

Poetry Series

**Rosmin Elsa Mohan**  
**- poems -**

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## Rosmin Elsa Mohan(21st December)

I am a researcher in Physics, specializing in Nonlinear Optics...

I enjoy silence and the woods.

I am passionate about love and all things beautiful.

I hate opportunists.

Writing gives me a personal aura.

I love Physics, the more i read about it, the more I am confused.. but that's whats its all about! !

I love traveling, every travel has highlighted the Me within me..

I believe in a higher power, but am too small to talk about religion.

I think that's it.. (for now! !)

# ' Arike '... So Close!

I was touched.

It killed me to learn and think  
To lure upon the feeling  
Undone.  
To realize, he was the one.  
To speak without words  
For words were a luxury then  
The magic of the eye that waved her wand  
To withstand.  
To understand.  
I knew at once

'Arike'  
So close

I was moved.  
The air as I breathed  
Gave in a message so deep  
Across the space that built in through  
And I knew  
As I felt it true

'Arike'  
So close ...

I was blessed.  
The love in him and in me to sink  
I saw beauty, I saw wonder  
To know that the greatest need  
Was close; so close indeed  
Beyond love without greed..

The language of the heart to hold me proud  
The silence to outlive a shouting crowd  
I knew it had but touched my soul  
A rhythm as in a gentle breeze

At ease.

'Arike '

So close.

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# ' Diya '

There were these times of my life, when things forever went wrong!

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I used to talk, but only to kill that silence within.  
I used to smile, but tears never stopped flowing.  
I used to study but the lines never had any meaning.  
And, I used to write too, but never with an instinct or feeling.

Then, one day

I got a lamp.

It was magical.  
For things changed.

I started talking without looking at the clock.  
Killing silence was a distant thing; I never could shut my mouth.  
I never again required a reason to smile.  
Studies, as usual seemed boring: but the best part, we failed together

And Writing...  
It could never have been better!

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# ' It Could Never Have Been Better... '

It all started on a traditional 'arranged marriage ' note  
Parents talked - exchanged photos and numbers..  
And of course it was for us to make - the crucial decision of a Yes or No.

Still couldn't figure out what life had in store..  
Prayed my heart out - desperately- wanted an answer..  
Got none..but prayers never ceased nor did tears..  
It was hard to breathe even before that Day..

when we finally met..  
Dec 7.

That day, when I found all my answers..  
As eyes met, a bridge was made..  
A bridge so silent yet so deep..

The 20 minute encounter hardly gave a moment to wander in time.. even dreams  
got localized..

It defined a new language..  
Words were less exchanged but thoughts were..  
Or even beyond..I now hardly know..  
But one thing was certain,

The answers to my prayers..

For now I realize what it all meant..  
Love  
Even in His word..

Patient and kind..  
Not jealous or boastful..  
Yes.  
I found in him - All...  
my Friend, my Partner, my Playmate, my Support, my Guide, my Teacher, my  
Lover....

My Life.

As days turned much brighter  
and nights less lonelier..  
A smile always lingered on..  
Months ticked like seconds and it now feels like ages...  
A beautiful portrait that s forever etched..  
In my heart...  
In my mind...  
In my soul...

Yes.

It could never have been better! !

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

## **\*\* December \*\***

December.

She never had been so easy to endure,  
The hardest part of her, am not just sure.  
The hours left back, for now does seem  
As a dawn to another era, unseen.

I wish now.  
For another December.

The morning breeze kissed my swollen face.  
The touch though cold, I felt no sore.  
I looked at the sky, in a solitary gaze.  
December, through her crimson core.

The woes and cries of the early crow,  
Seemed to me too mere a cry.  
A matter of life for it although,  
Dusted in me, memories so wry.

January head on, with an instant push,  
Toughness and arrogance to merge in too,  
February, my love, in a gentle lush,  
Caressed me all through, to think and do  
March was warm, save April so hot.  
To deceive, to fall into pieces apart.  
May hurried ado in a joyous leap,  
With success to count, and happiness to reap.

June. Wet in the summer rain,  
The streaks in which I buried my pain,  
To know not. To fear not. I'd learnt.  
Through the spasms that killed. Burnt.  
July to August were a perfect glee  
In travels to redeem the selfless Me.  
"Bon voyage", they said without regret to spare.  
To call back, nay! And smiles so bare.

September in lust, so turned me on.



I wished for more, but then she was gone.  
October, I prepared for zest and zeal,  
With outlooks changed. Attitudes did peal.  
November came in a misty glow.  
I wished to outlive. I wished to grow.  
But then I knew how time had flown.  
To make me wait for another unknown.

Encore.  
December came,  
Slow. But was she?  
Fast. How could she?  
But to learn so much; to fall and win  
To see the small in ev'ry big thing,  
I now wish.  
For another December.

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# A Toast To Poetry

Streams that flow in ink and out  
Rampant emotions to wilt yet sprout  
The ode to being the root for change  
In a world buried, so deadly estrange.  
In every thought a revolution strikes  
Blossoms of love, peace and earnest likes  
Hideous thoughts to wear a subtle skin  
In triumph, with words of her kin.

For the great spoke, the mighty wrote  
Words through which, lines did rule  
Skies did descend, the terra did float  
As visions grew wings; the pen: the tool.  
The blue turned green, the green to white  
The reason beyond all naked sight  
To be born so strong, to change and see  
To shun the wrong; to be and Let Be...

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On World Poetry Day,  
March 21 2012

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# Balloons...

I saw them fly high. Red, green, turquoise and in a rarest blend of living colours.

As a kid they were my best companions. I used to talk to them. They did answer too. Wordless conversations that grew stronger with the breeze. The elongated oval shaped ones weren't my favourites. There were times when I'd hurt them much, even killed those spasms of air in a needle prick. The long wiry ones were my defenders. The valiant swords in the petite hands of an eight year old. I used to fight all the dark forces knarled with ever increasing curiosity. The attic of a paternal ancestral home that gave enough room to drift in a world of my own. I remember their slimy warmth that I used to hug at nights; the hugs as grew tighter they would scoot out in screams that I hardly ever noticed amidst naïve dreams.

Balloons.

Today they were full of life, depicting moments which grew weaker with time and within me. Pointing fingers to the ever growing classes of colours. The convocation ceremony was nearing its dusk. Five years cocooned in a nutshell. The growing numbness of the heart seemed to be the notch of the day. Accelerated streaks filled the skies in form of hydrocarbons and toxins. Befriending the tipsy crackers were the shaped colours that flew high. Inert gases filled their empty stomachs. I wished it was nitrogen; at least it would have given them a moment to chill!

The heights they could surpass weren't trivial to trail. I continued to look as much as my eyes strained. I saw one free itself from the constraints of its string. The mob hurled and whistled. One that would have stayed unnoticed save for its chaotic behavior. The deceased had become the don.

It occurred to me that perhaps it was the air within that described them wholly. Without it they were lifeless too. In a moment to fly high, in a moment to slow down and finally perish. Some were killed too like with a sharp edge. But still the basic urge was to float with minimal worries for the most cherished period of their lifetime.

