

ONCE UPON A NIGHT IN DELHI

- Richa Tripathi

Two beings walking alone in Delhi at Night,
Known as a heart of democracy and delight
A shame happened to them in the dark light
No one to save them from the haunting fright.

Whole nation is doomed to accept reality
Unable to eliminate corruption and cruelty
An innocent lamb trashed by rare criminality
Traumatized by shame on vanished humanity.

Countless twinges of perpetual twirls
Where each pendulum has distinct curls,
For a comatose God's fixture of hurls
For Him Men are string attached knurls.

An incurable deceased soul of young lass,
suffer by blood sarcoma & true love alas
Mixed wine and poison in the same glass
Sigh of inevitable curse and divine flaws

From heavenly home to hellish hospice
A drive from being mortal to inert device
Loved ones are all set for nasty surprise
As Always, True Love is ready to pay the price

A human spirit is standing by for departure
Yamaraj is forthcoming for a soul to capture
Losing a breath can be a toxic adventure
Vivacious structure turning into a sculpture

Talking through eyes with her superb dear
Basic theory of amour ends in blue tear
Nitty-gritty of life lives in smear of fear
Tap of her smile lighten the partial sphere

Parents are cursed by an enduring doom
A cherished flower consecrates on tomb
In place of becoming garland of a groom
Genetic mates inept to eject her from womb

A dying body is parting an unbound soul
Practicing love is experience of the whole
Approaching towards a charismatic hole
From concrete realism to abstract idyllic pole

Wait for death is the most courageous deed
A Passage to walk alone where no one to lead
Her peaceful death begins her trip to proceed
Death can't vie where hope determines to succeed.

TANDAV FOR LOVE

- Richa Tripathi

Oh My Shiva, if not you then who
Oh My Shiva, bless me with a lover resembling you
A supreme Almighty, a destroyer of evil, a perfect aficionado
Only you on earth, know how to love thoroughly
Not only to a mate but also to your devotees
Meant only for one, indifferent to other interruptions
Like a lotus leaf, within the water but unattached
Love only for everlasting pledge and devotion
Without Love, Tandav, wrath and destruction
Shiva and Parvati, belong to each other utterly
Not apart but one, the Ardhnareeswar composite
Half male and half female centre of this entire creation.
Inseparable and inevitable energies, beyond any corporal reach.

STILL CRY

- Richa Tripathi

Once again I am gloomy, tense, sad and alone,
Like a still water, smelly, grimy in dirty zone,
A young girl doomed to be an evicted crone,
Only a silence, rejection with a severed moan.

Every night I sleep in fright, ambiguity and terror,
Feels like taking birth on earth is a blunder error,
Every time I wake up in havoc, doubt and fear,
A mislaid contender o race beaten by peer.

Still my life is yearning for a true companion,
Still my eyes are waiting for a loyal champion,
As in draught, soil is craving for a foliage canyon,
Like a tired voyager is searching a shade of banyan.

Fought with difficulties but ready to compromise,
I prefer to be a fool in place of being sane and wise,
Going down in life's race and no chance for rise,
Follow your heart and get ready to pay the price.

PRAY FOR THE DEAD

- Richa Tripathi

We, all are voyagers,
Birth, life and death, inevitable toxic triangle,
Mortal explorer, celestial avengers.
You will approach and I will depart
Welcoming labour and death to mourn
An encounter to pass and test to undergo
Where fragile time is an earthly foe
Don't belittle that one dies
Don't pity on continual cries
'Being in life-circle' is momentary to astute
All human souls doomed to execute
Let's face it,
One day you will mingle in soil
Birth is fleeting and death is foreseeable
Dry tears till you are mortal
Entry is transient before exit
Heart of martyrs beat to retire
They know this corporal blend
Combination of earth, water, air, sky and fire
See a corpse, close your eyes
Hold thou hand, pray without lies
No fake cry, just a holy try
Utter some words in the heart
Bring him an eternal peace my divine God
Break free another human soul
Embrace, what is ultimately yours
And wait for me, someday I will come
Pray for the dead till it's my turn
It may happen,
Somewhere, someone will plea for me
Bring him eternal peace and enlightenment
My Almighty, here approaching another deity
Open your heaven for another welcome.

Dr. Richa Tripathi loves creative writing and specially poems. She teaches graduate students English and professional communication as an assistant professor at Galgotia Educational Institution(GCET, Gr. Noida). Her poems are having humanistic approach in them which has become the utmost necessity of the modern world. The First Poem “Once Upon a Night in Delhi” defines that dreadful night of 16th December which became the nightmare for NIRBHAYA, a gang rape victim. The poem, “Tandav for Love” explains a young lad’s wish to find love like Lord Shiva who is known for his everlasting love for SATI. The poem “Still Cry” explains the grief of an aloof girl for getting true love. The last poem, “Prey for the Dead” talks about writer’s plea to prey for the dead at the time of final goodbyes of earthly bodies and hopes that one day strangers will prey for him too.