

Poetry Series

**Deepak Manchanda of
Delhi
- poems -**

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Deepak Manchanda of Delhi(Sep 5)

A B And C

Once in a very Important Fraction
A B and C went over X Y and Z
In a bid that would Divide
And Bracket the Result

A being greater than B and C
Multiplied with B and Added C
As a result A B and C grew Exponentially
Because the Sum of the parts was greater than Each

X Y and Z on the other hand
Facing the Probability of P
And the poor Timing of T
Searched frantically for the support of K L and M
To make a Square Root raised to the Power Q

A B and C then came to the conclusion
Support of Alpha Beta and Gamma
Would also be needed for inclusion
Or else the Proof would be lost in confusion

In the end X Y and Z
Paired with a Matrix of K L and M
Stood facing Squarely
An encirclement by the ranks of A B and C
Which was guarded by the Constant of Pi
That had been raised to the Power of N

But then
Entered suddenly Variable V
And destroyed the whole Equation.

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

A Pack Of Lies

His eyes gleamed
His forehead furrowed
He smiled a crooked smile

They said, "Your pick"

There was a crackle of notes
And a jingle of coins
He licked his lips

The ice was melting
He took a quick sip

They dealt
He played

The cigarette was stubbed
The pack was rubbed
Eyes narrowed
He shuffled

With a flourish
He dealt

The Pack of Lies.

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This was written in 1967

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

A Very Straight Line

A Very Straight Line
Accosted me one day
At, where else, but
An intersection

You are a Deviant
He said
Your points are directionless
Your angles are obtuse

I protested.
We have the same points
But differences of perspective
I said.

I know the circles you move in
Went on
The Very Straight Line
You are self-centred
Closed
And do not fit

The squares, he said
Are a lot more accommodating
And even the rectangulars -
Although a little too perimetric

Just then
Appeared a Polygon
And an Octagon
(Hexagon was at the Hives)
To discuss the views
Of the Very Straight Line

Don't pay heed
They said
About the Very Straight Line
To that ancient old Hypotenuse
Supported by a couple of Squares.

His beliefs, they said
Are really those
Of a bigoted
Ignoramus.

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Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

As I Sat Down...

As I sat down to pray today
Santi om mani padme hum
Came a voice thru the sky
Do you need a home to buy?
Peace be upon you I said
You sir have a fine day

As I sat down to paint today
Cherry red splashed on gouache of leaf green
Came a cheery voice across the sky
Do you want a car to try?
Peace be upon you lad, I said.
You sir have a fine day.

As I sat down to compose a few fine thoughts today
Little words chasing big thoughts
Came a sombre voice via the sky
Sir, for the children and charities will you care?
Peace be upon you, miss
May you have a fine day then

As I sat down today
To break my daily bread
I had a missed call
From the CEO
Union of tele-callers
Amen

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

Attention Please *

Spread before me was the grandeur of sky, sea and land
But in a moment the sky was dark as night
With mighty thunder and lightning flash, neon bright:

'There is much to behold, but
PAY PER VIEW'

I think I saw in a blink

In the darkened chamber at the Holy Place
Pierced by a narrow beam of light from high above
Adding sparkle to the gold and velvet
Amidst the incense, candles and incantations:

'Prayer is the subject matter of solicitation
READ THE SCRIPTURES WITH CARE'

I think is what I solemnly heard

Standing amidst the trees
Breathing air with the fresh fragrance of flowers
Amidst the gentle rustle of leaves
A piece of paper fluttered down to me from the sky:

'If you wish to continue receiving services
JUST SIGN HERE'

I think is what it read.

*Important Notice from The Management

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

Captive

Wisps of floating white cloud
In the stark blue sky

Green sprouting seedling
On the stony grey wall

Angelic sparkling beauty
Amidst the crowds of lifeless forms

The bright yellow cottage with red flowers
On the naked brown hill

A warm red glow of love
In the tangled blackness of the undergrowth

Pearly white feathers that flutter and fall
Against the shining steel of the cage

You are my poem
All mine to hold
Captive and tight

All mine
To hold

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

Curiosity

Welcome.

To far-off, dark Deep Space

Of whatever kind you have in your mind

Dial One for Curiosity

But you may have to hold

While its millions of miles away

Dial Two for Vision

And you will begin to see the possibilities.

Dial Three for Tenacity

But have the strength to hold on

Dial Four for Planning

To get to the last detail

But most of all

Don't forget to Dial Five

After the Beep

For Imagination

That remains behind to see what Curiosity brings.