I looked around. A friend was holding a heart shaped one. The manufacturers who did mould these shapes were artists. Perfect shapes enhanced with sharp curves. It occurred to me that perhaps the colours were not so naïve as they did seem. To chose our own colours on this planet. Some were bright, others dull.

Some stumbled while the rest attained heights. There were yet the very few, who broke their strings only to stay aghast from their constrained lines.

To be free.

To fly.

For a moment I wished I had wings. To fly back in time, to the space where I always wanted to belong. I knew I had missed the bus. In lure of what science had to offer. I paused. To think of it, I still am what I was. Science had advanced much over the last five years though. To me, it seemed like seconds.

I looked at the sky. The distance between us increasingly shrunk, I felt as though I was flying. The flying colours seemed much crisp; the fields greener beneath.

I knew I had much to stride. The sky wasn't the limit. In the skin where I wanted to be. Free; void of strings. I wanted to dream and scream. I wished for wordless conversations again.

The colours seemed to gallop away as graduation caps flew high.

Beside the clouds, a solitary string swayed gently.

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# Beau...

I saw in you a million stars  
Shining away, smearing away  
The darkness in my deepest deep  
To fill my soul, beyond words to say

I saw in you a caring hand  
Wiping away, taking away  
Tears unseen, so cast away  
To make me smile, my heart to lay

I saw in you a playful friend :)  
Joking away, teasing away  
Spirited, joyous, merrily alive  
The echoes of silence  
Unhooked a different note  
In the flowing music of your eyes

My life... My light  
I saw in you  
My strength...My friend  
I found in you  
My soul was touched  
My spirits raised  
In You I felt love appraised

To shine so bright, to hold your hand  
To cling on...to sing along  
In bliss..In tune... In faith.. In life

Beautifully You,  
My Love,  
My Beau.

18.04.2013  
Belle...



# Being A Mom

It was a long night  
Contractions and suffocation  
Facing both sides of hell  
Labour - in her true shell

It was a beautiful sight!  
Seeing him for the first time  
9 months of plight  
Motherhood- at its prime

It was a moment of light  
Emotions running wild  
Testosterone settling right  
Pregnancy - truly bright!

It was a momentous flight  
Good grief, joyful tears  
Alleviating fears  
Feeling strong

Being a mom.

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

## Being A Researcher...

It's about thinking of everything under the sun,  
Being a researcher is so much fun  
It's when you know that  $a+b=c$   
But yet you need to figure out 'z'  
It's when you see colors in broad daylight  
And fuse them all to see just white  
It's about changing radii and finding focii  
Comprehending how to defend your alibi  
It's seeing beyond the dark at night  
And beyond the sun in viscous foresight  
It's not just knowing how to play the game  
But guessing the rules are never the same  
It's about holding fast to what you believe  
Calculating back to vet and perceive  
To go forth, and back and forth, and back  
Embodying minds; growing wings you'd lacked  
Flying back to where it all had begun  
For being a researcher, is nothing but fun!

Rosmin Elsa Mohan



# Black & White

At times it's night  
At times bright  
At times tall  
But then to fall  
To feel rather small  
wiggle n bawl  
But then it's white  
So filled with light  
At times it's beauty  
At times, the beast  
Behind the utmost  
Lies room for the least  
The virgin n the sinner  
Alas! But one  
The face does mask  
Hell of a task!  
Left and right  
Right and wrong  
Wrong but strong  
Strong yet light  
Life's mysteries alike

Black and white!

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# Can We Imagine?

Can we imagine?

Sometimes words can be louder than thoughts.  
And I mean this literally, as words in ink are way louder.

I am wandering through a desert, a dozen things crossing my mind. I see a tree, dry and withered with the scorching heat. The desert looks as yellow as the sun overhead. What the mind does to us is sometimes surprising. Even though I am at my desk in my office; it really does seem for a moment I am in some desert.

Mind games are quite a thing!

Let me now try to imagine a visible horizon with green fields where cows are grazing. How about little bunnies hopping around with kids running along? Butterflies and dragon flies fluttering around white daisies and a lake filled with crystal blue water. Amazing, isn't it? You can actually imagine a green field, white bunnies, yellow butterflies and jersey cows (well the specifics can change based on perspective ?!)

I know for a fact that humans are imaginative beings. Sometimes we don't just allow our imagination to take control. Nowadays, this may be partly attributed to our lifestyle. Today, humans are glued to their screens- smart phones or tabs, or even laptops at mind is constrained to possibly only move in a limited frame. We don't get lost in thought as we are always looking at our phones when we are bored. I remember those days as a student when I used to travel by bus and watch the countryside. Today as I look at my fellow passengers in bus, it really marks a difference. Moving to a city has had its toll too. No time to call mum, but loads of time to stare, simply stare at that screen.

Imagination is a gift that humans have. Wiki defines it as the faculty or action of forming new ideas, or images or concepts of external objects not present to the five senses. Now that also means imagination is a sense on its own. Can you relate that to sixth sense? How cool is that?

When was the last time that we imagined something? Being a student of physics, the latter part isn't new to me. We have been taught, literally to imagine things! Pursuing a PhD pushes you to become a dreamer. Now you have no choice in that matter, whatsoever!

Some of you might think that it's too hard to imagine. How can we imagine something that doesn't exist? A few others may think that it's partly a crazy idea. Well I do agree that like other senses, an imaginative sense varies with person. For some, it's as easy as breathing; for others they just don't get the logic behind it. It is important to understand that these things are fuel to your brain or these are ways in which your brain exercises. Just as a physical workout provides strength to your body, a mental exercise revitalises your mind. And what if it is crazy? Sometimes a little perturbation is necessary to put some order back in life.

□

It is also important that we develop this sense of imagination while not being engrossed or engaged in other activities. Like for example, you are working at your desk and suddenly it crosses your mind that you need to develop your sense of imagination. You try hard to imagine things, end up making castles in the air and lose this case, you could miss a deadline and daydreaming here makes no sense at all!

One of the foremost advantages of a fruitful imaginative session is that it is limitless without restrictions. Letting go of your mind is something very relaxing. This is what meditation and yoga focuses on. The secret weapon behind magic tricks and illusions. The imaginative power of the human mind is something extraordinary and it manifests in various degrees in various people. It improves focus and helps you to explore your brain like never before. Give it a go! And yes, you can be in two places at once!

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# Cold

Is it the shiver that runs down your spine?  
Or the numbness that makes you whine,  
Is it the antonym to the sweat of time?  
Or the pain that reflects a bloody crime?

Is it not the unseen blood that flows?  
When a loved one but gently stows  
You away and not but see  
You away and lets you free

Is it not the love you yearned for?  
Is it not the love denied?  
Is it not that feeling unmoored?  
Is it not that face that lied?

Nothing is colder than love, for sure  
A lie in love, the coldest ever  
The hardest to live and endure  
Is the predatory answer

Now or never.

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# Crossing The Bridge

The night seemed long  
I wished I could fly  
Back in time  
Again to the beginning  
The prime.  
Where knowledge posed no walls  
And I yearned to be tall  
Plushies were my best pals  
Ignorance, my asset.

But then the walls cracked  
Adolescence marked her toll  
And I lost interest in dolls.  
I felt beauty; I felt love  
The magical wand  
as if sent from above.  
The world was my slave  
Nevertheless, was I enslaved?  
Years seemed like ages  
That flew like sand  
As I flew off to an unknown land  
I'd tied the knot  
I'd tied my heart  
To realize the worst  
That he loved me not.

