

Poems by Gurdev Chauhan

## That Woman

I know that middle aged woman  
But I don't know she's married or not  
But I do know that she can solve all the hard  
Questions of her mind and body  
by wrapping her shawl thickly around her

She tucks away in the fold of her shawl  
Pains, troubles, annoyances  
Nursing them as if these were  
Her own stubborn toddlers

## I'm in a Hurry

I'm in a hurry  
I'm always in a tearing hurry  
The hurry seizes of me  
and takes me over  
as if it were my mother  
bidding me not to idle away my time

I rise early and make myself a cup of tea  
I sip it down, piping hot.  
I'm often in a hurry  
to be alone with my runaway thoughts  
to be lost in some new book

I walk early morning in the park  
But my feet plod the hours of noon  
People in the park walk fast  
but some women  
walk slow,  
their hopes of slimming lost.

Womb of my hurry  
gives birth to many new tasks  
I try my best to reach  
the moment of my leisure  
but every time my hour of leisure  
slides further from me  
Or my own haste jumps it over.

## Beauty (1)

That girl has become more beautiful,  
With the understanding  
that her beauty will always stay hers.  
But a part of her beauty is mine too  
which I take home  
stored in eyes.

Some part of her beauty  
I return to her that very instant,  
it gets saved in  
her beauty's saving account.

When any beautiful girl  
is born,  
her account of beauty  
is opened in the society's eyes.

## Beauty ( 2)

The anchor knows she is beautiful  
It's because of her beauty  
she's made the anchor.  
The thought makes her more beautiful

Beauty radiates from her face  
igniting the way to audiences  
and back to her  
that very same moment.  
But some part stays back  
in the memories of spectators

Perhaps, beauty is a global thing  
Or the rising and falling  
Of The Wall Street graph.  
Anyhow now  
her beauty is anchoring the show

## Blade of grass

A tender blade of grass  
Takes the whole possession of me;  
Covers the entire sky.  
Still it stays ever small and slender.  
It saves the earth,  
fills her spots  
My village is bound with  
the blade of grass,  
so are the people and  
buffaloes of my village.  
This tiny grass asks me  
in my leisure hour  
why have my poems drifted?  
Now no more spiders, no more cobwebs  
of city-wormed thoughts  
just a blade of grass.  
makes home my poetry

## I have lost something

I have lost something  
I had become accustomed to it  
So much habitual I had become to it  
That I had almost forgotten it existed.

Now that the thing is lost  
it has grown a new face to it,  
a new tongue, mouth and eyes.  
Absence has made the lost thing so palpable.  
That for the first time, the lost thing  
has become my really own.  
Things and events  
when lost, turn giant-sized,  
shine bright, come real solid.

## City

My village was my unearned wealth,  
a saving of my hopes and desires  
Then logic and its progenies:  
duties and expenses,  
pulled me out from my school  
and flung on the streets of the city.  
When I regained my senses  
the duties and expenses had long  
turned into debts.

After that, I didn't know at what time all those  
debts morphed into fear.  
Now I'm reduced to be just  
a monthly installment of that fear.