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My Craving

Every natural calamity

big or small

in a jhuggi or Mall

responsive empathy...

Truth, formless, fearless, bitter

Falsehood, sentimental twitter...

For them, every derailment

fun and excitement...

Man's hate and jealousy

ego's food and fulfillment,

joyful since infinity,

his arrogance, humanity's punishment...

Their vacuous pleasure,

I don't share their treasure;

No, I am not empty,

But intensely crave a human entity....

They Look at Themselves

They wear ill-fitting clothes

glittering, gaudy, garish,

discarded by the rich,

fashion and taste, money alters...

They look at themselves...

They go to a school,

for fun of the squirrel,

no building, no teacher, all quarrel,

relish the rotten mid-day meal...

They look at themselves...

On this Ashtami Day—

day of the goddess Durga—

they go begging, door to door,

flirt with the power of the penny...

They look at themselves...

They are herded at a meet,

the leader talks of progress,

of their bright future

while they wait for the treat...

They look at themselves...