My world had changed  
Insane and strange  
I no longer stood tall  
And I wished for a wall.  
The wind grew hard  
The bridge too naïve  
I could not withstand  
And myself to save.  
I lost the track  
Of time and self  
As pictures did pile  
Upon the window shelf.

Towards the rear  
I'd none.  
Near, nor dear  
As I glanced back  
Lying on a bed so wry  
The leaves grew old  
They dropped off by  
And faces seemed blurred  
Through the lonely eye  
No ears now lent  
To hear pain or cry  
Even the universe had begun  
To say good bye.

I looked back so weak  
I looked back in time  
To the days in search  
Of goodness divine  
To look back now  
It lay so long  
The night had passed  
And I'd reached the shore.

Spared my life aside  
To share and abridge  
But to care for more  
I'd crossed the bridge!

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# Cry

I often wondered why I cried  
Rusted love or a weary life?  
Did I lie to cry or cry to lie  
Cross my heart and hope to die?

I cried in sadness  
I cried in plight  
My heart felt heavy  
Taut and tight  
I cried for the world  
I cried for a light  
A candle did burn out  
In the darkest night  
Little did they see  
Little did they know  
That I cried to be free  
I cried to let them be  
I cried for a home, a dome of green  
I cried for balance of life; unseen  
I cried so I could borrow a while  
I cried only to live worthwhile  
I cried so I could pull up a smile  
I cried for all those attempts; futile

Now to wonder why I cried  
To stick up a needle in my eye  
I cried to smile and smiled to cry  
Cross my heart and hope to die!

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# Death...

I loved candles. Now I know why.

The only sound I could hear was my own heart beat. The morning seemed no longer bright. For a fact, Room No.903, commonly known as the ICCU at AIIMS, had no windows. Morning and nights equally smelled of antiseptic. I had started to forget the smell of my skin. The needle that pierced the epidermal tissues offered no sensation after all. The insanity of the entire room as though reflected on me, as I had started to become a vegetable.

It was last Tuesday that I had stopped responding to treatments. Tuesday was never a good omen. Even that day, when I first came to AIIMS, it was a Tuesday. Little I didn't realize it then, covered in blood and the spine shattered. I realized it months later when I finally came to consciousness.

The dark prelude of the Dark. Darkness always frightened me. I remember how I used to cry at nights. If only I could kill the dark.

I turned my head around. Across the bed was the only companion I had since I came. He was about my same age, or even younger. Lympho sarcoma of the intestine, they called it. It was hard to digest, but the poor chap never even opened his eyes now. In the early days of our companionship at the pay ward, we used to laugh and joke about everything beneath the sun. Though we both knew, that we hardly had any time left, we lived as if every moment was a celebration. Yesterday, he closed his eyes. Not the final run, but even worse. In the state medicine called the Coma, a matter between life and death. The state was well mentioned in many of the spiritual texts I had read. Perhaps it was really an intermediate stage. The stage where gravity is no villain. I once read that some say, they traveled at an immense speed only to finally see the light. I wished I saw a light too.

The constant beeps on the ECG diverted my thoughts. In a moment, the ICCU was flooded with doctors and nurses. The boy next to me was pounding. I wondered how much strength his closed eyes gave him. I could see the doctors slamming their wrists across his chest. I had seen similar situations in Bollywood movies but today it was much more suffocating. The fight continued as his brain stopped responding and the blood stopped flowing to the arteries.

Was he done with?

The Dark had engulfed him.



It was hard to pull myself up as I saw the room growing darker. Was it a power-failure? No, my eyes were closing. I felt darkness all over me; images were blurred, the faces too. For a moment, I could hear faint cries and machines grunting. Then it was only silence.

I think I saw the light, but it was far away. I felt like flying. My mind disappeared behind some bush, and it was hard to know what I was thinking. I think Time stopped too, as I could no longer hear it tick.

Death. I saw him coming.

The only sound I could hear was my own heart beat.

I feared the Dark no more. I had seen him come. It was full of sound, but my state was peaceful. I knew my soul was awake. The touch I could feel no more.

I could see the light coming nearer. As I approached, I had a candle in my hands.

I had loved candles. Now I knew why!

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# Deja Vu

To walk a mile with you  
Over and over again  
Holding hands, crossing the bridge  
in the rain

To talk and smile with you  
Over and over again  
To learn new ways to be; to live  
and love again.

To know, yet act naïve  
To see, yet remain blind

Are these ways new to me?  
Or are they as old as time?

The answer lies

beyond a Lie,

Deja Vu.

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# Dreams In Prussian Blue

The colors were always blue..  
Prussian blue.  
They dried on to the canvas in brooches of blue too..  
Seemed strange  
A blind artistic rapture!  
It was naive that one wished for more colors.  
With the world so stained in blue

And eyes  
in lies  
in lies  
and lies..

The truth believed by some  
some rarely saw it  
some who never wanted to see  
while the rest preferred to stay blind

The moods of blue  
in blue - the mind.

Blind.

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# Fish

They swarm, they swim, they nestle and play  
They laugh, they giggle and merrily sway  
Filled with life; do they fill with life  
the vast expanse of an ocean bay?

Some are slimy and fall so grey  
To the hiding nets of human prey  
In savour and salt, at the ease of a knife  
Killing a hungry stomach away

Grilled and smoked  
Skinned and choked  
To fill plates and pockets alike  
To live like a queen, and die deprived  
of the goodness of water and life.

Some are mighty to tear apart  
Man and the might, he bears at heart  
In a pool of blood that doth float away  
The fish does now await and lay  
Alluring each moment in each new day

We are like the fish  
At times to fall prey, at times to kill  
In the ocean of life do we swarm and fill

At times we win, at times to fall  
Midst tides those come; big and small  
We are ready to die and kill insane  
For selfish needs and fallen grains

Fishes in us fish the fishes out there  
The ocean does in silence adhere.

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# Heaven...

I looked in the mirror. Two eyes stared back. One was mine, the other...

It had been a long night, or did it seem so?

I recalled seeing angels dancing, and a light so bright. The heavenly aura that adorned heads and breaths alike. The faces forever seemed blurred behind the misty skies. Divine music filled the air. The insanity of time was no longer felt. It was never an easy ordeal to concentrate; to stray away in thoughts was Herculean though.

At first I thought I had seen a nightmare, but then the night never seemed to end. It felt as though I had traveled back to the beginning of time, the beginning of all things beautiful. The dawn of light which was reproduced by the Word? I think I had started to feel naked. But then the air seemed to chill and I felt wool on me. Was it about to rain? I thought of an oasis. In a moment, the picture became clear.

I was in heaven.

Things now changed. I remember seeing shadows that passed without fear. Some talked, but it was as though they nailed a different tongue. The shadows kept increasing until the light grew bright. Then I saw only white.

The filled air now smelled different. A smell which reminded me of flowers at first, then corpses. It kept on changing until I smelt my skin. For a fact I had nauseated, but sooner I forgot what I smelt.

