

An Ink Fruit

Streets
(VOLUME I)

Hari Das

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Forward

Streets a place where people exceed their strength when the day starts, from nil to crowded and then the same phenomena with an opposite effect happen to end a day, from crowded to nil. In between this rate of fluctuations of public I had seen and calculated some fact and figures by taking a close look over these coming and going crowd. I was able to do this because what I believe is whenever I drop my footsteps over these streets my soul gets automatically connected to the world and nature and then this energy sourcing earth tells me where I have to go and at that time I can't resist myself then on the city streets I flow like a gentle breeze and pass by the people and crowd as unknown. Maximum time my travels on the city streets are attempts to find something somewhere in some part of the street that I believe it waits for me to get caught. I feel exhausted but then also I walk because my instinct doesn't allow me to leave the path I follow. This curiosity to know or to get that I follow by listening to my heart and as a result at the end of the day I never come back empty handed. And at last when it is there in front of my eyes then it makes me feel sufficient to calculate its existence in this breath taking life. People come over here for short time may be just to pass but some people come over here for never going back. They stay here like numbness hiding in certain corners of the streets and sometimes I am one of them.

Hari Das

Lake-1

My vision continued to trace an end of a lake, from window side I was traveling in a bus towards Bhopal, the capital city of Madhya Pradesh one of the Indian state situated in the central part of India. It was morning at 6; the weather was little bit cold. Here in the central part of India it was almost an end to the winter season. My bus was crossing an over bridge of Bhopal lake during that time surprisingly I had seen a splendid effect of nature there over the lake water yes and I was awed. The rising sun dropped its first warm yellow graces over the cool lake water by lifting the light white fog coated over the lake. The tiny moving blue waves with a pace of moving wind shimmered its sleeves leaving a glassy shine in my eyes. My Twitching eyes reflected a vision towards my father and I remembered what he said to me when I was just leaving my home for Bhopal “A City of Lake’s you are going to visit my boy, don’t lose yourself with those magnificent effect of nature, I know you are a wandering fellow but you should remember your purpose of visit dear I hope you will best off luck”. Yes he was right those blue tiny waves were trying me to take me away in a land of fascination where I was sitting there in lake side dreaming about her. There I halted my mind to stop visualizing further for keeping those words as orders delivered by my father. The lake was surrounded with average heightened hills, but the end of the lake was still not visible because of removing white fogs leded me to think how endless is this lake a big watery lake and yes it was.

In that lake a fisher man was throwing his net from a small boat to catch fresh water fishes. My mouth watered by thinking the taste of those fishes if it had arrived in a well garnished plate. Then as soon as the bus crossed the bridge the city welcomed us with a two lane road bounded with rocky slopes of crest and

troughs in both the sides following as waves with the motion of bus. Where alongside the passing wide footpaths as well in the divider too there were neatly shaped plants of freshly bloomed yellow flowers they were dangling their heads with the pass of wind and were ready to be plucked. The greenery continued in all square slopes and curves. Finally it ended when the bus entered in a densely populated area to reach the final stop as a fool stop at the bus stand.

This populated area was quiet inverse from rest of the outer part of the city from where I traveled that was full of uneven elevations and somewhat isolated. But here it was full of dust with heavy flow of morning traffic, honking and moving sound of vehicles; under construction roads it just felt like the city had woken up earlier for an important work to be done for the day. A real Indian city likewise mine so it was not new to me, where small houses apartments and shops were stick to each other without giving a single inches of gap hence no sign of greenery anywhere . There in the road sides people were roaming here and there recklessly crossing the streets, passing by footpaths going to office with a raised temper in tension, shop keepers opening their shops, children going to school in a jolly mood with their tightly pinched water bottle resting on their chest hooked up from the neck with their mamas holding their fingers, few ladies buying vegetables from a hawker by blushing out the real market price of vegetables in high pitch that they know very well for bargaining. A homeless man was laying at the edges of a footpath behaving as calm and cool by angling his legs and crossing his arms beneath the head as a rest was thinking wide with his long hairs touching the wide footpaths may be about his past how it passed with lots of ups and downs he faced. But somewhat it seemed he is planned with some kind of idea that he will follow to get some money for his next eat. Like this many other things and happenings passed away from my window side

by giving brief ideas of the things happening around in a flow of bus.

