

## Now We Are 10

By Amitabh Vikram Dwivedi

The equation is "10."  
I am single and free.  
And he is not more.

His presence was a burden.  
A life that I passed in a den,  
Our marriage was an incident;  
No, an accident that occurred  
As a life imprisonment  
I was sentenced to.

I lived those years  
As if I were dying  
Day after day-  
Month after month-  
Year after year  
But now I have won the war finally.  
One is to zero,  
Yes "10" is my score.

I will rejoice.  
I will sing.  
As I were born again;  
I am free today.

## Gatecrasher

By Amitabh Vikram Dwivedi

Like a gatecrasher, my innocent love,  
Enters into your heart.  
Sometimes it offers a cup of coffee,  
To see the curves of your lips.  
That insatiable look you always overlook.

My love knocks at your heart.  
But when you open the door it remains speechless.  
Your tawny skin softness makes it dumb.  
You gave me an unwelcoming gesture.  
You think I am immature and numb.

My love does not have a big mouth.  
But it is desirous for your smile and look.  
Neither is it an intruder nor a gatecrasher.  
Give it a lip service, and a place to rest.  
Offer it a smile, and treat it as a guest.

## Silence

By Amitabh Vikram Dwivedi

Her eyes spoke something,  
So softly, so calmly,  
That it created a chaos in my mind.

I imagined:

“Her solid head is in my feeble arms,  
Her broken hair and my broken heart  
Remain derelict when she moves on.”

What left-  
Her waste hair and my waste love!

She said:  
“Listen!”

This time she put her tender head on my solid heart.

I was silent but her eyes said:  
“Speak!”

I spoke:

“Come, let’s move.”

We parted silently, we said goodbye.

## Meaning of Life

By Amitabh Vikram Dwivedi

My moving body sets out with my floating soul;  
In an expedition to find out the meaning of life.  
And my life spreads its fragrance when the wind blows.  
It is an expansion; I often touch the essence.  
Then a divine voice murmurs-softly yet audible:  
Your soul is still waiting for the essence.  
I set off my journey again.  
For the one who can tell me the meaning of life.

## Life and Death

By Amitabh Vikram Dwivedi

“Is death boring or life?”  
An old dilemma stretched my life.  
Now it spreads on a lounge every morning.  
I wanted an answer without picking up any.  
I wanted to play safe, and thus I lived for so many years.  
Without any reason, and without any answer,  
I lived without death though that was not what I desired.  
But as all desires cannot reach to fruition,  
My resignation to life also postponed.  
And I lived perpetually without any reason.  
Now, I am old and equally feeble.  
I cannot think of death as my beloved.  
It seems to me as my daughter,  
Who will inherit everything when I will be gone.  
She will dispose the unwanted rags and bury that stinky soul.  
But still I am not sure of what makes me live so long.  
May be I think too much, or I am a coward.  
Perhaps my hamlet-mind tosses in between life and death.  
May be I am living no more and dying each day.  
Whatever it would be: life boring or death is still unsolved?

**Amitabh Vikram Dwivedi bio:** Amitabh Vikram Dwivedi is university faculty and assistant professor of linguistics at Shri Mata Vaishno Devi University, India; and author of two books on lesser known Indian languages: A Grammar of Hadoti and A Grammar of Bhadarwahi. His Hindi poetry collection titled Chinaar kaa Sukhaa Patta (means. Dried Leaves of Chinar) is a notable contribution to contemporary Hindi poetry. He has published around 100 poems in different anthologies, journals, and magazines worldwide. Until recently, his poem “Mother” has included as a prologue to Motherhood and War: International Perspectives (Eds.), Palgrave Macmillan Press. 2014.