

## Sukhvinder Amrit's Poems in Translation

Harpreet Kathuria

### Flower, flame and flesh

There dies a worm  
imprisoned in the warm scent  
of the flower

and burns there  
a moth  
that throws itself  
into the flames of light

so I spend myself  
in your embrace  
o dear  
to dissolve thus  
with your soul

flower, flame and flesh  
isn't the destiny  
but journey oh!  
that brings  
me to you,

to fragrance, light and  
soul.

### Salvation

I have yet to discover  
If I am  
submerged  
in your eyes  
or  
crumbled in your hands  
though I perceive  
a strange sense  
of liberation  
from  
the self.

### Mirage

the banks dried away  
lingering  
pining  
for an even ardent  
thirst of lips  
  
and the streams wore  
after perennial wait  
their sandy shrouds

often on those  
deserts now  
an amorous mirage  
haunts  
the travellers.

### **Dust**

Love  
is free  
from the entrails  
of ceremonies  
nor does it seek  
a grammar  
of  
relationships

Look here  
I have come  
shaking the dust  
of impious bonds

with my pious soul

sans rituals  
sans intrusions

oh, my beloved!

### **Famished**

I might have had  
troubled a tear  
deep down  
or  
stolen some warmth  
from your trance

forgive me  
my friend  
I may have  
blanched your life

.....

oh Lord!  
let there be

none so famished

none so thirsty  
as this soul in me.

## **Oyster**

To embrace  
the pearl  
of your drop  
I became  
an oyster

I too was  
once  
an expanse  
spread across  
the horizons afar.

## **Flight**

he was  
troubled  
to see me  
fly

so high

and tasted danger  
in letting  
his paper kite  
touch the sky

he cut the thread, therefore

I tumbled down  
midway through the azure  
to his grasp

he is happy  
now  
to find me  
safe  
in his arms.

## **Kiss of Light**

this is the ray of the sun  
the kiss of light  
it will not die  
with your windy breath  
nor with your fiery shots

this is the shaft of  
the sun  
it will become rubble in  
the eyes of dark fears  
and it will butcher  
the darkest of the nights

ask dark fears  
that they forget their vain desire  
to kill the light  
and warn those fiery guns  
to stop shooting the rays  
this is the ray of the sun  
the kiss of light  
and it will never die.

### **You too can**

I too was once  
a slave  
of those moments  
when suicide  
seemed the only solution

but I rose  
against my fears

and a cowardly stance

tore down those walls  
that encased my soul  
smashed the boundaries  
that restricted the flow of my dreams

I strove against petty scheming  
which rocked me to my grave  
against those that would butcher  
my smiles  
and laugh at my tears  
I gushed  
on the ambers which  
took my piece of earth  
from me  
I trampled helplessness  
which drew in whispers  
to my ear  
the vagaries of death

my courage challenged death  
and he fled

I lived thereon  
my heart breathed  
I frolicked

as I walked  
the shackles in my feet melted  
vulnerability shook away  
hard walls dampened  
ambers went cold  
and sprung  
from the sterile soils

waters of life  
the nectars for me  
and for my poetry

I did not commit suicide

I did not commit suicide  
I vied with death  
you too can choose  
as I did  
between life and death  
whenever it is hard on you  
when you think randomly  
that death redresses all wrongs  
and life is a mere play.

### **That night**

That night

I saw him  
in a dream

in the recesses  
of loneliness  
he had shone

like a flaming tree –  
as Gautama  
in a trance

the thought of Gautama  
stirred the Sujata in me

founts of  
love  
of tenderness  
and mercy  
sprung within me

I rose  
pining for him  
and walked towards  
the solitary wilderness  
where he sat

I the daughter of  
a milk man  
I do not know  
the wares of wisdom  
meditation  
light  
and  
salvation

the Vedas  
scriptures  
and  
philosophy  
are as unfamiliar to me

I just filled  
a bowl with milk  
and placed that in obeisance  
before him, the suffering  
Gautama

oh! he seemed to me  
a baby longing for his mother  
a heated desert  
a lover sick in separation

but the moment  
he touched his lips  
to the bowl  
there sprouted  
from his burning body  
soft petals of green  
and he became  
a green fulsome tree

whose leaves were as soft  
as the leaves of the shrub  
growing in the veranda  
and its shade  
was the shade of  
the Gaya tree.

### **About the Author**

Harpreet Kathuria is serving as Assistant. Professor in the Department of English, Govt. College for Girls, Patiala. Her poetry has appeared in South Asian Ensemble and various other platforms