



MOON
for Jitish Kallat

crescent moon, quarter moon,
half moon, full moon,
once in a blue moon, blood moon,
silver moon, gold moon,
Jitish Kallat's *roti* moon—
where time and the moon commune
comrades of convivial boon
humming their celestial tune.

how soon, how soon,
will they colonise the moon?

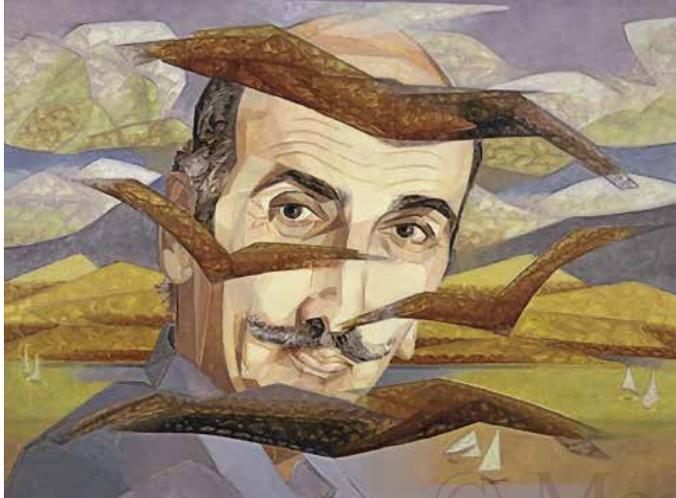


DREAM A WISH, WISH A DREAM
for Hema Upadhyay

and they rise
like sturdy saplings
through the earth
past their reckoning
from bleak bellies
and vacant eyes
to a kingdom
of survival.

and they rise
from the gutters
sweating pearls
of canny wisdom
that fetch more
than half a bread
in the kingdom
of survival.

and they rise
like morning stars
from the grime
of life's imbalance
to challenge destiny
to dream a wish
and wish a dream
in the kingdom
of survival.



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BIRDS IN YOUR EYES
for Jehangir Sabavala

you left
too soon
with birds
in your eyes
and a brush
in your dreams.
you left with
the calm
of your
gentle palette;
those
courteous colours
soothing
weary eyes.
you left with
your grace
and your
Dali-like face
easing into
that soft smile.

you left too soon
with your
brush still wet
and an
unfinished canvas
left bereft.

LIGHTHOUSE EYES
for Sudhir Patwardhan

he scans the city
with lighthouse eyes.

his paint is the sweat
of blue-collar toil
his canvas a mosaic
of mundane lives—

of grit and grime
and scattered dreams
a throb of slums
and glut of high-rise.

a speedway sweeps through
the clutter of each day
its serpentine path
skims the city's sighs.

the city's pulse
beats in his blue veins,
his narratives are mirrors,
his brush never lies.

he scans the city
with lighthouse eyes.

Mumbai Proverbs, 2013. 5 of 7 panels. Acrylic on canvas. Sudhir Patwardhan

