

The Lost Gem

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Peeping out from the ridges and convolutions,
A gem revealed itself, shimmering.
As would happen when an oyster opens its mouth
In the heart of the sea.
One? Two? Three? Four?
Myriad! A massacre, I did.
'Put off!' the devil said.
A miscarriage of thought.
Hidden, disappeared.
When will I ever encounter it again? Will I?
Like a fish slips through into the sea,
A gem slides down from a little boy's hand into the deepest of the ocean,
Stood I in the shores of time.
To whose hands are those gems destined?
A misfortune, may or not I am,
Let time answer.
But never a gem again will I lose.
If lost, too, the loss will be
My muse.

Perpetuating like a perennial river,
Never stagnant,
With Obstacle as my sculptor.
Walking with the gem I gained and with the memory
Of the lost one.
Thoughts ceased? It is Life-in-death
For a writer.

The Gullible Puppet

Black skinned with brown spots,
Tiny, thorny thing over the leaf, feeding,
As sun's rays made way into the leaf's holes
A dishevelled worm silhouetted against the sky.
Time grew.
The worm in its process of fulfilment.
Against a stooped bark built
The fort of isolation.
Weaving and weaving the sticky web
Around.
Time grew.
A soundless crack. Struggle began.
It tried coming out of its fort.
Difficulty leaves none. There!

The boy, heart so melted
Age so tender.
Helped it come out.
It is help, though.
But to him.
The butterfly handicapped.
Poor Gullible Puppet!