

Nothingness

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In the middle of the night,
O'er hills,
on long winding roads,
Skimming downhill,
Renouncing all possessions, earthly
Nothingness strikes me.

In the wee hours of morn,
to the chirping of birds
The first rays of the Sun
Mist drenched meadows,
In Deep dark forests,
Nothingness strikes me.

Monday morning Blues,
Newspaper headlines,
Obituary columns,
Never ending chores
Wedged in Traffic snarls
Nothingness strikes me.

In the late evening madness,
Changing calendars,
Infancy to ripe old times
Rise and fall of destinies
Relentless haggling, for time and space
Nothingness strikes me.

Time Flies

How soon time flies
In a miniscule
Before I realize
The good ones pass
The bad ones linger
I assume
Not even
A moment longer
Time flies

Seasons pass
The cold winters give way
To the sprightly spring
Summers take over
Handing over to the monsoon
Drenched body and soul
I am now crest fallen in fall
In a jiffy, winters succeed
Months, years, centuries
Roll by ceaselessly,
Plates shift
Spaces shrink.
Still! how soon time flies ...

A little bundle of joy
I arrive,
In a jiffy I crawl
Learn the nuances of living,
Lost in the maze of games
I grow to the feverishness
Of first love
Lost in bliss .I take the plunge
Ready now to mother,
I experience all again ...
O the cycle of life
How soon time flies...

Dr. Kavita Shastri is serving as Associate Professor and Head, Department of English and Media Studies at Vijaya College, Jayanagar, Bangalore. She has been teaching both at the Undergraduate and Postgraduate Level. She has presented Papers and Chaired sessions at several National and International Seminars, Conferences and Workshops. Several of her Papers have been published too. She has guided students for both M.Phil. and Ph.D. Programs. She is a budding Poet and Translator .Some of her Poems have appeared in E-Journals.