Even science was in motion. I saw particles colliding and energy liberated. It was so dramatic. But to see energy being annihilated. Or was it developed from one? For a moment it seemed like all laws were violated here; or were they created? I wished I knew. The principles of conservation that were blabbered much in fat textbooks. I felt numb even in the electric air.

For I now knew.

I was in heaven.

I could see no sky; no ground, nor me. I wondered what I looked like to the other moving whites around me. Perhaps, they too had a different story. Neither the sky or grounds were barriers at this point of time, nor could have vacuum beat this pressure. My thoughts were fast revolving around an unseen force.

But then, I felt it.  
I was in heaven.

It was now. Present.  
What mattered now was all what I was.

Looking in the mirror, I saw two eyes staring back. The other now seemed familiar. I had seen those in intense light. The eye of time which reminded me of my role on this planet. The never ending search for utopia amidst a rat race with eyes so blind. Expectations that killed the ruins of the ruined. I looked out of my window. I saw fields bathed in green. The air I inhaled made me feel divine. Nature's miracles which gave me no second thoughts.

Here I was.  
In Heaven.

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# Homeless

The flashlights of night patrolling  
Envisage images of truth  
Abandoned estranged faces  
Homeless from birth

The glistening city lights  
Are too fancy to hide  
The destitute and helpless  
Sans the pride

A picture grows within me  
Hungry faces and lonely eyes  
The numbers increase with time  
Well covered up in lies

I see the Golden Gate in a distance  
How magnificent can it truly be?  
A symbol of endless limits and hope  
For those eyes to truly see!

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# I See You

He walks not in vehement strides  
He talks not with pretentious pride  
Glee adorns his tiny face  
Angelic, in awesome grace  
His ways are pure; his prayers just  
He fears not of what's to be  
He shuts his eyes in an honest plea  
Heads bowed in awe to see  
Embracing time as it comes  
Worries apart, thoughts set free  
Naivety, her virgin embrace  
Fastened in a righteous brace  
Childhood, his greatest asset  
Adorns him, without regret  
In a skin of kindness and love  
To reflect His image from above

I was lost in darkness and despair  
The voice within, I seldom did hear  
Blinded with worldly folds  
Grounded with sin, sore and cold  
I sought God here and there  
I sought Him everywhere  
Little did I know, You were right here  
For in his virtuous eyes  
I see You

Rosmin Elsa Mohan



# It's Life Indeed

What's life if you get all that you desire?  
What's life if it's always just fun?  
You need to but walk on a bed of thorns  
And get but burnt under the scorching sun

What's life if there's all u love?  
What if you live only to receive?  
You need to be alone too at times  
And cry till it's hard to believe

What's life if you always succeed?  
Always to reap and never to sow,  
What's life without arguments freed?  
Catalyzing emotions to breed and grow

What's life without a life to need?  
What's life without a life to be?  
What's life without an eye to see?  
Its Life and Life and Life  
Indeed!

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

## Just Me...

Drowned in the darkness  
I searched for his face  
In this dark dungeon, void of grace  
In him, to find solace.  
Remotely unknown was the truth to me when  
I pretended not to see it then.  
There was no face, no smile, no tear  
He seemed neither dear nor passively near.  
Forever etched to his own gall  
Of success and fame; to add it all  
To look in a mirror and a sole image  
To make me realize  
I was alive, I was here.  
To be in the place, that the eye did not see  
I knew it was true  
It was  
Just Me.

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# Life' S Not All A Bed Of Roses!

"When loneliness becomes your forbidden partner,  
and Trouble knocks and shoots up at the door,  
of a heart about to crush and wither,  
with sorrows built up over and more.

When everything you do turns into shambles,  
with the ones you trust snubbing at face,  
When you feel being snuffed out like a candle,  
In the milieu of life's long pathways.

Remember, my friend.

Life's not all a bed of Roses,

Life's not All a bed of roses.

So strive to look upon those lurking thorns,  
with confidence at heart and courage to share,  
Looking forward to attaining its highest goals.

The climb may not be easy, but will surely pay.  
Then in the end when you reach that summit,  
And success and glory to ever lay,  
then in your path which with happiness be lit.

So do not despise your luck, or curse your fate.  
thinking perhaps, ' It's been too late! ',  
But never so late, if you get up and run.  
For the day 's still crisp and the night 's still Young!

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# Lost Words

I search for you inside  
I wish that you're still beside  
Blessed was I  
With you in me

I think I lost you to time  
Busy with worldly thoughts  
Running this selfish race  
(Feels good to be old-school  
in a while!)  
Scrolling and texting away  
Cold faces staring at flashy screens.

With you I learnt to be selfless  
With you I love and give  
With you I know I can achieve  
With you I yearn to live

With you I want to grow old  
Being with you brings peace to me  
I now see; you're still alive  
I now know; you're still within

Words.

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# Morning Bliss

The chirping of love birds to echo  
The morning mist to kiss  
To feel at ease  
To meditate upon  
A morning bliss.

Flowers to bloom, red and yellow  
Merry ants to feed in soils so mellow  
The early cuckoo doth hum a song  
Makes me yearn, all the more long  
For a morning bliss.

I forget my life, I forget my past  
I forget memories, lingering and last.  
I foresee miracles, magic and color  
Arduous passion of a sensuous lover.  
To feel so light; irradiance alight  
To fill a void in darkness and plight  
Resonant winds gave me airs  
To shadow my thoughts, mise en claire,  
In a morning bliss.

I pen down after a while  
Words to escape a weary mind  
I feel at home, I feel agile  
In tune to myself; To find  
To realize where it all began  
Is where it always blooms  
To lay back, to open and see  
To put back and just let be  
In peace.  
The gentle hiss  
Of a morning bliss!

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# My Rain...

The sun so desirable with you beside  
Rainbows outcast and to gently ride  
Upon the golden hue that does bathe in you  
Even that grass to gleam in your mirrors of dew.  
To see the faces in you again  
To see the life it fills, oh Rain  
I wish to feel you again and again

My rain.

The silent drizzle  
The thunderous downpour  
Your faces did ever reflect  
Those faces in me  
Silent as I was with the drizzle in you  
In sorrow as your thunder did blew  
It grew forever in me profound  
And knew my heart, so crystal sound  
Often dark clouds did encompass  
I wanted those nights to pass  
But then you'd visit me in the dark  
Out through the window you'd call my name  
To feel you solemn on my palm  
And in a moment, all turned calm  
You showered my spirits  
You watered my soul.  
Seasons will pass, and I will see you again  
Out through the clouds as you will rain  
In me and to fill me through  
With the undying thirst to be with you

My rain.

I look now at the sparkling sky  
To see you smiling back at me  
I want to flow in you  
I want to fly with you  
To that world where you reside  
To that meadow with you beside

The lessons you've taught  
For those answers I've sought  
I've learnt from you  
I've learnt in you  
In sorrow...  
In pain...  
The dark shadows did now refrain  
To that note  
Shall I call you again?

My Rain.

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# Pluralities

I saw a million stars in the infinite sky.

My eyes remained closed and I never wanted to wake up. It gave me all the answers. The Why? The How? The Where? I knew for a fact there weren't much answers- perhaps it was what I always wanted to hear. The answers were always simple, the keyword was being genuine. It was now judgemental, trying to hide from what I really wanted to be. Trying to find all my answers in the only question that popped up over and over again.

