

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/1

vivekanand jha

A Second

A second of scorn
Turns years of affection
Into enmity of eternity.

A second of innocent love
Turns two souls
To oscillate, live and die together
In all fair and foul.

A second of opportunity
Transforms penury
To disproportionate property.

A second of mistake
Puts life at stake
And debars one
From any give or take.

A second of adversity
Makes diversity to know
What is unity?

A second of carnal burst:
Relationship exhibits no trust.

A second of ejaculation
The world is sitting
On the volcanic mouth of
Population explosion.

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Believe me or not

Believe me or not
I speak as I suffered
But not preach
The world has been
Only to those
Who are happy and glee.

On the mistake of others
Don't show your teeth
And to be laughed at
Don't give any width.

Once they come to know
You are a beggar and you beseech
Men are such a bee
They would suck the left over blood
Like a leech.

So this is a lesson
One must learn and teach
Even in poverty looks like a rich
For this you don't need
Any investment and fee.

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Cut-throat

Man, chief justice of animals,
To dictate stringent sentence
On their innocence
Punishment in all cases
And will be no less than death,
Only nature of death will differ
As per the belief
And religion of human beings.

In the name of religion,
Divide men themselves
Into different factions,
Scapegoat they their scriptures
For their own atrocious activities.

Even in sentencing slaughter
Some say we are kind
As we prefer to eat
The meat of those animals
Whose throats are
Chopped off in one go
Thus making their death
Only momentary painful.

Some say believe we in brutality
As we prefer to chew
The mutton of those animals
Whose throats are cut
Slowly and steadily
Thus arousing pain
And tantalizing them for death.

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They take enjoyment
Of peculiar and bizarre
Song and music,
Emanating from the animals,
Gasping for death,
And thereby relish
Nibbling tallow and sucking the soup
Inside the shank of wholesome
And palatable flesh and bone.

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Cruelty

Cruelty like sediments into water container
Even inadvertent stirring spoils
The serenity and sanctity.

It suffers from insomnia
Unleash its irritation of sleepless night
On orphan and weak.

People are poor by kind
And rich by cruelty
As if goddess of learning herself
Were blessing them
To deliver the speech extempore.

Everyone is embodiment of explosive
All we need is to light one spark:
Calling wrong a wrong
And get ready to sing a swan song.

A group of trigger happy youth
Making to and fro of road
Like venomous bees around honeycomb
Provoking and tantalizing to say something
All you have to do is to stir up the nest
And they would do their best
Better we know the rest.

Intolerance on rampage
And tolerance victims of stampede
Now none trembles with fear
All shudder with anger
The strong with one
But the weak with all cylinders.

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Gone outside to seek entertainment,
For week-end refreshment
Wife suffered molestation
I suffered frustration
We flavoured hot juice of insult
Returned home with hurt inside heart.

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Dream House

A House! A House!
That he must have to live in
With children and wife.

Where no place for
Uterine brother and sister
Where no room
For aging parents
Even if he has to become a tyrant.

Where in hospitality of in-laws
There shouldn't be any deficiency and flaw
Where all hell breaks loose on madam
When visits any guest
Pretending ill health, she lies on bed
Restaurant in the vicinity does the rest.

Where all luxuries and amenities
Should be available in apartment
Though children in the exam
Comes out with compartment.

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Lovey-dovey

Till in the nostril air
My heart would keep on beating
With your heart in unison
Till the time we both hyperventilate
In resonance and fall as sleep
Out of exhaust and tiredness.

Till in me energy and vigour
I would keep on striking
And raining into you
Like the spring from the mountain
On the surface of the earth.

Till in the eyes tears
I would keep on shedding
In your loving and repining memory
As leaves shed milky tears
When they are subjected to
Injury and separation
By persistent division,
Cut, break or scratch.

Till on your cheeks and lips,
Rose is smeared
My lips and nose would keep on
Hovering and humming
Like a bee for honey.

Till in the eyes, images appear
I would keep on listening
The music and magic of your eyes
Like a snake to the charmer.

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Some loss to gain

I am living only
For the promise and swear
That I had taken
At the time of putting
Vermillion over your head;

And one time Energy and vigour
That entered and conserved
Into my whole body
When first time my hand
Clasped with your hand
At the time of
Making circling round of sacrificing fire.

Every time I see shyness in your eyes
All of my limbs
Are rejuvenated and refreshed;
And restored in natural order
Like a computer does
When it is subjected to reset.

When our eyes meet
Oscillator of the body generates
Unfathomable and invisible carnal frequency
Through our visual antennas;

Which mixing with each other
Creates a strong magnetic field
That makes us sandwiched
And we feel flow of emotional current
Of its peak power
With some loss to gain.