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

Did You Do?

The morning light dawns
The clock begins to chime
In my head
(And even from under my bed)
Did you do?
Did you do?
The world begins to sound

Did you do - come the sounds
Honey did you?
Daddy did you do?
Did you think?
Did you do, Sir?
Did you? The phone rings
Did you did you did you?
Even the next-door dog yaps

The Bank wants to know
Did you?
The Boss demands
Did you? Did you do?
Did you hear?
Did you read?
Did you? The Nation wants to know
Did you? The world needs saving

Did you buy?
Did you send?
Did you post?
Did you consider?
Did you propose?
Did you collect?
Did you pay?
Did you give?
Did you did you did you?

Did you do what you had to do?
The did-you-do's
Keep sounding

I have to admit
I did not do

I did not do
You see
First I just had to
Do this...
Doodle do

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Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

Ek Aam

Mai ek Aam Pichak raha tha
Ki achanak
Usme se nikli
Kood Ke - ek guthli

Sir jee iss Aam se bachane Ke liye
Thank you.
Kaha usne.
Ab Kuch bhi maangiye inaan

Mere honthon se
Aam ka Ras Tapak raha tha
Mooh mein Tha
Aam Ke gooday ka swaad

Mai ek Aam pichak raha tha
Jab Ke usme se kood nikli thi
Yeh guthli

Sir jee
Kuch bhi maangiye inaan
Boli guthli

Maine kaha
Nahi hai yeh mera Daam
Aam ke saath hai mera Imaan
Mai kya jaanoo guthli ka Kaam!

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Ek Din Mairay Vichaar Mein

Ek din achaanak
Mairay vichaar mein
Woh tappak padi

Tum iss jageh Kaise?
Mainay poocha

Bus yoon hi
Awaaz sunni. Chali aayee.
Woh boli.

Yahaan bahut hull chull hai
Ek saath baithne
Ka bhi time nahi hai
Mai bola

Ussne chupke say
Maira haath thaam liya
Aur chotti si muskaan ke saath boli
Ghabrao mathh
Ek konay mein khaddi
Tumhare vichaar ka takada loongi

Kya patta
Maira vichaar bhi
Yahin mill jaye!

Nattija yeh
Abhi takk woh
Reh rahi hai
Mairay vichaar mein

Bina koi bhi Agreement ke.

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Ek Fresh Soch

Aao dimaag ke ghode bhagaaye
Aur ek fresh soch sochey

Aao dil ke teetar udaaye
Aur ek fresh soch sochey

Aao kursi se uthkar duur ki daudh lagaaye
Aur ek fresh soch ko lekar aaye

Aao paraayon ki aankhon mein jhaankar
Kisi fresh soch ko paaye

Aao aap aur hum ek hi soch sochkar
Koi nayee si duniya banaaye

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Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

He Who

He Who

Walks with a boyish spring

In his step

He Who

Talks with a twinkle

In his eye

He Who

Smiles straight in the eye

With a poem in his heart

He Who

Touches lightly

But from deep within

He Who

Is tallest amongst all

Without any feeling short

He Who

Whoever he is

Is the ONE.

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

Hello, Love

Back when telephones were still heavy black
Dials were round and the operator interrupted
"Three minutes over";
We said hello.

Back when matinees were Summer Holidays
The radio played Date Requests
Milkshakes were still served in glass
With American Pie and the music never died
Hello.

Back when we gazed with pride
At our little bundle all wrapped
In baby fragrant sheets
Changing nappies and understanding colic
Hello.

Back to those sunny days
Of picnics in the sand by the sea
Rushing to doctor when baby swallowed a pea
Getting them ready in time for the bus
Trying hopefully for that Grade plus
Hello

Back when sweet laughter bounced
Happily across the dinner table
Anger rose with dawn
And came crying at night - to bed
When tears stomped out the front door
But soon settled with soft smiles
Hello

Back when in a garden of marigold
Amidst the sound of laughter and music
And our little girl dressed as bride
We said goodbye
And hello.

Back when wrapped up in blankets

We admired the twinkling sky
Or - lay sprawled on the couch
Flicking lazily through TV channels
Hello

Hello.
Now what did I do
With my reading glasses
And here, pass me them those
Teeth of mine from out there
Would you?
Love.