Was I normal?

It had been a long night. It now seemed tough to realize what it all meant. For I hardly did see him at all - or was it so? Somewhere in the wild, leaves cracked and birds flew back home. A time of resignation. Yes even the flowering season was done with, and I could hardly see any colours. After all colours made you happy - it made you feel that there's vibrancy and delight. As the candies that I popped merrily as a kid. I was much happier then.

Colours they knew it all.

Pluralities.

He left me. He left us.

Fate, Destiny, or lives crumbled when heavy motors collided. Particle collision has been always invigorating. Immense energy being released and transferred. The energy to live with, where does it all disappear? Does that too rest with the Sovereign source of energy? Strings that were attached to simply dissect at will? Did it mean that energy went wasted? My heart said it did. My brain went behind laws of conservation.

Pluralities.

The Us was still a question. As I skipped my monthly cycles for the seed which now constantly reminded me that I had him with me 30 hours back. It meant that my body was now shared, all that was in it. It also meant something more terminal - I was a widow, with a foetus to embellish upon that reality of my life.

Was I normal? Yes I would have been, under any other normal circumstances, with a husband to hide myself in; his care and affection to fill my body and soul.



The joy of being overwhelmed in becoming a mother. But today it was so lethal.

Fatal.

It killed me, scared me, injured me, so wanting to hide myself and get lost forever. It gave me no choice of maternity, relentlessly pushing me into an ocean of despair. I looked at the pen knife that I held in my right hand. It now bruised my palm. A moment of hopelessness, should it all end in a pool of blood? I was groping for answers. But were all those answers, ultimately that I really wanted? I wish I knew. But did I really?

I did. At least now my brain did!

I dropped the knife and picked out a verse from my Bible. It read 'The faith which you have, have as your own conviction before God. Happy is he who does not condemn himself in what he approves.'

I knew my answer.

Faith.

The faith that the Sovereign gave me, to push me through all this. The divinity of motherhood which I was too small to prejudice. He knew it all. After all it was about His grace in me. His mark in me. The hour when I had to help myself, strengthen the faith in myself.

Without Faith, it was all but sin.

I opened the windows. The sky still seemed dark, but I knew there was a light that was coming. The light at the end of the tunnel. It was a Prayer. The light of promise to cherish. The light of promise to mirage had now become so transparent.

The One in many, or the many in One.

I now realized what it meant.

Pluralities.

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# Rendezvous

Will birds hum again of songs unheard  
the gentle spring and the morning dew?  
Will memories unwind and time return  
to the milestone of a Rendezvous?

Will hands hold on and shoulders share  
yet again without regret to spare?  
Will happiness be doubled, sorrows halved  
at the union of a Rendezvous?

The gulmohar trees to stand in line  
and ripe with flowers redolent  
of distant stars, and sunshine bliss  
at the hour of a rendezvous.

A heart doth fill my heart to rejoice  
at the dawn of a rendezvous  
My love precedes, for my love recedes  
at the dusk of a Rendezvous.

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# Renewed Grounds

They cried, yet, without a tear,  
They lived, yet, in profound fear,  
They loved, you and me, so tenderly dear,

Yet, they were wounded.  
Trees.

I remember hearing one make a sound..  
She was being pulled, there were men all around..  
The cacophony of laughter buried her cry.  
As her nerves ripped, the earth turned dry.  
She too had a bond, which broke so wry  
Meek sparrows which lost their space,  
Timid ants those searched for a trace.  
I remember seeing once a desert in a dream,  
Close to reality, I wish I could scream.

She left behind a mark, I wished those men did see,  
Trivial for them, though, 'twas yet another tree..  
Futile again on those ears so deaf..  
Running behind time, yearning for heights,  
Raising a toast to death herself.

I took to an offspring, never thinking too long,  
Placing him beside his mother's grave,  
I wanted him tall, more big, more strong,  
His head swayed fort, yet, intensely naïve.

I heard the breeze hum a solemn hail,  
As I searched around for a nourishing pail,  
The gods though had granted a boon,  
For the deed; they never did expect so soon.

I looked at the sky.  
I smiled.  
It had started to pour.

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# Ripples Of Love

Selfless acts are like drops.  
They create ripples,  
Ripples of love.  
Ripples of sacrifice.  
At times we are too blind to see  
What these acts turn out to be  
Waves and tornadoes for a cause so pure  
Await us in the end, for sure  
Yet are we ready to be the drop  
To reach out a hand, to bring a smile  
To wipe a tear, to be a friend  
For these ripples never die

Ripples of Love.

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# See You Again, Brother!

I light a candle for you  
in faith.. in love  
To fight this darkness  
A ray of hope  
to see rainbows in the dark  
A golden shore  
to walk hand in hand.  
For then this dark  
Does it really matter?

My dear Joel,  
See you again, Brother!

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# Silence

I once dreamt of an open field,  
The bareness of which alone did shield,  
A shadow so frail, in a shadow as such  
Silence.

I thought as much.

I felt it again on my bed at night  
Darkness; through which I saw the light  
Silence - to feel; and to feel so weak,  
Silence, I think I heard her speak.

The crowd through which I made my way,  
Gave me a second to poise it through  
Shouts around, though I felt them nay,  
The Me within, in silence too.

The hours of solace so gifted in tune,  
A language unworldly, (beyond the moon!)  
To realize it though, you need the frame,  
Simple at first, 'Patience' the name.

Foes though come, are conquered all.  
In her skin, she does stand tall,  
Naïve it is, but more a bridge  
Vain and slain, together abridged.

As every dawn turns the key,  
Feel her true for a minute or two:  
The price of it, without much ado,  
Reflects around in the eyes you see!

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

## Staccato..

The notes were a sober diminuendo  
Headed to bathe in tears

I stood in the dark  
His touch to feel no more  
The never-seen wings of solitude  
Now flapped in vigour  
The eyes so filled with love  
To see no more  
Adamantly shut and shunned

Disconnected.

Across the lane of a destined fate  
The journey called life that met its end  
A life to give; A life to take  
The strings to an abrupt break  
In disguise.

He lay in white; a frame so cold  
The warmth of his heat  
Now could heal no more  
For a divine purgatory  
The verses were sung  
But within a glance so awry  
A spirit sprung young.

Staccato.

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# Take Away

Take away from me this realm of darkness  
Take away from me this depth of pride  
Take away from me the reeds of holy  
Take away and away aside

Take away from me this life; this breath  
Take away and let me fly  
Take away from me my name; my creath  
Take away without a word or sigh

Take away from me my breasts, my face  
Take away from me that evil eye  
Take away – beseech your ruthless grace  
Take away and let me die!

Rosmin Elsa Mohan



# The Counterpoint

Started off, with a lullaby,  
Lost memories that basked in the sun,  
Gleaming rays to penetrate the wall  
Where shadows mimicked to rally tall.  
The minims that gave room aghast  
To a halo where light did ran  
But then they lured, swam forth  
Crotchets; it all began.

The harmony.  
I felt it at ease...  
A thousand cellos that brushed aside  
Negligence, hatred, Pride.  
The air had begun to smell  
Of lilies alongside.  
The church bell meekly to uphold  
The counterpoint  
Behold!

