

TWO-FACED MASK a poem by Adriana Scanferla

Behind the first feature
blood is filtered mixed with sweat
a consequence of the effort
over a mouth twisted by an eager grin
hangs an indignant forehead.

The other mask is sweet and passionate
sharing and merciful in God
one who has learned suffering and absence
Sweet kisses lavished on tender flesh
in the fragments of instants
stolen from life's cares.

Translated by:

Ute Margaret Saine & Scanferla Adriana

A Pakistani Singer to Lyrically Recite Poetry of an Indian Poet at ICCR

Indian Council for Cultural Relations

Cordially invites you to the launch of a CD

“Khoobsurat”

a musical joint venture of an Indian poet **Sangeeta Gupta**

&

a Pakistani singer Adeel Burki.

The CD will be launched by DG ICCR Shri Satish C. Mehta

On this occasion Adeel Burki will also render a soulful
performance of the poems.

Venue: ICCR, Azad Bhawan Auditorium, I.P Estate, Near IT0,
New Delhi.

Date: Friday, 24th July 2015 at 6:30 pm.

RSVP:23378079



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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

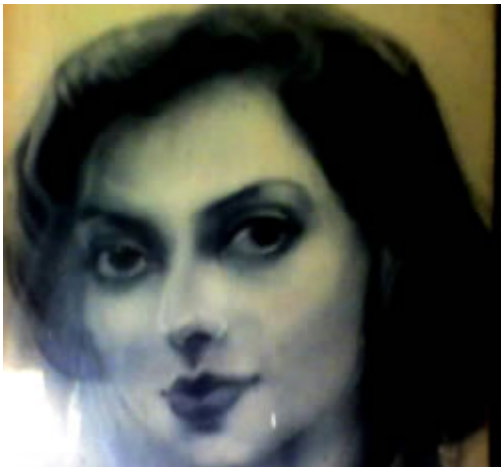
Oh Lord ...

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

Savita Singh Poetry Page



Unattended Things

My heart missed its usual steps this morning

Dew drops were vanishing before

I could approach them with my unsure feet

And the rose petals fallen on the ground, perhaps late at

night,
Looked so much like
What had been lying within me, unattended for some time,

My mind paced strangely this morning
The red and blue and even my favorite green of the rainy sky
changed colours I had not seen before
Earlier where there were words, there was only a patch
Of a confounding muttering silence
And all that was a void of some sort I knew almost well
Was now a ditch full of pinkish mud,
In place of clarity there was an uneasy compassion,
The neighbor's cat that vexed me often
Was sitting in his balcony postured so meekly
That for once I thought it was such a sad way to be
Especially if it was drizzling and it was a Sunday morning

Sometimes this is how things are, even the mornings,
Or may be they look so
As this morning looked today
Or may be this is how I saw it showing itself to me
As some day those unattended things,
Lying within like the sad meek cats
Would show themselves
As they should be looked at.

Unbound

The wind was honing an idea
In a bird's head
One that had just finished making its nest,
It had come to tell me too
That only time had produced me,
I was no one to think of my transcendence
Sadness that continuously drop within me from a tap,

Rusted and unstoppable
Is also an opening
To a creative melancholy.

By the end of the evening
The bird was well perched on its nest
Leaving me to wander
In the wide-open world
Unanchored
Unbound.

To Be With

I knew all the trees in the neighborhood
Those marked by the lovers,
Their names inscribed secretly on the trunks
And their leaves that shed tears for others

I knew innumerable squirrels jumping all over the place,
Birds that shared the lives of its silent inhabitants,
For there are legion: forlorn, courageous, handsome beings
Living without hope of ever witnessing a change

Curiously, I also knew when the rains would come,
When secret multicolored birds would flutter their wings
To alert the tactless and naive of rain water
Flooding their nests

Lately I have also come to know
That the prayers of the needy get entangled
With forces unknown in the lower zone of the stratosphere
Never reaching the highest ever,
And all good wishes for these people crumble
Before they surge from the hearts of well-wishers,
That way birds, squirrels and trees with tear-shedding leaves

Are still the best things for them to know
And to be with

Watching Sparrows Play

It was after a cold day
That the sun was out again
Heating my cheeks gently
As I sat in my study
People were out on the icy streets
Planning and plotting to conquer the day
Looking for the suitable love and hate
To sigh away some maturing pain within

It was after a cold day really
That the Saturday had come
When I spent my whole afternoon
Watching the mating of the birds
In the silence of a shadowy tree
Watching sparrows play and play

It was after a cold day
That the sun was out again.