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

Hesitations

Like one building a high wall
Brick by brick
I build a higher and higher tower
Of hesitations
And stand myself up on top of it.
As I look down then, all around
From my portion of sky

Hesitating.
Hesitating.
To say
This is my fault. I apologise.
To laugh.
And cry, as all other creatures do.

From my tower
Amidst the Gardens
Of sweet fruit and bright flowers below
I see

The wife with whom I would not speak
An exciting stranger to whom I could not smile
A spirited boor with whom I should not mix
And all the fantasies at which I could only look.

Climbing.
Brick by brick
Rising
Over the plundered Garden all around
I hesitate.
Mop the sweat off my brow
And then build
□
A loftier tower
Brick by brick.

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

I Am The Idea

Born in the womb of your creativity
I am the Line
Lovingly caressed by your hands
Slim; smooth; shapely.
To be admired. To be held.

I am.
Shaped with Steel.
Crafted by Fire.
Sped by Endeavour.
As I appear amidst you.

I am the Word.
Carried; Around the World.
As I overflow with the sweetness of my contents.
I am Loved.
As my mouth touches your lips.
And then dumped.
To be reborn.
And Reborn.
To appear yet again.
Again; again; again.

Long after you will be ashes.
And vanish.
You - a mere Mortal.
Forever am I - the Bottle.

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

If Any

State clearly here below
In block letters neatly in black
Your earned or worthy
Or given and
Last loved Name

If any

In the space provided
Paste full face photo
To be scrutinized, assessed, authorized
And stamped in purple
For permission

If any

Disclose in the checklist
As applicable
Your position, bank and affiliation
And size, shape and color
And gender

If any

In the space of a few words
Or preferably less
Request politely and with courtesy
Without prejudice - your appeal
For consideration

If any

Acknowledge gratefully
In full detail with humility
All that is done for you
By the Great Honorable
In your Life

If any

To confirm
And accept gratefully

Sign here

And provide
Duly authorized, attested with proof
Your Certificate
Of Existence

If any

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Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

Its Been Found

It's been known.
It's been found.
A wrong has certainly been done.
But no one really is in the wrong.
Truth is certainly here.
But honesty has no one out there.

It's been found.
The loudest cries are from where
The voices are not really there.
What is being said
Is not where the heart really is

It certainly is getting known
That the papers may be all complete
But for permission there really is no chance

It's been found
That the demand is from the place
Where there is no real want
What is being seen
Is not what it actually is

It's been found
That what is being found
Is no use really
to anyone at all

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

Just One

Darkness quietly fading
Green red electronic remote lights around room
Staring silently; Expectantly waiting
Clock inside me biologically ticking
Remember the fragrance of last night's perfume
Fragrance of perfume?
Fragrance? I cannot smell.
I cannot smell!
I hear myself yell
For the loss of smell; The yell I cannot hear.
I cannot hear!

Into the unending darkness I stare.
To see whatever it is out there.
Darkness. Darkness. I cannot see.
I cannot see!
Deeply inhaling, I try to breathe.
As I feel me still.
Surely, I will not live until
I breathe.
I cannot breathe!

This cannot be the end.
There is a lot more to attend.
Bills to pay.
Bills to pay!

Whatever there is; there is more.
Symptoms - no more.
Just
One
More
Snore.

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Kismet Doosre Raaste Ja Rahi Thi

Paper padhte samay nazar aaii
Doosre compartment mein
Patri ke ooss paar
Kismet doosre raaste ja rahi thi

Kaii baar phir
Exam hall ke under
Picture ke time
Khelon par
Patton ke saath ofcourse
Ya phir Mall ke under ghoomti hui
Kismet aur uski vichitra saathi
Jackpot
Hamesha doosra kinara mudh rahe the
Hamesha doosre raaste ja rahe the

Kismet doosre raaste ja rahi thi
Upside ke escalator par
Jab bhi mein downside ja raha tha
Hamesha

Maine phir faisla kiya
Lekar chala tha apna dil
Aur apne cards
Usse milne - ki jab
Aa khadi hui mere darwaze
Miss Musibat.

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

Life In Color

Here let me tell you,
In black and white
If you think you are Right,
Or even if you are the Left
You must brush in -
Large patches of grey

But if you live in the deep
World of dark shadows
Impenetrable light-less depths
Then you need
Strokes of bright yellow
And polka dots of flaming red

If, on the other hand
You are suffocated
And enclosed largely -
There is nothing better
Than adding the space and clarity
Of gentle blue ripples
Of varying greens
In swirls and spots

And if - around you
Is the sound of good cheer
The tender sound of love;
Pitter patter of little feet
Then highlights -
Of pink and purple
With shades of gold and dark brown
Will have to be a must.

