

Rush

Eyes meet, heart rushes
grooves of palm hide course of the game
the fair skin in black koyas taste the fruit
forbidden
I grow to be a full woman
disposing to village healer, the chief medical
practitioner!
early spring elopes the petals again and again.

The soil fertile, rich mineral magnetize
tobacco and cotton replace maize and millet
my brain drains in the market
I turn a laborer in my land alien.

The bud shrivels in prenatal
I get a surgery in soul
a still birth,
empty *Godavari buries with cover.

The north shivers
the breezes of Godavari gather petals
**Parnasalla calls
I get ready for a worship
turn into a new child's mother.
go by customs and norms.

—
(Twenty five year old Koya tribal woman from
Chamampeta, Bhadrachalam, Bhadrachalam,
Andhra Pradesh, India. She had a still birth)

* Godavari - The Godavari is a river that runs
from western to south India and is considered to
be one of the big river basins in India. The
Godavari River is sacred to Hindus and has
several pilgrimage centers on its banks.

** Parnasala- Parnasala is a legendary village
situated in Andhra Pradesh, India where Sita, the
beloved consort of "Lord Sri Rama" was

abducted by Ravana.. Another Hindu myth
names Parnasala as the location where Rama
killed Maricha, who came in disguise of a
golden deer to deceive Sita.

Surge

Lightening,
a sudden awakening,
his first sight;
a beginning begins for the first time.

Dry leafs wither, waves in the vein,
his naughty fingers cross
sin haunts sub conscious,
the flame burns, I can not help.

Same skin, same flesh, no way different,
still he steals the show, idol of my heart
for the body to rub, he is unique,
first among equals.

Storm breaks, collapses, uproots
eyelids close, ripple in the heart,
I am at heaven,
beauty and charm permeate,
I have taken off
landing, a senseless regret.

This is a round two
charm epistle; envelopes, the cerebral,
liberated, enjoy the fruits of present,
embrace the higher, harmonize
outer and inner in tandem,
soft and tinted touch crawl in warm bosom,
I romance in screen,
realize the sunshine,
his woman to other woman,

poetry by Basanta Kar

a thunderstorm to the mother of a sibling

One more sudden awakening
thank god that this one is only once.

—
(Thirty year old mother who is a senior
professional at New Delhi, India)

Flame

Swaying into mysterious alleys of lost old days,
the valleys fraught into timeless faith,
the beauty of Himalayas weave a divine musical
magic,
the flowing petals in a snow fed water
create a vocabulary that heals.

Budding oak purple white chestnut,
a drive, exhilarating swimming in the lakes,
luscious berries concealed in grooves,
a mad rush to juices of rhododendron,
tourists taste every inch of the moment;
I taste the sounds of silence
tying a knot with leafs of stem.

The old leafs fall; new leafs bud,
bending the cord, spinal,
muscle in feet, at times, unfamiliar to soil,
with a soft and tinted touch,
I pluck the leaf, younger, greener,
for drinks to keep someone else's body warm.

Monsoon permeates a novel stillness,
the roaring wind,
sky slit with purple light,
some shriek, some manage to hide,
all realize their size,
for me, a call of the tide in appetite
build a bond with elements of fury
with the same bending,

ignoring leech sucking the red fluids.

The life partner
takes a pleasure in white-red wine
with an intriguing peace,
siblings bounce pebbles off surface,
I too prune, cut the leaf into size.

Sun sets- a re-beginning to pilgrim's
progress,
obeisance to Naini,
hymns and chanting deepens rhythmic
breathing,
I get a call, home-coming,
dry leafs of pine, an easy prey of fire,
some relax with wilds of bonfire,
he burns to live a life now,

muscle swings, shrinks,
beats in the bosom, vibrates,
squeezes wrinkle in the skin,
music of cuckoo echoes in five tunes.
I too extinguish
dispose to divinity in grief.

—
(Forty year old Other Backward Caste tea
garden female worker from Nainital,
Uttarakhand, India)