

Neeru Aseem

Mother

Translated from Punjabi by Gurdev Chauhan

Mother, this is not the poem
That I wrote for you
That one has been long lost
I don't know where

It was lost in the home or outside
In some hotel room
Maybe I put it between the pages of
Some precious book and forgot
Or threw it without knowing in paper trash

But mother! What would you do
with a false poem?
I'll do a true poem for you
Write that there was a mother
Who lived inside you
But who couldn't become the real you
And there was you, mom,
Who were not you
But who stayed as my mother
All my life through
And there has been me
Who has stood lost
Between you and she

Seven Poems by Kailash Ahluwalia

X'mas Poems

1

White X'mas
an aborted dream
a past scene
blackened by time
comes alive

A longway from home
on a narrow street
lined with
homes with natives

Pets at each door
and each balcony
laced with
hues of varied shades
and fragrance all around

Parakeets polyglot
capricious cats
sneaky dogs
and lazy cows
on the street
all in attendance

Black-eyed dames
filled with
rainbow dreams
bloated with
a sense of pride
The sweetest dreams
and memories of Christ