



Poems
Kindness
Ranjiet *

1.
Kindness punctuates
your grief,
a consolatory warmth
of existing as
one among others.

Grief makes you alone.
Grief knows only its depth,
a meditation that
repeats more tears than breaths.
An epiphany,
you wipe out
with a soft handkerchief.

You sit still
on the corner of your bed,
and just see yourself-
the dark circles
under your swollen eyes ,
patches of overgrown hair
on your body,
that extra fat
melting on your curves,
thickness is your only lust.

You are kind knowingly,

* Assistant Professor, Government Post Graduate College, Sector-46,
Chandigarh.

there must be other people
just like us.
Each time you swallow
a lump in your throat
you think,
you must be
more kind to others.

2.
What do you do with your kindness
when you are angry?

You rehearse your anger.
your soliloquy reverberates
in the depth of your pillow,
the more you dig up your history
the more your memories tease you.

You wish
you could put him in your pocket
run into the wild
and wouldn't return until
he pleads guilty.

When you are angry
objects become braille- alphabets,
by breaking them
you explain yourself.

You fling a salt pig on him
and shatter the window glass,
you were kind enough
to spare his head.

3.

A raindrop falls
on a hot sand dune .

Before it evaporates,
the sand dune holds it
in its sandy embrace,
metamorphosizes it into a floral shape,
just to remind us
death is a beautiful thing.
A gust of wind kisses
and dissipates it.
Nature is kind, even when
its teeth are red.