

Nilofar Akhtar

(Professor of English, MB GOVT PG College, Haldwani- Nainital)

The Flea Flounders...

As I dig my scalp and find some dandruff specks to anchor my thoughts on:

Specks. They are everywhere; on my austere face, my bland soul too.

From lives lived in the past my eyes cast

At the floundering flea, which strutted and waded its way

Through the tacky honey drop on the table.

My sadist mind apprehends the doom.

The flea sticks on...

I dig more into my scalp, concentrate on the flea.

Could I help it out of the clingy pool?

My gargantuan ego says, 'No'.

Medusa laughs at me. I cringe.

Man must suffer and so must the flea.

Apathy, disgust in head,

Distaste in mouth,

I go back to my room and ease out the creases of the bed.

That's easy, zilch.

While the flea flounders...

Of Birds and Insects

I saw a creepy- crawly thing on the leaf of a marigold shrub.

And, then, espied a carefree bird sauntering the deep blue.

The creepy-crawly insect gnawed deliciously at its leafy bed,

Over it, the azure sky had its predator and it knew

When to glide discreet and cunning and glub

The insect with a knack of fear got to skew

Its mushy body under the leafy bed

Then, the bird eying its prey, flew

And got better of the latter's hideout hub

I saw no creepy- crawly thing now

And, its true:

No Tithonus awaits Eos

I saw she left him high and dry!