

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

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