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Be Yourself

You are you

Must be you

None else, only you...

Want to be me, why

Nature's gift, decry, why

He or me, any ideal

turns into an idol

like a stagnant puddle

stinks, gives smell foul...

If your hero-worship ordains him

the destination of your journey

an ape, you will fake him thin

choke the evolutionary lore, make it grim

He will most certainly turn a fresh fall

into a static pool, shallow and small...

Everyone, a human fallible

Distance fools the gullible

When you explore the heart
human flaws explode the art
eerie idiosyncrasies
baffling contradictions
wild fixations...

Go within, discover yourself
a gift from Nature's shelf
Try, go beyond your ownself
Touch the Everestian heights
Take to the divine flights...

I Could Never Make Out

Her lips quivered
like the leaves in the breeze
her eyes gazed into me
like the hurt lioness
stirred my soul, sublime bliss...
She dug her nails into my back
while she squeezed me into herself
she wanted me to melt
and flow into her veins...
I was in the seventh cloud
yet scared, saw my own shroud...
Who was she? I surmised
yet my subconscious had always known her...
Her lips quivered again
tried to open her heart out
but words couldn't come out...
It was her rage
or a passion of madness
It was her hate
or she had become love
I could never make out...