

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.