

O. P. Arora

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Between Yes and No

Life, an illusion
A strange fusion
Light and dark
Dolphin and shark
High and low
Ego and bow...
At times it smiles
Tears too it wipes
When it confounds
Terribly it hounds...
Its fragrance holds
Its beauty moulds
When it howls
Its stink growls
Its hope crowns
Its despair drowns...
You think it's
You find it isn't...
Between Yes and No
It's time to go...

No Excuses Please

Ever idealized
Never analyzed...
Masked faces
Crafted graces
Pleasing words
Deceiving phrases...
Their intent
crooked and bent
Made-up smiles
Hidden guiles
Manipulated manners
Apt scanners
Playful praise
Skilful stage...
I was trapped
I was mapped...
What intelligence!
Failed to read
even naked pretence...
Your misery
their devilry
or, your stupidity...