

O. P. Arora

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Cobwebs

I soared high
in the golden sky,
beat them all
their terrible try...
They applauded ,
but thundered
shouted hoarse,
but wondered...
I could have flown
higher, still higher
my spirit banging the Mars,
my heart pounding the stars
heavens hailing, knew no chains
dreams fluttering, soul dancing,
freedom holding the reins...

Alas! Forgot the height
looked down at the trite...
Hungry eyes, longing desperately
drifting , pole to pole,, aimlessly
swarmed by the suckers
begging for miracles, hopelessly...
I pitied them, came tumbling down
lent them my wings, love beat the crown...

Tearful eyes, grateful hearts, promises galore
they flew away onto the unknown shore...

I was happy, their flights my gift, my ecstasy
their promised return, their hearts singing my glory...

I have since waited here, on this spot
tired, wingless, my eyes bulging hot
I don't see them , but hear their jeering voices
emotion over reason—fool's own choices...