

Debasish Parashar

there is a city inside your body

there is a city inside your body
noisy, cloudy and ancient

just that

I have inhabited its ghettos to fill up
its silences

I have lived its margins like a dangerous supplement
resisting and fighting
the blue hours
scattered around your eyes

there is a city inside your body
I have inhabited the corners of that city
clumsy

and rain-clad
gathering roots of *nirvana*

how lovely

the way

you spread your city skies and I embrace its
moon

dimmed by the light-holes of your citylights !

very often than not I steal

stars from your skies

I bury them in

moidams of memory with legends of dead kings

and local heroes for them to transcend spaces of memory
and life

stars stolen from your therapeutic skies can paint hues of

beautiful times.

Infinity is Finite

He asked her, "Who are you young lady?"

She said, "I am a stargazer. I can love you all night! I can stay awake for nights

without dreaming, waiting for blue supernovas to blush tamarind skies. I am a

stargazer. I can love you all night!"

He said, "There is no point in waiting for blue supernovas to blush when our hearts

are not blue "

She said with a smile, "Blood is blue. Love bleeds. I wish I could jump into a black

hole till a point of no return."

He said, "Infinity is finite. I can sense that."

She asked "Are we even talking?"

He said, "Till a point of no return!"

She asked, "Have you ever thought about becoming a stargazer? When your eyes

become your body?"

He said, "I am unbecoming!"

She said with a smile, "If you were impressed by the supernovas, you were awake."

He said, "I must not know. Infinity is finite. I can think that."

She said, "I am truly surprised! Surprised like a bird!"

He said, "Surprises are full of lies. I don't really remember
where I have lost my
surprises!"

Drunken Selfies

I am a little drunk right now
as if I am naked and shot at point blank
for a ban. Drunk as if smitten by this
night lazily femme fatale with disheveled cloths in her
boudoir.

Kamayani. This night is a crazy melancholy with eyes of
longing.

A pair of eyes with *viraha* can be so attractive. All puzzles
are.

I am so drunk that I can see.

I can hear clouds killing birds with a tipsy sun and I can
smell the sun breathe.

I wish birds were a republic of sentiments

could fly a bachata, sensual and sexy ;
could fly like a frizzy piece of jazz cutting Van Gough's ear
into pieces. *Darshana* is
drishti.

I am drunk right now. Really drunk.
Sometimes my nights are full of dualities and paradoxes
like drunken selfies.
Sometimes erotic like a lazy husky voice.

An oasis a plateau a carnivore a serpent
a *prarthana* an idiom a circle a kiss
a *mrityu* a confession
a *moksha* an apology
a *shringara* a *trivanga*
a *karma* an *apasmara*
a *lihaaf* a *doha* and what not !
My nights have many faces
but not a ban.

I wish I could fear death more than
I fear formalities

there is a city inside your body, Infinity is Finite, Drunken Selfies
Debasish Parashar



Debasish Parashar is an Assistant Professor of English Literature at the University of Delhi. He enjoys singing when he is not surprised.

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