In outline, then
For the landscape
Of your life
In this way you will find
Beautiful ways to add
Delight, feeling and wonder
To color your life artfully.

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Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

Life Manual

You see
It's all very simple.
Press here to start

Follow those red green yellow paths
Open the dialog box
Tap into your thoughts
Breathe deeply the fresh fragrance
Touch here to feel the sensations
Hold the joystick gently
Sway lightly with the movement
In the sparkle of the lights

Turn the knob
Kit kit kit kitishk

Behold the power rumble inside
In pinpoint of blinking neons
Then see it all
Go into a spin
Press control delete
And alter to a higher state

You see
It's all very simple

But always, always
Always remember

To switch
The lights off
Before you Die.

Deepak Manchanda
Feb 13,2014

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

Light Up

Our heads almost touching
Our hands the other's cupping
We strike a match
And light up!

The glowing orange warmth spreads
Radiates and sparkles from your face
And in the loveliness
Breathe.

Surely smoothness has never been so satisfying.

But
Moments that happiness blends
Moments and moods that set the made for each other trend
The Surgeon General advises
And Statutorily Warns:
Quickly must be tossed away
As butts.

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

Look!

Look

My wise friend said
If you want to stop just living
And get a life
Then get the LOOK.

His bracelets jangled as he spoke
His ruby gold ring glinted brightly in the light

Look

My wise friend said
Do you want to just be there?
Or do you want to be seen?
Then get yourself the LOOK.

He nodded lightly at passers-by as he spoke
His pony tail rustled gently in the breeze

Look

My wise friend said
Do you want to just be Still Life?
Or become a part of Style Life?
Then go get the LOOK.

His trousers were printed a fluorescent green
His jacket was a half-sleeve open front plum red cool

The LOOK?

I asked
Like Western chic?
Or ethnic intellectual?
Maybe just flamboyant fashionista!
Hair – with bounce or without?

What then is the Secret?

Look! Look! Look!
You're getting this wrong, he said
Here take this

He handed me an envelope
On top of which was written
Look Within

The envelope had nothing within
I am still looking.

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New Delhi 13.07.2015

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

Luck Was Going The Other Way

I spotted her first
Over my news paper
In the other compartment
Across the track
Luck was going the other way

Several times again
In the exam hall
At the movies
At the games
Ofcourse with cards
Or simply strolling the mall
Luck, and her charismatic companion
Jackpot
Were always turning the other corner
Always going the other way

Luck was going the other way
On the up escalator
As I rode the down
Always

I decided then to visit her
With all my cards
And a brave smile on my face
I was to go and visit the Lady
But just then at my door I found
Miss Fortune.

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

Mairay After - Or When I Am Gone

The fish in the stagnating river
Covered in sludge
And smelling of sewage
Bobbed up to the surface
And said
Life is short brother
Take care of this river
Mairay after

Out of the pale grey dusty sky
Beak open and exhausted
The little bird came and said at my window
Phew! Climate Change. Cellphone towers.
My friend - life is short.
Look after this wide open sky
Mairay after

Across the garbage littered path
Carrying a heavy load home
The busy ant paused a while to say
Hey! This world is huge
But life is very short my dear
Take care of it
Mairay after

Covered in dust and soot
By the roadside struggling to live
A tiny flower of brightness
Seemed to say
Life is short my friend
Take care if it
Mairay after

At the Foundation Stone
And dedication ceremony
Amidst marigold and incense
The V V I P patted the head
Of the puzzled little boy watching
And said

How else how will you remember me Beta ji
Mairay after.

* NOTE

Mairay After (Hindi + English) = After Me or - When I am no
more

Beta ji = My son

V V I P = Very Very Important Person

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Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

My Office Has Many Doors

My office has many doors

Doors

Doors that open

Doors that do not

Doors that jam

Close, and do not open

Doors

Doors that are wide

Doors that are not

Doors, like narrow slots

Thin, cannot open anymore

Doors for every floor

Metallic, to lift

Glass

Wood

And brassy knobs

Doors, doors

For every floor

Doors that swing

Others that revolve

Those that are opened

For some

Others that unlock

Rest of the flock

Doors

Behind I leave the last, to see

There, up above

A window

And in it, smiling

The face I love.

