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Culture-Dementia

In that lively conference
without any reference
thirty-two eager faces glowing
to each other pleasantly bowing
wishes and kisses freely blowing
as if they had met after ages
had suddenly come out of the cages...

Parting, we shook hands warmly
took down the addresses eagerly.
We shall remain in constant touch
Will certainly meet often, as much.
A Whatsapp group readily formed
With byes, we happily stormed...

Culture-dementia, victim of the race
easy to forget, yesterday's face.
What's the use, how can you?
Folder, diary, promises, what to do?
Without love and commitment
despite all his ferocious intent
man wages a hopeless fight
a lonely lamp-post without light...

Only Today

A beautiful girl
A charming boy
drunk with youth
love pouring from every pore
gazing far beyond the shore...

Hand in hand
in the greenland
with back to us
back to the world
meandering through
pastures, bushes, thorns
unmindful of horns
in search of their dreams
lying somewhere
in the wilderness
or mountain peaks...

They are happy
smile at each other
as they are lost in today
not tomorrow, only today...

We all have seen tomorrow
we know what it is, tomorrow...

They may not reach anywhere—
who, by the way, reaches anywhere?

But you live your moments—



happy, blissful, soulful—
make them yours, memorable
and treasure them for ever...