

Doors That Pass

By Ananya S. Guha

whatever there is little
not, rhapsodies of cash, wealth, lucre
no not love
no, not speaking embracing type
nor bodily touch
whatever, is in the small arches of angels
guarding doors, opening highways
vistas of transition
so come, speak damnation
in those hieroglyphic arches
of doors-
doors that pass, shut and open.

The Way

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this is the way road spurns death
in the sun, in the moon.in wildflowers
that rest on brooks of sedentary
colour. the way that eternity holds
in cowering ways of stuttering solitude.
First way is always the last, triumphal
ogre eyed, gasping for life that never
knows pell mell of living, cascading into
torrents that were the seas into, spectral
dust ashes. dust can only wither the ways
the first teething way. break the hardened
rock, cover it with fistful of laughter and tears.
Throw mounds of mud at faces which are
still looking at ways that are first, last, death.
In seas, oblivion cease, in seas desperate birds
drown, and animals shriek.
They have learnt the winding way,
the first way.
Last. Amen.

Ananya S. Guha bio: Ananya S. Guha lives in Shillong in North East India. He has been writing and publishing poetry for the last thirty years and his poems have been published worldwide. This particular poem arose out of some kind of childhood crisis and trauma.