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

Not An Issue

Water, you see is God's will
Our constituency is thirsty
You can find your own of course

□

Not an issue, I said.

Bijli, you see is scarce
We must use it first for lighting
For airconditioned luxury
You can make your own

Not an issue, I said.

Roads, you see cannot come
If industry does not provide
To remove the potholes to growth

Not an issue, I said.

Food grains, you see are Bumper
Needed for Nation's security
To feed your starving neighbor
Is your moral duty

Not an issue, I said.

Health, you see is natural
Population must control itself
Live a lifestyle you can afford

Not an issue, I said.

Education, you see in our tradition
Is ancient and hereditary
But if you prefer modern decadence, you must go abroad

Not an issue, I said.

To see the nation grow, you see

You must give your arm and leg
And of course let us sit on your head.

Not an issue, I said.

At the Global Forum
The Nations asked
What is it that your people want?
For us - you see, was the reply

People are not really an issue!

Deepak Manchanda, New Delhi

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

One Day In My Mind

One day, suddenly
In my mind
She appeared

What are you doing in this place?
I asked.

Just like that.
I heard. And came along.
She replied.

There's too much happening here.
No time to hang about.
I said.

She reached out and held my hand.
And with a bit of a smile, said
Don't worry
I'll just stand in a corner
And watch what's on your mind

Maybe
I can find
My mind here too.

And so
She's been here
In my mind, ever since

Without any Agreement!

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Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

Pata Chala Hai

Pata Chala Hai
Pata Chala Hai
Ki chori toh hui hai
Per chor koi bhi nahi
Sacch toh yahaan hai
Per sacchai ke saath koi nahi

Pata Chala Hai
Jahan shor hai
Awaaz toh wahan hai hi nahi
Jo bola ja raha hai
Woh dil ki baat hai hi nahi

Pata toh chal raha hai
Ki kagaz saare puray hain
Per ijaazat ka chance hi nahin

Pata Chala Hai
Ki maang jahan ki hai
Bookh wahan hai hi nahi

Jo dikh raha hain
Woh hai hi nahi.

Pata chala hai
Jo pata chal raha hain
Woh kisi ke kaam ka hi nahi

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

Seat Spare

That seat in front
This one on the other side
Those others all around
Filling up fast
But the one next to me
Is spare

The mommy with three kids
Young couple holding hands
An old man with a stick
All give me a look
But the pretty lady with the book
Just passes coldly by
Hey! The seat next to me is spare.

About the missing owner
Of the seat next to me that is bare
Many thoughts begin to flare
Careless? Boss? Accident? Death?
Thinking these thoughts with care
About the missing owner is more than I can bear

With this wretched seat next to me spare
I wonder what all I may have to hear
For the unfulfilled responsibilities of my chair
You see, everyone around is beginning to stare

How will I ever make it from here to there
With people all around me
Over-flowing in rows of chairs
But the seat next to me
Spare!

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

The Dead Cat

The cat

Lay dead in the middle of the VIP road
Blood gore and splat

Cars went this way and that around it
Young boys skipping to school tossed pebbles at it
Passersby held hankies to their nose around it
A dog came wandering along, raised a leg and moved on

The cat

Lay dead in the middle of the VIP road
Blood gore and splat

A constable on the beat came by
Shouting frantically into his walkie-talkie
Dead cat, dead cat - over and out
A squad car soon came screeching
Dead cat, dead cat
The VIP cavalcade has soon to flutter by

The Sanitation Karamchari could not be found
The Removal Van was long ago broken down
The Driver was a Weaker Section vacancy
By Court Order, the Fire Brigade could not be disturbed

Dead cat must go commanded the Chief

Cruelty, said Animal Rights
Driving madness, said Traffic Commissioner
Omen, intoned the Astrologer
Community sensitization, wanted the Sociologist
Public Private Partnership, suggested the Consultant
The Economist, meanwhile, was lost somewhere in words

The cat

Lay dead in the middle of the VIP road
Blood gore and splat

The VIP cavalcade

With red beacons
And flags
Was soon to flutter by

Blood gore and splat
Along came a cameraperson
Now to bring you from the VIP Road
Live - 'The Dead Cat'

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

There Was

There was vast open space
Below the dark blue cloudless sky
There was
The rolling pasture and gentle streams
With the soft green grass over the moist brown earth
There were wild, zig-zagging gallops
Black mane and tail flowing in the wind
There were gentle trots and graceful jumps
Rippling muscles and velvet black
Steaming nostrils and shining big eyes

