



**Love's Epiphany**  
Narinder Jit Kaur

In a world  
Ripped apart  
With animus 'n  
Acrimony  
The heart aches for  
A whiff of fresh air  
A sunshine  
To warm its cockles;  
For eternity.

Love -  
The evanescent  
Epiphany of  
'Virtual' existence  
Incandescent meteor  
Meant to  
Dazzle, and  
Depart.

Each consumed by  
One's own  
Hubris,  
We let the  
Edifice of faith  
Crumble down  
In the dark caverns  
Of nothingness.  
What stares us  
In the face, is  
Mere oblivion.



**Narinder Jit Kaur**, a trilingual writer, and translator, who writes with fair ease and finesse in English, Hindi, and Punjabi, is a retired Associate Professor of English. Her articles,

stories, and poems are regularly published in various newspapers and magazines. She has translated five books from Punjabi to English, including three novels and two collections of short stories. Her sixth book Dawn to Dusk is a collection of 58 middle articles published in prominent newspapers. The Icicle: A Collection of Short Stories is her seventh book, her first in creative writing.