

Roof Tops

By Ananya S. Guha

Roof tops are mad
rattling, whispering
groaning. They love noise
that is piquant.
They love silences of time.
Their lunacy is immeasurable
and then they chortle.
No, they are not humorous
their bland movements
are to be taken seriously.
And when rains pound heavily (on them)
they raise voices in chorus.
Sometimes birds, rabbits, dogs and monkeys climb
on to them in parasitical delight
when night's heaviness weighs on silences.

Roof tops then articulate movements
of steady sound. Rat- a- tat. Sounds
that impinge dreams, hallucinations.
Ghosts walk on them.

As a child roof tops hurtled into sleep.
Still harangue.

What Do I Love?

By Ananya S. Guha

Love the poem
taciturn
love the voice
love the roots
taking space
within me
love the crisp
turn of the phrase
vile
love hauteur
importunate words
strip teasing me into'
surrender
love rainbow in your eyes
What do I love
but barking times
of restlessness?

Another Dream

By Ananya S. Guha

Sometimes the rush
winter is onward seeking
mind's eye oblivious
to still cataracts
water rush, and you think
winter passeth, in another
hail storm, so the wind says
so the hills, blue mountains
vaporous mornings, with mists
keeping wary eye on the sun
the sun, subterfuge of rotting
desires, warm breath, tanned faces
sometimes the rush, and you wonder
why this breathlessness called memories
come home, one day in midst
of these hills, tarred roads, cacophonous
buildings. Sometimes the rush
is where you are. Poised
for another dream.

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.