There was
The golden warmth of hay
And the tender glow of Motherly love
There was the good life to live - to be good

There was
Kind and gentle Squire Gordon
Grooms Joe and James, ever caring
There were the whoops of running wild
With Ginger, Merrylegs and Sir Oliver
There was

Then
Suddenly a change of time
A new life pulled by a rein
An accident
A new master - tough and rough

There was
Cheerful Ginger no more
To exchange passing nods
There were
Tears - and a hard job to do

In the endless gloom - then
There happened
A sudden joy
A flood of happy memories

There was again
The caring love of Joe Green

But there could never be
Caring, happiness and joyful abandon
Ever again - that was
Black Beauty

With apologies to the original Black Beauty by Anna Sewell,1877

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

True

It is true
But the truth it isn't

It is true when it is -
The Truth

It may be true
But the truth it may not be.

Truth is.

True is, is true
Is, is also true
Also, can be true

Your true - your truth
Ours;
The Truth!

True, dear true!
Will you be truth?

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

Uncle Ji

Line ke peeche se aakar
Pehle apni hi baat sunaakar
Sab kuch apne liye hi chaahte ho
Uncle ji kya yeh hai sahi?

Red signal per dhaak jamaakar
Paan ki bauchaar sadak per phenk kar
Constable ko do char naam suna aate ho
Uncle ji kya yeh hai sahi?

Bijli ki taar se meter utraakar
Paani ke tanker roz apne hi ghar par
Daily ka malba doosre per hi phenk jaate ho
Uncle ji kya yeh hai sahi?

Scooter per helmet na lekar
Auntyji aur teen baccha baby sametkar
Road per right se aur left se bhi aate jaate ho
Uncle ji kya yeh hai sahi?

Tinku ka yahan ice cream wrapper
Chintu ka wahan No 1
Pappu ke Papa ki hi Sir
Chalti hai idhar

Uncle ji - aur nahi.

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

Waiting For The Light* To Change

In the dust and din of the day
Amidst the traffic at the crossing of roads
Staring far into the potholed road ahead
I met a man drumming his fingers
On the steering wheel
 I'm waiting for the light to change, he said

By the side of the road
Amidst the grime, stray dogs and roar of traffic
I met a ragged man and his ragged wife
Feeding scraps of food to their baby
 We're waiting for the light to change, they said

On the far side, watching it all
Stood a man in uniform
A little bit this side and a little bit that
Of the law
 The light has got to change, he said

The school children by the zebra crossing
The muscled rickshaw wala sweating in the sun
The family of four riding on two wheels
The suited man with wife in black burqa
 They were all waiting for the light to change

Suddenly
In a screech of lights and sirens
With a cavalcade of guns, goons and glory boys
A Very Important Man
Went speeding by

 I too think
 The light must change, soon
 Some day

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

What The Word!

Every morning into the mirror
As I Book
And confirm my ID User
All kinds of passwords
Come twittering to my head

A password to call
A password to grouse
More to link-up, face-up and just yahoo
Or simply search - google eyed

A password to check my Statement
Another to Enter
And then a Pin to hold it all together

May I get a little service on the phone?
I ask the girl with the musical voice
Password please, she sings

Password please, is all around me

The next time around
Pass the word, please
When I'm asked the word
I think I'll just have to
Pass.

Deepak Manchanda of Delhi

When I Am Famous

When I am famous
And known to everyone
In my very own way
Suits boots jackets and ties
Weaves colors and styles
Alone will not do

When I am famous
And gazing at the crowd far below
Or zipping by those lining the street
Pausing a moment for the cameras
Just that alone will not do

When I am famous
When I am seen
More than being heard
I must certainly
Know and learn
And practice really - how to
Wave.

When I am famous
The first thing I must practice is
How to do a stately wave

Will I wave grandly like the orchestra conductor?
Or majestically - with a slight nod of head?

A wave with one hand
Stiffly wiping the air
Or a wave with both hands
Raised high over head?

A gentle slow moving rocking hand
Or just firm two fingers for victory?

A wave - pushing down the air
Or a supplicating wave raising both hands upwards?

A wave combined with a little body sway
Or a few quick steps to make the wave really special?

A wave to reach out far across the sea of faces
Or a wave with a fist to rouse a million hearts?

When I am famous
The first thing I really must know
Is - how to reach out
And make a stately wave.

When will I be famous?
When will I need to know how to wave?

For now let us
Just wave that question away.

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