

Neha Soi

The dead are quite dumb really!

Watch them

As they go around unmindful of their 'sad demise'

Lingering on in alleys dark

Absorbing oxygen unnecessarily

Adding to the numbers in metros,

cars on the street,

customers in the mall,

Stuffing bags and mouths.

They still go by their routine

Efficiently and accurately:

working like robots.

Procrastinating.

They keep in waiting

The fires and the graves

That lie helplessly

With their mouths open

Like common birds desperately looking for water on hot days.

Persistent fools they are!

Somebody tell them.

Nudge them to move on.

Nobody?

Anybody alive?

Shall we ...

Shall we go out –
Anywhere but home
The newness will fill our eyes
Our ideas won't find a place?

Shall we drink –
Let our guards down
Dull our senses
Laugh and smile and fritter away our lives?

Shall we eat –
Delectable tastes!
With new concoctions stuff our mouths
Appreciate the temporary flavours –
The evening will pass?

Shall we make love –
Busy ourselves for the next few minutes
Hint at a foreplay
desperately awaiting a climax
and then finally
sleep.
At least a night would go by?

Shall we die –
Quite a relief it sounds
At least till the next life
No one to bother us?

Shall we dally a little first?
Flirt?
Shall we dance?

For peace

Electric is the way to Go.

Why pollute the air
With fumes
And ashes
And somatic gases
And wails
And horrors
And closures?

Haven't we had enough of it all life?

Electric is the way to Go.

Why be tortured
With ceremonies
And fires
And uncomfortable pyres
And pulls
And curses
And blessings?

Don't we deserve a moment of peace?