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*Life Shrouded in Secrecy*

The multitudes on this planet  
Have all in their hearts  
Unseen chambers of secrets,  
Some guarded, some unguarded.  
The unguarded ones, seeking an outlet now and then,  
Find their way out,  
Sometimes in silently creeping drops of tears  
Sometimes in put-on smiles, half revealing, half concealing;  
Or in the ferocious frowns on the forehead,  
Or in the changing contours of the face;  
But the guarded ones know full well  
Their promise to the heart housing them;  
They never mind the suffocation  
Of an everlasting silence,  
Buried under the unfathomable depths,  
Never ever to see the light of the day.  
Yet they do wonder at the essentiality  
Of keeping them bundled and throttled  
In the innermost recesses of the heart;  
They do marvel at the reasons for that essentiality.  
Is it a promise made some day to someone?  
To a son, a daughter, a sibling, a lover or a friend  
And an unyielding commitment to oneself of not betraying their trust  
Or is it a distrust caused by an utter failure of words  
To convey properly or be understood properly  
Or by the sheer success of words in piercing ruthlessly all tenderness  
May be, it is a staunch belief in the absence in this whole world  
Of a heart to which secrecy can be entrusted  
Or maybe, secrecy honours its own existence  
Most reverentially  
For reasons best known to itself.

*The Invisible Sky*

The vast azure expanse above  
Is ever alluring  
With its mesmerizing mysteries  
And varying moods and colors  
The glistening rays of the rising sun imbue it with  
A charismatic crimson colour  
The setting sun suffuses it  
With an orangish aura  
And the darkness of the night  
Trails behind enhancing the beauty  
Of the brightly shining stars  
Sometimes a heavenly bliss  
Permeates its vastness  
In the multi-hued rainbow arch  
Sometimes its blue serenity metamorphoses  
Into a monotonous grey  
With clouds behaving benevolent or malevolent  
For the earth, as they wish  
Sometimes thunder and lightning make it  
An angry red, presaging calamity  
The sky and its ever-changing moods  
Are visible to all  
With its mysteries unearthed  
By man's never-satiated curiosity  
And ever-growing scientific capability  
But oh! What about the invisible sky  
Existing within the human heart  
With its limitlessness,  
Its mysteries,  
And its mercurial moods and hues  
That largely go unseen, unnoticed  
Dangling sometimes between happiness and sorrow;  
Hopping off and on from hope to despair;  
At times feeling full and satiated  
At times struggling with an unknown emptiness  
And a complete, unfathomable void;  
Some moments naïve with a childlike innocence,  
Some knavishly betraying all faith,  
The list is as limitless as the inner sky  
Will man and science ever succeed  
In gauging its enigmatic infinity  
In mapping the inner expanse?