

Concerned with the universe

POEM 1

The Blasphemy of Shakespeare

What is in a name? A rose would smell sweet being called a poppy.
It would smell just as sweet being called a puppy.
A puppy would bound just as happily
Towards the hands carrying its food
When it is called puppy
And when it is called cat.

A cat does not know
The name of its human companion
Whether their name is Jack or Rose,
Because it cannot understand.

I was named Shrishti.
My classmates called me Drishti.
To them, it did not matter
That a single letter
Could define the nature
Between our cultural nomenclatures.

What is in a name?
That which is foreign will still be foreign when it is mispronounced.
The tongue will seduce only the language it is familiar with.
But the weary ear will still hear the message that is meant for it.

I love Drishti,
Drishti is the Earth –
Stable, grounded, and strong.
But when I am Drishti,
I am sunk by the iceberg of invisibility.

I am Shrishti.
I am as expansive as infinity,
As never-ending as pi,
As undefined as the galaxy.
I matter because I am matter
Combined with energy, I am the Universe.
I am Shrishti.

So do not recite to me,

What is in a name?
Before getting to know mine.
POEM 2

Where The Sky Meets Itself
The sky at transition is always
The most beautiful thing.

The magic of the sun
Erupts in a never-ending rhythm of color –
Dancing to the divine rhythms of the universe.

Grounding the self on Earth is a chore
When your line of sight is perceiving a bird
Fly its way into the horizon,

Elevated in the stratosphere
Is where we find the joyous of chirps,
The intimate sound heard only by
The tips of the trees and the great unknown.

POEM 3

Scientific Mindfulness

That moment when the breeze
Comes to tickle my cheek
Reminds me that nature is alive.

Life is nothing short of beautiful
No one can dissuade me
That the change of seasons is magic.

Or that the species and ecosystems underwater
Are not representative of creations
In a galaxy orchestrated by development.

Particles inside each of us destroy and recombine
An infinite number of times-
An elemental dance.

Am I not a reflection of the same mechanisms?

I can change my genetic makeup
By treating my body with better food

And have the freedom to partake
In wondrous adventures
All in pursuit of personal evolution.

Different versions of me
Die and others are reborn
Like a cycle of waves on the shore.

Like seasons of the self,
We truly are the universe experiencing itself.