

# Manohar Khushalani Poetry Page

## She

She comes like a whisper riding on the wind

Quiet and nervous as a butterfly amongst the bees

She looks hither and tither ever so softly

as a feather twisting in the breeze

-MK, New Delhi, Spring, 1971

## **\* Lei\* (Italian Translation of 'She')**

Lei viene come un sussurro  
correndo nel vento  
silenzioso e nervoso  
come una farfalla tra le api  
guarda di qua e di là  
come una torsione di piuma al vento

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## **The first whiff of Matured Wine**

Thou art like the fruit of a heavenly tree  
Sweet as nectar  
Matured like old, but distilled, wine  
Yet,  
You fill my being with such freshness  
That I think of thee whenever I get...  
The first gust of morning breeze  
The first ray of morning light  
The first whiff of a bud about to bloom  
The first tumble of autumn leaves  
The first rustle of swinging trees  
The first flutter of a bird's wings

The first shuffle of a baby's feet

Thou always rest ...

ever so lightly on my thoughts ...

Like a fluffy feather wobbling in the wind

Oh Lord ...

Thou may not have been the first impression in my life

but, thou art the last word all right

-MK, New Delhi, 1st September 2001