



Three Poems By Gopal Lahiri

Blue Hour

There is another world inside this one.
Grandma's natural neem wood comb
smells hair oil, smells skin of the scalp,
memories of growing into the soul exist
now beyond the four broken brick walls.

I see as if my grandma stands its ground when
something happens, throws seeds to the pigeons
gather at the dark corner of the roof,
The morning is fragile enough to see
the time bending in her weak hands.

The coconut tree near the wooden gate gives
an anxious look while the tiled roof receives
radio waves of passenger crows late call,
the white saree with black border records
the blue hour time every summer day.

Possibly something no one meant to see,
comb's teeth pulling through white hair
to untangle, to decorate her stylish look,
yet the easterly wind comes to dishevel it,
never refill the magical moments.

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Surreal Night

Tonight, there will be no sleep for me,
no words but the memories fall from the leaps
of night and capture the strong wind,
a star drops at the corner of the eastern side
of the balcony,
with it comes a clump of meteoric dust.

A cactus bush grows on my hand, a needle
sprouts on my skin.
The sky is now a bottomless sieve and an estuary
forms near the front gate,
high tides pull back my blanket and fishermen
leaning on my bed collecting



the shopping bags of wishes.

I've always here under the roof at life's beginning,
from the heaps of rubble
year by year I gather your images,
observing at these things
moving in your roving eyes.

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Ancient Storytellers

Walking along the windy forest path I do not
look back on anything.
The sleepy mist and the scent of the rock soil
above the wooden turf sip weak sun
The narrow path is deeply stippled with humming

silence of the teak and bamboo trees
and still up there
two skipping frogs stare at me and
I look hard at their wet eyes
searching for their desire to stand erect.

Uphill I knock at the wooden door of
the derelict temple,
a few bees still circle around the abandoned
beehive and engage with darkness
and migration in stillness.

On the temple top, alexandrine parakeet
and jungle fowl
swallow history and scream like the
ancient storytellers,
the grey afternoon absorbs all metaphors.

Rajpipla hill does not see anything,
It collects only animal pawprints,
broken nests and incomplete footmarks
I lie down on the grass and then stand up,
start my silent walk all over again.

**Rajpipla Hill is in Gujarat state of India.*

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Short Bio:



Gopal Lahiri is a bilingual poet, critic, editor, writer and translator with **32 books** published, including eight solo/jointly edited books. His poetry and prose are published across more than one hundred fifty journals and anthologies globally. His poems are translated in 18 languages and published in 16 countries. He has been nominated for **Pushcart Prize** for poetry in 2021. He has been conferred **First Jayanta Mahapatra National Award on literature in 2024** for his significant contribution in Indian English Writing. His collection of poems '**Alleys are Filled with Future Alphabets.**' has received **Pan Asian Ukiyoto awards**. His **Selected Poems** was published from CLASSIX, New Delhi recently.