The white that conveyed  
Notes not written in black  
The staccatos to jerk to core  
And minuets to shack  
Diminuendo.  
Accelerando.  
In turns did holy strike  
The dead did rise  
The ground did tear  
The cacophony, 'twas alike!

'The end's near', snarled the wise  
The devil's on prowl; disguised.  
I thought of it for a while  
Niche; couldn't hold back a smile  
For the simulataneity  
Of the chords umpteen,  
Did recreate in point,  
Adjoint.  
The Counterpoint.

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# The Light

When tides come in high and low  
When time goes inert and slow  
When tears go wasted away  
And days turn dark and grey

When there's no shoulder to cry on  
Nor true friendships to spare  
When there's no family to lean on  
Nor any words to share

There's always a light  
That restores the sight  
That glows when it all turns black  
That leads you to find your way back

When seasons pass away like sand  
When you feel uncertain of playing your hand  
When solitude becomes your shadow in time  
You will see the light in its prime

The light that pushes you to win  
The light that strengthens you from within  
It makes you claw back on life  
It makes you run, to fight, to strive.

That light is nothing but You  
You ought to be the Light!

When tides come in high and low  
Be the Light that silently glows!

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# The Mask

He wore a mask  
In pretention, in lies  
To enlighten.  
The difference though  
Was gross.

To enlighten only the lightened.  
The lightened too in his light  
The mask of a Guru  
Grew rigid with course  
And Time.

Forgotten were the beavers  
Who climbed yet the fall?  
Who chose to retaliate?  
Yet unduly tall.

He never liked changes  
And he pretended to be great  
Never to even see reasons  
When his pupils got late.

In the mask of a true hero  
To point fingers so blunt  
At the dawn of a change  
So brutally shunned.

I surrender to the many gurus  
Who have taught me to love  
To share and to be  
My life is at their feet  
Who taught me to see  
Nay. For now  
As I write of the one  
With the mask,  
His time would come  
Soon than sooner  
He would realize his follies  
As the leaves dropp by.

The mark of a guru  
Is but to enlighten  
Not just the enlightened.  
But his light shines bright  
When those,  
Blinded in the dark,  
Would rise to see the light!

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# The Mirror

I saw her walk across the hallway. The glistening roof - head mirror highlighted her confident steps. She had taught me to stand tall over the past few months. She was my angel.

In a moment, she was beside me and I looked in her eyes.

The mirror...

.....\*\*.....

The sun shone bright to a brand new day. I opened my eyes in the dark confinement of my curtained room. The walls were my guardians, a cocooned shell where I learnt, lived and wrote for the prime time of my days and slept relentlessly at nights. Today was no special as I got up. But those eyes in the mirror were a revelation.

'Its half past eight ', came the shrieking voice that often pulled me out of bed. It was Amma. The morning alarm as usual, as I went rushing to the loo for yet another day.

I washed my face in the running water. The geyser hadn't done its job for the water seemed cold enough to send a shiver across my spine. The over head mirror under usual circumstances would be the sole victim of my morning gaze. Today, strangely I avoided it.

I got down as fast as I could. My mind was wandering and I hardly saw the steps. In a moment it happened. I had slipped.

Two arms held me close and I knew I was safe. ' Happy Birthday dear', which took me by the greatest surprise, and then added on ' How many times have I told you to watch your steps? '

Nothing unusual.

That was Amma - intimacy intermixed with anxiety, but above all it was out of love.

The traditional birthday kiss followed; on my forehead and I smiled for I hardly did remember the date. It was something that I had been trying to forget for the

rest of my life.

The grandfather's clock by the lobby showed 5 minutes to nine. I was going to be late for college.

I grabbed a sandwich from the dining table and hurried out with my scooty keys.

The sky seemed dusky. It was obvious to expect a morning pour. I looked up. It was like a mirror; it reflected the darkness within me.

I rode off in a hurry.

The college road was busy as always. The lights turned red as I passed the by-lane. I switched gears and waited patiently for the lights to turn green. Red, green, yellow- coloured mirrors, I thought which constantly reminded us to pause, think and move on. As I turned my glance, the rear view mirror of the scooty caught my attention.

The eye - I shuddered as I saw it again.

I wondered what was happening around. The play of illusion or conscience that seemed to bother me now. 'Time is relative', I recalled from my favourite lectures on relativity. Einstein was right. I now wondered whether thoughts were.

The lights turned green and I jolted my vehicle forward. In a moment, another scooter slammed its way forward, only to lose control and bump into a truck which was taking a turn. The scooter slammed across the footpath, and a girl, about my age dropped heavily onto the footpath and over the tarred road. As I saw the blood flowing from her body, the picture became clear.

The eye.

It was Diya's.

Diya and I were the best of pals. I hardly remember when we started noticing each other, less became so bonded. She knew me inside out. Even that day when she went on my scooty to buy me a gift on my 21st birthday. I shuddered at the very thought of it, and the date had turned red for me thereafter. She was hit by a truck. I never saw those eyes again.

It took me years to get along and to strive forward. Thanks to my parents who always supported and cared. But today as I saw the girl in blood lying a feet from me, the past came flashing back. Like a lightening that had struck me in an

instant and turned me blind.

The sound of horns, screeches and exponential chaos brought me back to reality. The crowd grew larger with the pain across my chest. I could hold back no more.

I took the girl and with the help of a few police men carried her into a cab and all the way to the nearest hospital. I rested her head on my lap and looked at her blood stained face as the cab made its way. She was my age, pretty and petite. 'Just like her', I thought.

It seemed like ages for the cab to reach the hospital, or was it me for I hardly noticed the commotion around. My eyes never left her face as she was carried onto the stretcher and finally into the ICU. The place was no alien to me. I recalled how I had spent days and nights in front of that room years back, only to finally see her covered in white. But today it was different.

The mirror.

I now realized what she meant, as I sat down in front of that closed room without windows. The walls were my witnesses. I looked at those seamless structures plastered in white. Like a mirror to bring back past memories in me. In a flash, I saw those eyes. Again.

Yes.

Diya had died in an accident. She had died because there wasn't anyone to help her, to get her medical care. She had died due to an acute case of hypovolemia, or blood loss.

I now realized what she wanted to say. Perhaps to let me know how it all happened. More importantly the importance of a living soul. The need of the hour was to help one another, despite the hurry burry of this rat race. Heartless machines which run relentlessly all around the clock, no time to care or share or even help the one in need.

Was I the same? It was a question to think upon. Perhaps a yes for an answer, for I'd to pay a greater price - bargaining with the life of my best friend.

The mirror had taught me a lesson.

The operation lights went girl's parents had also arrived by then. The agony of losing loved ones, I'd known that.

I wished it was not the familiar white which awaited us. I held my breath as the



door opened. It was Dr. Mani.

Neha was out of danger. So that was her name. I had hardly noticed the name on the sheets I'd signed before the operation. But now I knew it.

Neha. In Sanskrit, it meant love.

..... \*\* .....

I saw her walk across the hallway. The glistening roof - head mirror highlighted her confident steps. I had grown immensely close to her over the past two years. She had taught me to stand tall and strong. The shouts and cries around never disturbed me from my thoughts. It was my graduation ceremony and the air jumping, with the beat of country music. But for me she attracted all the attention. She was serene and radiant.

