An Exile

Living in a foreign land
for so many years
at a stretch
makes you an exile,
dreaming ever of your home ’n’ hearth.

You breathe in strange air,
consume others’ food ’n’ water,
’n’ learn another language,
’n’ partly behave as they do –
as the situation compels you.

My Bonds With The Earth

I’ve never tasted
the flavour of nectar,
ever seen the Garden of Eden,
ever smelt the flowers blooming there.

I’ve never marked
how Satan seduced Eve,
how he metamorphosed himself
into a snake licking dew.

I’ve never visualized
where Indra arranged his throne,
ever tried to imagine
where angels ’n’ fairies had grown.

I know my limits,
my bonds with the earth;
I can never transgress them
in sorrow or mirth.

A.N. Dwivedi