



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.