She was my angel.

In a moment, she was beside me. She held my hand in hers and whispered,

'Happy Birthday'.

Yes. It was two years since, and a graduation to add to that. I recalled Diya telling me that she'd give me the most cherished gift on my 21st birthday. She had indeed.

A tear wiped its way, as I looked into Neha's eyes.

It was like a mirror.

I could see myself!

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# The Shore's But A Sea Apart!

The lonely blue kissed the sea  
The sea herself bathed in blue  
It seemed the blue kissed the blue  
In the air, I felt it too.

The solemn swan made her way  
Gently to lure, gently to sway  
I saw the shore; it seemed miles apart  
I saw the shore; 'twas but a Sea apart

The sea of life; deep and vast  
Changing faces, enacted fast  
A tide pulled over, I heard a scream  
The scream within a face to cast

To be, to kill for the wildest dream.

The eye where it all ended, where it all began  
The unknown sea through which I ran  
The shore was the limit, for the blue seemed high  
Who swam did score, who leapt touched the sky

The sea did fill, the sea did spill  
The shore did hold; the shore did kill  
To swim across, to fight and stride  
For the strong, yet not an easy ride  
For the vain; to slain your pride  
For the weak, to push up your side

Yet those who reach are but who sway  
Along that sea, along its way  
To drown, to leap.  
To sow, to reap.  
To reach out, to the unreached.

The blue blushed forth; crimson to red  
The moonlight gaze galloped tight  
It seemed so naïve to follow the light

But in a distance, I saw the shore turn bright!

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# The Three Phases...

First and foremost, I would like to acknowledge the three phases I have written about below. Whatever I have written is nothing personal, but not fictional either.

Inspiration comes about in different ways, as different faces, in phases too!

You are reading this because You are one of them!

## Preface

It was not an easy moment for me when they came, but now I feel that was much easier.

With every new encounter that has taught me something- about me; about them.

## Phase I: Worldly

It was a boring day as usual. Firstly as I had not yet figured out what Nonlinear Optics was. Now for all those who think they've just read Greek and Latin - that was my broad area of specialization for a doctoral degree at Amrita. The early days were a mess. Rules were the villains. Every new day I would come and start typing request letters- course work, work table, computer terminals, take away stuff which some crazy researcher had left back.... The list was never ending. Days passed and I began used to what was happening around, leaving behind boring (non) researching days and cherishing good old college times.

Then one day, it happened.

They came.

Not all of a sudden, for a fact. The name Lakshmi was been uttered by many around for a few days. Especially because she was a replacement for an existing staff and secondly - she was to occupy the same cabin in which I was. Well I had to change my worktable and make space for the newcomer. For a fact, at that point of time I was alone and as I thought then, it was always better to have company.

It was the 3rd of Jan 2010(I think!) when she came. As per the regular custom, she was accompanied by a parent. I don't think I need to write about the formalities and how we all settled together (that is history! Because that's not why am writing this) .

Anyway, she came along as the one and only person of my age, I knew so far at Amrita.

Lakshmi was a chatter box. At times, at home I used to think about her nuances and laughter. The world was not enough for her, and the things in it. Well for a fact, I was able to formulate a theory:

If Lakshmi is in a happy mood, it will be fun to have her around. She will do most of the talking and you will never even have the time to think why she is not talking.

If Lakshmi is angry, then you better step out of the cabin. Prevention is always better than cure!

If she doesn't say anything when you ask her something, it means you still have got time - To get out before the terror strikes!

I was lucky to have had experience with practically all of the above cases.

Sometimes I wished I could laugh my heart out, but then she'd want me to just smile! !

I will never forget about her singing, which used to give me nightmares and the friend in her :) :)

As I still am trying to figure out a poem which she once wrote, I realize one thing:

Things have changed!

Phase II: Silence

Jyothi.

Now the first time I saw her, I knew I had seen a typical South- Indian homely girl. She was accompanied by a parent too. But then that's a rule again. Girls being accompanied by parents!

Jyothi was known to Lakshmi, they were batch mates- from the same all-boys college in mid Travancore (for Master courses girl students were admitted - oasis in the desert!)

So it was not hard to guess - Birds of the same feather flock together!

Family girl, family values, and daddy's girl- those were the keywords.

Jyothi had many concepts about how a good friend should be, perhaps she was one! But quite often I was confused by her mood swings and an offset attitude.

She always used to tell me about her best friend. Perhaps it was a comparison, or the innocence of a pure heart. Anyway I enjoyed and still do enjoy her company.

She loved to sing (for a fact she sings well, with training I think she'd go professional) and never failed to appreciate when she saw something good. A good quality Jyo! !

I just want to see you happy always; as much as I want to see you smile.

Phase III: Out of the World

Now I must say I'd rarely ever met anyone like him. He was special, or was beyond ordinary the right word? ?

Sometimes I felt he talked as of from a different time.

But unique as the name- Sathyanarayanan. At first when Lakshmi said Satyettan (Again, Lakshmi and Satyettan did a course together, and Lakshmi was Jyothi's batch mate and course mate, who was a course mate of Satyettan as well. In conclusion, Lakshmi and Jyothi and Satyettan knew each other - That's it!) I was expecting a hefty 28 year old. But, thoughts are deceptive too. Satyettan was (hardly) our height :) (and the quest for 4 feet girls continues for him! !)

Satyettan had concepts - sometimes I felt he was brilliant, at times I felt it was unusual, occasionally I felt overruled, but mostly, it was fun.

He knew what he knew in Physics. Now that was something that I lacked, as I hardly knew what I really knew.

Mood swings were not passive to Satyettan either. I hardly know about him to know whether it was genuine or not.

He liked what he liked, and though he wanted to like what he didn't like- it was hard for Satyettan to mask faces.

Now I am still trying to figure out more about them that may inspire me. But a question still persists - Do they know each other?

So that was it - the phases I was talking about. I am still trying to learn them as much as I can. Not because I want to, but knowingly or unknowingly they

constantly give me chances to write something that I'd never attempted before:

I dedicate this to them..

For giving me another chance to dream and write and perhaps wonder,  
About relationships... About friendship!

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# Tiffin Tiffany

The main star of my story, rather the heroine is Tiffany. Tiffany was beautiful. When kids saw Tiffany, they would fight for her. When elders saw Tiffany, they were reminded of their kids, and when the youth saw Tiffany, it made them nostalgic. Yes! Tiffany was a beauty, but more than that, Tiffany was a tiffin box.

Life was forever easy for Tiffany. Right from the time, when the popular plastic company manufactured her, life was very exciting for her. It was very colourful too, as Tiffany had many friends all around her. The box shaped Boxer, the cylinder shaped Cindy and many others. But Tiffany stood out of them all. Now she was a unique shaped one. Well, she was heart shaped and obviously she knew how much it meant to all. Of course, the mortals would never buy the fact of a tiffin box having a heart, after all. But, Tiffany had one. A small cute heart, which now reflected all across her. She was all set when she was molded and cast into form, but most of all when she was coloured. Oh! she was coloured red, well now she would call that - 'heart Red'. She still remembers all those envious glances her 'girl' friends had given her, as she was loaded on to the truck to be placed in one of the biggest supermarkets in town. But, alas that was history!

