

Urban Diaries

I

Thumping like a shivering drum,
The gaze operates watching the strumming
Emotions deep within the self:
As
The crescendo rises in an operatic frenzy,
There is a breath of recognition,
As the trembling walls loom in,
Seeming to hold in a virtual embrace,
The very nature of time,
There is a shiver of hope or despair,
As the waves cut through the bone,
The strum of the memory flows resounding
Within the deepest sinews,
In ebbs and flows,
Debating one's space within this universe,
The leaning wall lends support,
Somewhere an effort to escape
That symphony.

P J L S
II

Lets find out if we can, a space beyond a table,
Out of the bland conversations that dry up like
a wilting flower,
People can be boring with their self defenses,
Afraid like the whimpering self that hides under
the table cloth,

Shrinking it like my words I speak.
The creaky tottering chair and the shifty eyes,
Holding on to the words that slip,
The hanging spider hears it all,
Weaving a web around, are they real it
wonders,
What webs they spin; they must be kin.

III

Its a long silence as the breath
congeals into long strips;
That lie's on the plate like a decorated
wedding,
Probably just long enough to hold
hoping,
For many a life time away lies a seed;
Too far away is that moment; to see a
tree that time holds,
The whispering air comforts,
Creating ripples in the wispy strands,
The hard chair questions biting
resolutely into the silence;
Into the huge slices of the present.

- Balaji Ranganathan

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