

2 Poems by Aju Mukhopadhyay

A Creative Artiste

The whole day it worked
to build the single nest
with immense care and patience
bringing the mud balls to the tree trunk
innumerable times in a day
using mud and saliva kneading a dough
all for a single larva to grow;
artisan wasp is a potter superb
an artiste
without the least idea to show.
Bringing an wounded insect
for larva's food it put it in the nest
before sealing it with mud ball and saliva
using its leg, body and antennae.
Nature with its creative agents
creates everywhere artistic things
which the men imitate.
Nothing can be created, not even dreamt about
scientific artistic romantic
realistic surrealistic or bombastic
unless in the material or the subtle plane it exists.

Invisibly with me

With a soft touch caressing
whispering blushing
sometimes with a rude shock
a foreboding experience
other times like a friendly fondle
a remembrance of the idle days
over a cup of tea;
it meets me in various ways
flowing over me, through me
coming out of the doors of the body.
It behaves differently at different times
as its nature changes seasonally;
endearingly, roughly, lovingly
telling me of its presence constantly.
Its presence at different parts of the body
is conspicuous at different stages of life.
Flowing in and out of my nostrils
the air as breath
supports me essentially
to live.

