

No Man's Land

By Poornima Laxmeshwar

My heart is an unlit territory
Dark and commove
With a wave of silences the sea is scared of
The pleasant tunes of spring became sonnets of noise
That your tongue is unable to match
A duet that died out of discomfort
The red hibiscus which blossomed in your green garden withered with age
And fell down to become dust again
To be what it always was
The breeze gathered the storm of evening emotions and stirred my love
Creating a sky with a bizarre geometry of clouds...

Unchanged

By Poornima Laxmeshwar

Your confidence in my failure
The rusted hinges holding the creeks
The silence split in every edge
Your negativity:: a mark of deletions
What remains at the end of it
Will only prove what I could never change

Ghazal

By Poornima Laxmeshwar

When will I know why am I treading this lone path
Inch after inch this trail leads me to you
In your starry smile I sense the night's solitude
The moon forgets his promise, in his place I find you
In your long cascading hair the champaks are blessed
In their faint fragrance I feel you
The letter which I wrote with my crimson blood, kept it near the window
The rain kissed it drop by drop, never to reach you
The world told me to run into a place of hiding, keep myself away
The more I ran away the nearer I reached you
Hold my hand to take me where I belong for the road is fragile and unfaithful
Rescue me from me for I am all you

Wordless or Less Words?

By Poornima Laxmeshwar

In the sanctity of our marriage words always were used economically
They came with a fixed budget, never used
beyond what was unexpected
Conversation was a word quite distant, the four seasons that never came
Talks came in limited version, if it exceeded it meant hazardous
Silence was an uninvited guest who stayed for a lifetime, befriended us, turned
into family
Even after all these years when you return at nights with jasmine for my long
hair, I just accept it
Neither you nor I have anything further to say...

Chitter-Chatter

By Poornima Laxmeshwar

It is pouring again
The pitter-patter triggers a conversation
That I do not wish to take up
My ears like the rhythm of water
Make a river out of me and let me flow
Into you...
The other night when we were young
You called me from a faraway land
And I listened to the rain
More than your I love you
Our past is a python coiled
Into the moments of our present
Without a hiss, without any attention
Your warm skin against the brutal cold of the night
And the faint taste of tobacco
Is an assortment of bygone times...
I fail to understand the qualms
Between now and then, I become my own cage
I become my own noise
The same way I wish
I could become silent summer
Wordless and alone...

Poornima Laxmeshwar bio: Poornima Laxmeshwar resides in the garden city Bangalore and works as a content writer for a living. Her poems have appeared in Kritiya, MuseIndia, Writers Asylum, The Aerogram, Stockholm literary review, and are forthcoming in Northeast review and Brown Critique. Her haiku have found space in several magazines like Frogpond, Hundred gourds, BottleRocket, Under the Basho and others.