

Desire

* Poet's note: I have excluded the first 122 lines of this poem. I was in a different state of mind at the time and it took those lines of writing to get that out of me. Then the poem flowed as I wanted. So from line 123 I give you this poem.

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And now, for the peace.
You are still as beautiful
Like an electric storm
And still fill me
With consternation,
A fascination
That cannot be quelled.

How can I

And yet I do

Marvel each time I drink from you. You would think that drinking from the same well would someday become just normal, as if experience would teach me that the water would taste the same every time. And yet, I am amazed at the freshness, the fragrance of you. I never know, when I sink the bucket, what sort of water will emerge out of it. The flame of the match is always the same, but sometimes burns with more or less vigour.

Even when I feel

The moisture in your hair

From exertions,

It is paradise

Because you have seeped

Your perfume in to me.

There is no strength like

The nectar of your efforts....

I whisper in the darkness

Of the night,
Before midnight.
You are the reason
Why I can explode
Like a roadside bomb
Shattering the illusions
Of the romantic sitar music
As we realise the real reason
Beyond the music
Of why we are here,
In a different kind of desert
And the breeze blows us,
Not the dunes.

And the breeze blows the bell that hangs from the ceiling and it clinks
and clangs to the sound of devoted ones who have left their energy be-
hind. The bell rings for us now, gently blown by the breeze to no clear
melody. But it is beautiful and sparkles in your eyes.

There are others left behind.
There are others who cannot
Bear to listen to the sound
Of love,
Lost in their own beat
Of life.
But it is there
Nevertheless.
It is sad.
The breeze washes over us.

Do you remember
When the bicycle was
Our transport?
Now we are the transport
That transports us
Each to our own ecstasy.
And yet your ecstasy still belongs to me and mine to you. It is like a gift
given to someone; part of it is always yours. And your life is mine.

The first look
When the film
Of silk is removed
And we can see each other
Just like we really are.
Beyond the earrings and
Perfume.
We are both naked
And like what we see
In each others eyes.
I am the poet and you
Are my poem
I am the artist....Did you travel far
To get here?
I can remember every step
In bare feet
Not bleeding like in
A drama,
Just aching legs that
Brought me to you.
And the respite of knowing
Without knowing
That I had arrived.
That the journey wasn't
A long one after all.
Just the thought of getting there
Is a long way.
When you step out
Pace after pace
Step after step
The journey is short
When you can smell
The perfume.
And now I am the one
Who drops
Droplets of the perfume
In your hair.

I measure the drops
Filled with love,
No! desire.

Desire is the active part of love. Love is like an impotent idea. The desire is the match that lights the furnace, that burns the fingers. My fingers are white hot. And you are cool, as the breeze that blows off the desert at night.

I remember the orange
Of your thin thin
Scarf that contrasted
With the sandy desert.
The freedom promised by your
Flag of a scarf flying
Amid the millions
Of sand granules
Gave me a surety that

All must be well with the world. You said that this was the first time you had been in love. You did a good job of it, like the seeds that sit waiting deep in the desert for a rain shower that tells them to leap up out of the sand like a marauding army and claim, for a moment, their destiny. And the hungry animals of the desert who munch on the harvest.

Your colours

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A tiny purple flower that stands up high, to its full inch, and blows in the breeze of the desert and claims its right to be beautiful and its right to be noticed amongst the millions of sand granules. Love that is immense, beyond counting, all in an inch of growth like a child that insists on its right for another piece of cake.