You Are My Book

You are my treasured book
that I long to read a million times –
left to right, right to left, top to bottom –
in whatever script you are written.

I hold you close at times,
turning all the pages over,
wanting to study you.
But I can't read you.
What to do!
I don't know the language
in which you are written.
Though I know
you are the most incredible language
in the universe.

I put forth great effort to learn to read.
You may only teach me
four letters of LOVE
But it is not happening.
The only letter
I learnt so far
is - "I".

Stuck there, I sought to smash
the walls of my ego.
I am tired, really exhausted.

Any secret to break them
maybe somewhere in your pages?

I am aware that books do not speak;
they only observe patiently
all around.
I open the book, place it on my chest,
hoping that my heart can learn to read you
making it easier for me to decipher
your hidden meanings.

A Syllable

Her word is only a syllable.
Her sentence is only a syllable.
Her language is only a syllable.
She tells everything in one syllable
that she wants to convey.

She speaks - mom
and unearths the vastness of planet.
She speaks - pa
and uncovers the enormity of the sky.

She teaches me
one syllable is sufficient
to express oneself.

– Dharmpal Mahendra Jain*

*A Toronto based author, Dharm writes in Hindi and English, and has six published books- four collections of satirical essays and two collections of poetry. He is a columnist for three prestigious journals *Chankya Varta, Vishwa Gatha, Vishwa, Hind Sagar,* and *Setu*. Email: dharmtoronto@gmail.com

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