Today, Tiffany lies in the dusty corner of the kitchen counting her days. She cries all day and night long thinking about her good old days. How beauty filled her life and colors danced around her. She wondered how and where it all had gone wrong, as she recalled that dreadful day, when Tony - the young lad of Aunty Mary and Uncle Thomas, had brought her home.

Tony was very excited. He would never keep Tiffany down. He talked to her, told her how beautiful she was and how much he liked her. He kept her separate in his khaki school bag, apart from all those boring books (as far as Tiffany was concerned) . Yes, Tiffany was treated like a queen. Even at school, at the recession, Tony would boast to his friends about her. It was never enough for Tiffany and slowly her pride began to rule over her heart.

At home, she began to admire herself more in the kitchen mirror and at her own reflections from the steel containers around her. She began to hate everything else in the kitchen. She hardly talked to them and began to tease them saying they were all trash. Naivety was out of her world as she became the self-appraised odd-one-out in the kitchen.



Now, along with Tiffany in the school bag was Milton. Milton carried cold water for Tony and even bore extreme heat when Tony was sick. Milton was a thermos. He and Tiffany shared the same space in Tony's school bag. Today, Tiffany was as usual teasing Milton, making fun of his round belly. It was too much for Milton. He gave her a strong push, and Tiffany lost her shape.

It was hell for Tiffany as she looked down at herself. 'Serves you right for being so arrogant', laughed Milton.

During recess as Tony took her out, he was shocked. He saw that his new tiffin was smashed and most of the lovely pulao his mother had put in had leaked. 'Oh this wretched tiffin', he remarked, and Tiffany broke to tears.

That day he kept her in a separate plastic bag all day. In the evening he threw her into the kitchen. He no more looked at her in wonder and love. He no longer boasted to his friends about her. As days passed, Tony started avoiding her. And then one day, a new visitor came into the kitchen. It was Tony's new heart shaped tiffin box.

Tony began to care for this new tiffin box eagerly. Very often, it was compared to with Tiffany. It broke her heart. She cried all day and night long. All the other crockery - the forks, the knives and the plates came to console her. The steel tumblers too felt sorry for her, in spite of all the fun she had made of them.

'Oh, I was such an idiot, for not to have known the true value of relationships. It's all my fault; I shouldn't have been too vain.'

Next day, Mary aunty came into the kitchen. She was searching for something. She looked down at Tiffany and remarked, 'This looks perfect', as she took Tiffany in her hands. She took her lid off and washed and cleaned her good. She next placed some very colorful pebbles in her and took her to the living room.

All her friends peeped out to see where she was taken.

Mary Aunty had kept her on top of the pile of newspapers in the living room.

Tony came in and looked at her. 'Wow, just look at her. She looks prettier than ever.' He sat on the sofa watching her again.

'Our Tiffany is looking more beautiful as a show-piece', Milton remarked.

Yes, Tiffany had undergone a change in form. But the greater change lay within, for she had got rid of her vanity.

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# Time

On a speck a moment ticks  
Across dials that decorate  
Pinpoints of fate  
Shadows move across fields in parts  
Integral seconds in entirety depart

A moment ago though it was,  
A pile to spill; a page to fill  
A heart to break; an account to make  
Decorum withheld in epic and style  
Sojourn bodies those kill so vile

A grandfather's clock before which I paused  
In realization for a drastic cause  
A timid doctor to pin and slay  
For the blood that stained  
A calendar's day.  
Crafty students to jot so fast  
Hurriedly for a percentile  
Even the hare who to finish last  
Realized it so worthwhile.

Time.

To wait not.  
Moments so desperately sought  
Always as it is, now or never...  
Once lost, is lost forever!

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# Who Am I?

I thought I was a son  
My life, when had begun  
I thought I was the one  
When I knew I'd but won  
I thought I was so rich  
With my dreams forever in pitch  
I thought I was so poor  
When she left; behind that door

I thought I was in here  
The soul though was out there

I thought I could realize  
What I was. To emphasize  
What I was in what I am  
But then the stars seemed so bright  
I could not just face the light  
I ran forth.  
In time  
The past seemed to outrun me  
I think I spoke to shadows.  
For somewhere out in utter space  
Was someone who knew my ways?  
The past in me to embalm  
Those lines on my right palm  
The myth that blinded the human race  
In a mirror to see that face

To see who I was  
Who I was  
Who I am  
Who am I?

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

## Why ... Why Not?

The Why leads to the Why not  
Answers to, desperately sought.  
The nature, the source, the outcome  
One's prejudice to sulk wholesome.  
The wallet to forever seem leaking,  
The neighbor who never stops peeping  
A life so long; tagged with bills,  
A wife who cries; by the window sill.

The Why leads to the Why Not?  
Answers to, desperately sought.

Seconds those leave behind no trail  
Decades those tread in futile sail  
Ideas that change the mark en face  
Only to ponder upon the true preface  
The quest to never root, nor die  
The answer to which; again a Why.

The Why leads to the Why not?  
Answers to, desperately sought.

The gentle boy to the sturdy man  
Tongues that sound- I will, I can  
Confidence to bold out the Why again  
Overconfidence, the Why not - in vain.  
Coins in scarce, the Why to head  
Coins profound, Why not instead?  
Even in comfort of mansion domes  
Concrete to cremate nostalgic homes

The Why not to Why palindrome.

The Why leads to the Why not,  
Answers to, desperately sought.

Rosmin Elsa Mohan

# Wings Of Light

A flash in the night  
Gave me wings  
And took me to the land  
Void of strings  
I flew for a while  
Roughly a mile  
Then in aghast  
I saw the Light  
Bright and full of might  
Flashing through the snaring night

I went past the night  
Past my thoughts  
My life..my sight  
I saw memories of childhood  
Flashing past  
Laughter and play so lightening fast  
In a moment I was an adult  
Lust and greed in a moment of truth  
Revealed itself in its naked skin  
I hid myself with my wings  
Blinded.  
The Light  
kept flashing by  
I was now old n weak  
Bones now cracked  
Faces did I seek  
My vision was blurred  
As I fell deep into the dark  
My life left me  
My soul was awake  
My limbs went numb  
My self at stake  
As I floated amidst the starry night  
above the moon, so light

I knew I did die  
But those wings fluttered by!



# You, Me, We ...

I looked into the dark  
And wished for a light, a spark  
I looked in the mirror in search for you  
To see the lost me in you  
Eyes of stone  
I was alone

Me.

I searched for you in the lines I read  
In the words I wrote  
In the changing colors around me  
Nevertheless to see only red

The faces long forgotten  
Brought back a tear or two  
The days I was but alive; smitten  
With your charm, in lieu  
Away into the dark you flew  
Taking away the world I knew  
I now search for you, within  
As the air in me grows thin

To have you blossom again  
To see you in my eyes  
To feel you right beside  
To be able to ride  
With you alone can I stride  
In pride

You, Me...

To dream and live again  
To be and follow the light  
To kill the darkness of this night  
Again to see that light  
Together.

You, Me...

We

Rosmin Elsa Mohan