

Jyothsnaphanija—Two Poems

Monsoon Poison

Breezy busy melodious rain,
For the trees to breathe,
For the fields to yield.

Lyrical drizzling to cheer the young,
Maddened moist in concealing the wet caresses,
Pearls of the foliage, drenched in the rainbow glaze,
Scenting the sand, sweeping the paper boats,
Obsessively passionate to subvert the darker shade.

Darker it is in the noisy night,
When the old woman forgets her way home, tumbling in the slippery boulevard,
When the fury wind takes the roof of the hut, water brings the families out.

The ridiculous flow,
Infecting the water,
Speaking in those green eyes,
Coughing with the cold voice,
Talking to those saline bottles,
Swallowing the hunger,
Whispering to the absentee children of feverish shiver.

The cloudy darkness conquering the sun,
The fresh mud decorating her new dress,
The lightning echoes disturbing the infant's sleep and throwing the
world in to slumber,
The newspapers holding the thunderstorm deaths,
Skidding bikes and slithery routes,
Toxic reap and fruitage,
Decomposing the earth,
Killing endlessly with the flood tide untimeliness,
And giving powers to trees to perpetuate the killing.

Darker in the day,
When the closed shops welcome,
The cricket wins,
Postponement of the days one by one,
Reversing the time in return.

Gloomy the flow,
Suicidal the shower,
Darker the drizzle,
Sickly the fall,
Yet, is patronized, composed, sung, danced, and long awaited.

Fruitful Appetite

An intoxicating pain,
Tearing the mind and body
To pieces like mirrors,
To reflect on one's own distortions.

The painter's brush,
Dueling to draw meaning,
Wasted colours, futile canvases,
And finally a picture only the creator can understand.

A toxic tune,
Vanquishing the heart,
The less composed soul striving to remember,
To shape as song, coloured with lyrics.

Everything appears so near,
At a moment, the poet feels pride,
As captured the language for the distorted thoughts,
Pictured the emotions,
Composed the love.
The next second, everything appears a blank space,
Unrelated to the original imagination,
Some disconnected distances discolouring the much loved monument,
Leaving the architect in anguish.

Is it the powerlessness of the words when hived together?
Or the fragility of the thoughts alone?
Are the expressions untranslatable?
Or the verses have no voices to correct?
From the time the earth was born,
The sky fizzled to resolve this puzzle.

Jyothsnaphanija is a PhD research scholar in English Literature at EFL University, Hyderabad, India. She writes poetry, short stories, research articles and book reviews. Her poetry has been published in *Luvah*, *Coldnoon*, *Tajmahal Review*, *Kritya*, *Kumquat Poetry*, *Writers Asylum*, *Solstice Initiative*, *eFiction India*, *Miracle*, *Fragrance*, *Induswoman Writing* and are forthcoming in *Skeleton's Anthology*, and her short story in

Emerald Hues- the Anthology of short love stories. Her academic writings have appeared in *Subalternspeak*, *eDhvani*, *Wizcraft*, *Barnolipi*. She contributed her essays to the books *Indian Women Novelists: A Critical Spectrum* (2012), and *Contemporary Indian Drama in English*, 2013. Currently she is on the editorial team of *Criterion*, and reviewer for *Indian Journal of Comparative Literature and Translation Studies*.