert
And a star in the lonely sky.
look at the world
They kill their brothers here
Love, life, literature
Hazy drops of memory into oblivion
Great Tuscan artist
Show me what it was like
before god destroyed it with imagination
so break break break if you may
the world is no place for an angel

Sitabz Garg

To The King

I have seen the sunset
On the majesty's throne
The empire sought
The battles fought,
All for a cause long lost
Dreams turned stale
Sweetness turned sour
I have seen them all.
I have long been asleep
On beds of swords
From a blood red river
from our barren fields
I stayed in wait
for the true king to come home.
Years from now
It will rain memories
from the ruins.
and the broken walls
Would say it all.
Halls haunted with abandoned dreams
Would prowl for young blood.
In currents frozen still
night will come back
Onto kingdom come
it would stay
and fire from heavens would take it all.
Until then, I will wait for the king to come home.
though I am just a peasant
I am with him, and so are millions
I will wait and so will they
We wait for him our true ruler 9/14
Until then we will survive.

Sitabz Garg

Untitled

You
old
lizards

you
lost
your
tails
for
nothing

Sitabz Garg

War

The old moon smells
of dust,
the bloodless peasant girl
I have to share her with old and ancient beings.
In a road that belongs to none
I sat alone and wept until the dear departed spirits
rose and humbled me.
My poor being,
Who did I trouble now?
They are all gone
Can't you See.
Here I sit and listen to the singing ghosts.
Their wordless lament
makes the day envy the dark.
Who do you sing for, I ask.
They can't hear you I say
With the bombs and the
fiery metallic clouds.
The snake around my
neck tightens its grip
I see a hooded figure
in the corner of my eye.
Distant lights flicker
They mock me:
We hide your friend you lost,
they whisper in unison.
Come find him here,
you will but have to walk a few steps more:
He is waiting.
I heard them say
The poets, they come in large vehicles.
They drink
They make love and sing old songs
and huddled in embrace they cry and beg to be forgiven,
They wail violently
To the raped and disamboweled
The hawk and the fowl they came from the same playground.
Look at our children
their parents said

They write poems,
they read old books
They will save us.
Spring is here but where are the flowers?
The trees all charred
The birds all thousand miles away
Spring lies barren
In the smoke
This is not mother's flesh
That fills my wound
Nor my land where I lay now
Deep in the ground I smell my mother;
Of burnt flesh mixed with the flowers it smells like her and everyone else.
All you unburdened and untouched we were once where you were
unburnt and unbroken
We too were drunk once.

Sitabz Garg

When The Day Ends

How could a poem
Or some jazzy song
Tell the story of the day's end.
How could a photograph capture
All of those moments,
As if all those memories
Cease in a snapshot.
How could one write a story?
Of all the days so gloomy
And yet eternal
And how could one stop quoting
all those experiences,
Dark and happy
Of Words so true
Where someone's truth
Makes a fine lie
The things we keep
And others turns sour
From our day's end.
Our hands full with the day's gain
Where the right hand keeps
And the left throws away,
When the day ends.

. 07/11/14

Sitabz Garg

While My Storm Rages By

And softly again rises the raged storm
In the fields of wheat and rye
There is no home for butterflies
But a falcon winds by
When the swings and the baby's cradle
Rocks with lost lullabies'
Dimmed and dimmed the luminous light
Candles and lanterns wane in the night
Amongst hundreds if not thousands days of light
Sleeps one darkened night.
Whilst after the storm there is not much to gather
Nor to fret, but much to mourn with all populace dead
There in the pastures
One lost lamb of the thousands
Runs the distance in search of home.
And a river winds in two
to trod a million ways
with the fishes untroubled
by the storm of the land
The cotton from the plants move so
With the wind on its wayward path
As my storm rages by
all farmlands in black and blue
in moments past turns to dust.

Sitabz Garg

Winter

The sleepy morning
woke
with a shiver
in the coldest
night of the year
The sleepless birds
charged
into the sky
And a snake
wheeled further
into an unending
cosmic circle
on a twig
(floating)
in a languid
bottomless well
Its crippledtail
(with much tenderness)
steers the vessel further
toward a hopeless mythical shore.

The well is deep and dark
The night has not yet left
And deep under the ground
the snake forms an unearthly constellation
With the few remaining stars reflected down
In the deep
Untamedabyss.

One day
to the snake
in its mystic duty
fulfilled
Death will come
as a peacock
It will unfur its
feathers and reveal
all the freshly reaped souls
attached

in its tail

(that strangely will look like eyes flickering in his queer artful dance)

Sitabz Garg

X

My people, they say
Your people
People
What are they,
What about them?
Its me raging war
against your indifference ,
Your prejudice
that makes you stupid
Why would you
want to climb higher?
its empty up there.
Look up
I am the sun
that's been
enlightening you
I am the river
that won't wait for you
I am the same sky
that is ready to fall
on your heads
and break
your ignorant skulls.
And the fire that is there,
burning in your eyes
Will burn you one day,
I look straight at you
And so must you,
For I am shinning,
its about time,
So should you

Sitabz Garg