

3 Poems By Asha Viswas

The Last Lot

1

When death is a nail away
And the long journey is almost ashore
When darkness is about to kiss silence
the inner- scape widens its dimension
and in that misty periphery of self
There is a more ancient him.

Memory comes from all quarters
Perhaps, memory of Capernaum ,
The faces of Sadducees and Pharisees,
and the horizontal beam must have
given him the familiar smell
he had always known as a carpenter.
This heavy piece was the last lot

2

And the restless, brooding one
feels the master needs not his brains
betrays him , comes to the country
outside the noisy Jerusalem.
His body suspended by a tree
moves between the light of the coins
and the shadow of the tree.
wood is his last lot too.

The Fall

You acted as one looking up

with belief in everything

and that is how we lost the white roses

so mercilessly trapped in the outside.

I admit, I too had my nightmares to face

but you seemed so sure we could still

regain what was lost.

I remember how lonely you felt

covered with sin and lost in shame

grief was writ large on your face.

On our way there was an open gate

and it was hard to stand the eddies of mud

from where we had our first look at the world

Suddenly the gate closed on us forever as we stepped through.

Silent Communication

As my mother lay dying
I sat beside her for
Five days and five nights.
I fed her as she must have fed me
When I was a child .

I often would bend my head
To listen to her word fragments
And sentence crumbs.
The third day they put a tube
Into her nose and I was deprived
Of the feeding I loved.

Still, her eyes and the look in them
Seemed to reassure communication
She seemed like an answer
To the unuttered cry of my soul.