

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