

Poetry Series

Vachaspati Dwivedi
- poems -

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Vachaspati Dwivedi(07-08-1968)

Dr. Vachaspati Dwivedi teaches English at S.V.P.G. College Deoria since 2000. He has also taught English to Ethiopian and Libyan students during his tenure at Haramaya University Ethiopia and Al Fateh University Tripoli. He has published a book entitled The Fictional Art of Arun Joshi with Atlantic Publishers New Delhi in 2004 and has also contributed many papers to international and national journals. His poems deal with the sad angle of human life which often puts humans in a complex situation. Only those with an undaunted spirit can win this is the editor of a journal entitled CRITICAL PARADIGM, ISSN No.2249-5665 published annually in the field of English studies.

At Crossroads...

Pulling, pushing the weight of life
Through the years,
I reached the crossroads...

It posed the questions:
Which course to take?
Which to abandon?
Never was it
So unthought-of, so undone.

A generation, old, tired - yet brave,
Ready to depart.
Another, though new,
Volatile, unshaped, unformed...
I was stuck, amid, between...
The dusty winds and the foreign land
Heightened my misery.

I waited in doubt...
For hours, for days...
Used my experience, the moral ways,
My craving for wealth, the ends to face.
Far from a clue, or any accord,
I was humbled and I prayed to the Lord
Recalled His face,
His patient look, His smiling gaze...

He said, "My son, calm your heart.
Enjoy your mirth, wait till time
Unfolds its face, of birth and death,
Happiness and sorrow...
For all that you see, all is Me...
Yesterday, today and tomorrow..."
(Written on 24th Feb.2009)

Vachaspati Dwivedi

Autumn's Reign

"India is shining! "
"India is incredible! "
"Jai Jawan, Jai Kisaan! "
Nice slogans indeed!
while we see
country ants
crawling under the weight
of fertilizers and diesel
ready to give up with suicide
or a breakdown
and we rejoice amid
Sprawling Malls and empty Cuisines.

The Knights of Kargill
sacrificed their lives
were 'Indian' to the core
and how we fooled them
by giving "Aadrsha" to all
Betrayers, Swindlers, Traitors of truth
Instead.

Do you remember?
how it all began
when the British left?
It was a dream of Spring.
someone called "tryst with destiny"
they made promises to abolish
Caste and Corruption
most abominable Cancers
but we end up counting
un-Indian adjectives
Rajputs, Yadavs, Jats, Gujjars
and many more...
used in formulations, Elections and Equations
shattering the truce of India
And they brand me a "Brahmin"
"Stick to your boots" they say
as you can't change your Caste

and I look around for
traces of age old credentials
With peeping chicks and eggs in my kitchen.

Me, the inheritor of Spring
who taught you with zeal
truth, simplicity and character
ended up giving bribe at D'S office
for just demands
and I search for "Nirvana"
if it is to be found
anywhere. We suffer,
Succumb, and join them
In the perpetual doom
And the entity of motherland
A naked babe
In Autumn's reign.

Vachaspati Dwivedi

Bits Of Life

Life is no sanctuary
Of desire and fulfillment
Each day extends
Vagaries of nothingness
And I go on
Eating solitude and slow time
Bit by bit
With silence.

My walks to the beach
Brings images intermixed
The chopping of waves
The hustling of winds
Amid chicken roasting streets
And I go on
Eating solitude and slow time
Bit by bit
With silence.

I often ask,
Is it my life
For which I pursued forth?
Mind approves...
Heart denies...
And I go on
Eating solitude and slow time
Bit by bit
With silence.

My look to the East
Brings memories on sea waves,
Children, wife, parents,
Kinsfolk, friends, teachers...
Inheriting a loss,
I go on
Eating solitude and slow time
Bit by bit
With silence.

(Composed on 15 Jan. 2009 in Tripoli)

Vachaspati Dwivedi

Dressings

Dressings, bitter and sweet
Sour and stale
Bright and dim
Perplexing and dazzling
Feed his table
Unawares,
He knows not
From where
For what
Till when?

He, a small guy
Waits for satiety
Being fed up
With false hopes
Endless aspirations, dreams
All false, what next
Fasting, praying
Waiting in lonely rooms
Framing pretexts
For what? He knows not.

His search for meanings
End in a labyrinth
Extending further
And further
Beyond horizons.
No Ulysses
Could claim a respite
Amid barren crags,
Unyielding efforts
For what? Till when
He knows not.

□

(Jan 2010) □

Vachaspati Dwivedi

Home And Islands

I have a home in memories
Small but fulsome,
Unknown, but near to my self
Where I was brought up in half clad, dusty clothes
Smelling of mustard
Saw life- free as the wind
Colored as the grass, embracing as the pond
Shady as the trees around
A space- populous as anthills
And mud-houses joined by roofs.

A village- unknown to Google
Somewhere on the fringes of earth
Gave me an identity-I belong to it
Without any card- whatever
And I long for it- as a song of love
To be refrained again.

Time has changed
And so are we, living in islands
Curtained with steel and rocks
Enlivening an age of disbelief
With news, neighbors and neglect
Of bonds -where severance rules the roost
Where we as bonded laborers of time
Crawl our way through empty pastimes.

Vachaspati Dwivedi

Leaders And People

My father once said...
There were leaders and people
Forced in slavery
Doing Satyagraha
Sharing lathis, boots and abuses
Endless pains and bullets
Of the British
For Independence.

In 1947, they went back home
Rejoicing
And made a 'tryst with destiny'
Fasting and feasting
Thirsting for dreams
All gathered waiting.

Now I see
Lonely men
Sans their leaders
Where are they gone?
Today they are senior bachelors
"who are more equal than us"
Driving their limousines.

Now we are at an impasse
Where our future
Gapes at us
Like a big hollow.
Do they recognize "cattle class"
Who wait in silence
And lose their dreams.

Vachaspati Dwivedi