

Amrit Mishra

The Vineyard of Memories

I remember the repugnant smell of loss
I remember the moistened eyes
There is no Karma business here
What is lost is lost forever!

Scars are no more a skin thing
There are dents in a million hearts
Where do you bring that mannequin smile from?
A spasm you carried from your last remembered loss?

Some were promised the eternal return
The others await other saviors
Meanwhile prying on each other
The preachers preach their lot

I do not know if Hindus, Sikhs or Muslims
Feel hunger differently
All I know is both beggary and knavery
Practice no religion- for hunger is their God

You live intoxicated- die intoxicated
Reeling in your fear
Life is but a dusty haze
A vineyard one must clear.

After the End of Inertia

Remember the pull out into this world?
How unpleasant it was to that infant
Wailing while the other chuckled,
Celebrated with sweets and more

Stealthily life crept into you
With all its infirmities- insecurities behind the door
Let alone the big problems and big solutions

I have seen into the heart of man

I have seen men praising cowardice
Calling it practicality
Holding on to temporal visions
Of fame, wealth and the afterlife

The prayers will come to an end
All fathers go back to the sands
And mothers wail till the end
We pass like foul smells passing through barren lands

Laurels, castles and other paraphernalia
The half lived promises of eternal oneness
Are but a matter of one breath more and another less
The human drama of inertia

From Motherhood to Widowhood: A Tale

My mother was servile
They called her as simple as a cow
She bred me, fed me and did all that
A woman's duty they called it then

She never got tired, only she sweated
Sometimes making my bed
And sometimes being my father's
And yet she was hated

I grew up and separated
I was grown up after all
Yes she felt left on an isle
Yet she was too young to be fragile

I remember that night
When drunk after a fight
My strong father!
Jumped off the bridge and died

They broke her bangles, helped her cry
She didn't say a word then
She doesn't say a word now
Only shakes a little and gazes through her silent eye.

City lights and Metro Dreams

In the city of success, away from their small town place
Small people struggle to become big people
Big as the buildings, posh as the limousines
Ashamed of their small town ways

They pretend a certain tongue
They try hard not to gaze
At the gaping inequality
They know not what they chase

They are quick to self impose
Pictures in every pose
From the Gateway, The Taj and Hotel Hill Rose
Proclaiming progress and success at a young age

Yet when at night, the city sleeps to rise
Those love bereft eyes, they wait
They wait to be rescued, to be saved
From the sin of their lies

Men without roots
Like vultures in the skies
They rise, Yes they rise
And yet the sad owl sighs!

About the Poet

Amrit Mishra is a Junior Research Fellow in the Department of English Literature at the English and Foreign Language University, Hyderabad, India. He has a Masters in English Literature from St. Xavier's College, Ranchi India. His poems have been published in the past in his college magazine. He has presented papers at several national and international conferences and has several international publications to his credit. He is interested in poetry and music alongside academics.