

### 3 Poems by Asha Viswas

#### Beyond My Reach

Each photo frame with which  
the walls of our old house are punctuated  
flickers embers of recollection .

Old memories live in this house  
and they are much more than a smudge  
in the recesses of the brain.

Here is grandfather cuddling  
his four year old son, his last cuddle perhaps

This cute little son was my father.

In another frame I bask in  
the red saree my mother wears.  
She too, like my father, is a native  
of a lost province. Her open arms  
now beyond my reach, beyond my touch

A misty rain fills the eyes.

Why is “yesterday” an unreachable distance.

## **So Many Dimensions**

First , she was geography to him ,  
an undiscovered, unexplored land  
hitherto completely unknown .

Soon the geography was turned  
into history , a mere name  
with a lost address.

He even turned her into biography  
while she wanted to live her own  
Autobiography.

Now the space within widens  
Bringing her the awareness  
of a more ancient she .

And when she digs deeper into  
the buried layers of self

There is no longer any pathos of pronouns.

Some dreams are coming into blooms.

## **The Shipwreck at Night**

The reflection of your face  
in the night river is closer  
to the one you encounter  
in the hinterlands of the unknown .

Here too the shifting perspectives  
and dark surfaces that transmute  
the texture of your day.

Your own face suddenly grows cold  
and dark like that of a drowned man.

Your eyes, nose and lips  
almost the whole face  
that looks back at you from the dark river

Writhes in unearthly grimaces .

The river reveals its true identity  
only at night , the mystery of life  
is revealed at the moment of death .