

poetry by Ashutosh Ghildiyal

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A GARLAND OF VERSE

Let me make a garland of verse for you
For words are all I have to give
Long have been your days and nights
Lengthy your weary trials

Let me create word music for you
And make you musical necklaces
Let me paint the sky black with stars
And elevate you to soaring realms

Where the milky white clouds floating
Upon the lustrous night's canvas
Shall give testimonies of your poetic
grace
And words will join together in applause

Let us open a bottle of our mutual wine
And sit by the door to our love street
On a dreamy morning reminding you of
me
While the music of the spheres plays
along

And while the music plays, let me also
sing
With an eraser voice smoothly dissolving
The frozen tears on your time- weary
face
Sanctifying the distance of empty spaces

Then let me strike the chords of harmony
And breathe poetic melodies in your
jaded ears
And take you to a mind flight on the
wordship
Bound towards the port of our purple
sanctuary

REFLECTIONS ON TIME

What is time? I asked a beggar:
It's the change of sun and moon, he
said.

What is time? I asked a gentleman:
It's the change of fortune, he said.

What is time? I asked a writer:
It's the change of thoughts he said.
What is time? I asked a philosopher:
And received some mumbo jumbo
instead.

Then I asked myself: what is time?
There is time by the span of
existence.

There is time by the measure of
distance.

There is time by the watch and by the
sun.

There is time according to the fancies
of one.

I asked myself: is there any other
time?

And as I lay thinking, on a flat bedded
rock,

I realized that time is not just by the
clock.

I saw the threads of time woven
through a thousand

Yesterdays, and moving towards the
many tomorrows.

I felt time, and saw the linear
progressive movement,

As memory, as hope, as becoming, as
self improvement.

Putting aside all abstractions, and the

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ideas of surreal,

I looked around at facts and let the
fallacies reveal.

The inward time I saw, the constantly
turning wheel -

The continuity from yesterday to
tomorrow I could feel.

I had got it at last - the truth that none
could steal.

For many an hour I had been sitting lost
in thought,

This I realized suddenly, as I glanced at
my watch,

Finally, I had overcome that in which I
had been caught.

I looked at the sky and saw that the
moon had come up,

Picking up my jacket, I walked away from
my lonely spot.