

1. Desert

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I keep digging
The unceasing desert
With pickaxe.
Without shoes
And a cloth
On my body,
For I get a drop
of love.
The sun rains fire
On my head and
I kept hitting
The pickaxe into the sand
of the desert,
Futilely.
I get fainted with
The driest lips.
Again, dew drops of
The next morning
Will stimulate a new hope.
I again with pickaxe
Begin Striking
The endless sand
of the desert,
Futilely.



P J L S

2. A Bowlful Venom

I twist my bones while toiling for you
I squeeze my veins and ooze blood from glands,
My throat gets as dry as dust storm,
Swirling thirst makes me dizzy.
I now see darkness embracing me,
I mumble water, water, water.
A dusty, damaged, dented and detrimental bowl is served in disgust.
A man with pigtail pours water from
The distance,
Can you even imagine its bitterness?
Far more bitter and venomous than
Of Shiva would've experienced.
Each sip is so corrosive that gets
My thirst ablaze.
Water douses fire but your holy
Water flares up when touches
A Dalit.