Finally the bus entered in the bus stop by giving several jerks caused by the speed breakers. Leaving their seats passengers lined up where I was in mid of the row. As soon as I stepped out men in green shirts, the auto drivers were already present at the gate asking the passengers about their destination in the city. As their usual habit the auto drivers were giving mutually a tough look in a fit of rage towards each other to take away the passengers. Where one of them asked me where you have to go but I know these auto drivers very well how they treat these new arrivals in the city, by fooling the public in a way by charging huge amount for even a kilometer. So I just removed myself from them, though I dint had any intention to hire auto as well. I started walking further rolling my huge bag consisting of large amount of study materials and a little amount of clothes as the stay was only for ten days for my PG exams centered this time in Bhopal. Here then onwards my first intention was to get a cheap lodge near by the bus stand, to feel easy for further travels in the city. So I took a safe corner in a cigarette shop at the entry side of the bus stop to ask someone. I lighted a cigarette, and after having few puffs I asked that cigarette vendor called paanwala in India because they also provide paan(A special kind of preparation combining betel leaf with areca nut with some sweet ingredient and tobacco) to chew. Can u please tell me where I can get a cheap lodge? He dint heard me at first as his speeding hands showed how busy he was in making paans for his customers who were waiting. But then I asked again, this time he heard and within a second he replied some name it was not clear to my ears and I felt totally confused what he said? What was it? I was screwed. Now this time I was feeling awkward to ask one more time as I can act as a disturbing element for him in this peak time of his business. But then I thought I think I should not waste my time. Anyhow he is not going to kill me for asking a

silly question. Then I didnt went to think much. As a shameless I asked it again what you said can you please repeat it again. This time the vendor irrelatively by biting his teeth in his enraged voice he said “imily gali” by pointing his hands towards a narrow street going inside from the main road. For a second I was literally frightened the kind of facial expression he gave it to me. Somehow it was expected from him so it was fine for me. In hurry I said ok and by giving thanks I took two more long puffs of my cigarette, thrown it away and moved on. There in front of me a busy main road was there where big rolling tiers of buses and trucks with heavy vroom sound, honing cars and scooters passed by me in left and right direction.

Soon the road cleared off and I crossed the main road by rolling my bag. After crossing I straightly walked into the narrow street pointed by the cigarette vendor. There I had seen the street was full of shops at both the sides. A deep glance I made over the boards of shops in both the sides it was written mobile shops, with different names of vendors. There I understood I am there in a mobile market then it means I need to get into this street a bit more for imily gali. After a brief walk the mobile market was over and I was there in a small square. But I dint turned anywhere from that square also I went straight and entered in another narrow street where I had seen a market of lodges same as mobile market and this was imily gali. Here where ever my eyes went huge boards of color blue, white, red and many other of rectangular cubical shape in which name of the lodges were written but vertically hooked in each three to four storied buildings of this street. After reading these boards I felt saved and relaxed as I got the place without spending lot of time and effort. Now it was time to select a good lodge. Fortunately I got one. I went into navya lodge with again a brief walk into the street. As it was good looking newly constructed three storied building well painted, dark varnished windows and doors, with a big balcony my favorite spot in the world. But in comparison to

this lodge others were old with cracks on their walls unpainted and with a small balcony same look as Mumbai red street buildings which I dint liked.

By a constant negotiation I took a room of double bed, but no TV for 200 rupees per day that was cheap. No TV was a disappointment but later it went as fruit full to me. I got a balcony side room in second floor. The lodge had same arrangement like hospitals so many rooms adjacent to each other in both the sides divided by a big corridor that at the end was giving a round staircase towards down floor and in front it was balcony. So finally I was there in my room. For a while on exploring I found, my room was having two beds covered with clean white bed sheets attached to each other pulled up in one corner. In front of it a hair dressing table with mirror attached and a small table was kept aside. Over this table a glass with water jug was kept that I dint even went to use as I had seen the dirty stains over the edges of both. At last my sight ended with bathroom, attached in one corner of the room but I dint went for a look thinking that it should be clean. By the time it was 8 in the morning but due to long travel I was feeling sleepy. Although the distance towards Bhopal from my city is just of four hours so it can't be even said as long but you know the Indian roads it will never let you sleep. There I jumped by leaving my whole weight over my fluffy bed and closed my eyes for a sleep. Seconds passed, minutes passed but I was not able to sleep because the things of those manipulating streets that I had seen were coming in my thoughts again and again as I am still there in travel. Twisting sometimes left sometimes right I was totally fed up of my wandering mind. At last after struggling hard anyhow I was caught up with sleep.

There after darkness prevailed in my eyes as night took me to a ride. Very soon intense of my sleep took me to a depth went inside darkness tied, loosed my grip from my body shell. There soul inside flushed outside, fell into a gorge as a water fall.

Crashed into a river where dreams flowing inside, as streamlined fishes directed one side. Flow of river offered a dream and took me away with its bulgy streams. Soon the dreams I got, rushed from the brain reached in my eyes and shown me a vision of that lake site. There at the lake side concrete steps I was sitting with a seeking eyes in search of a girl called My Lady “a belonging from my past” from that infinity of Foggy Lake, which uttered nothing other than dismay. Her absence in life immersed out in me as roly poly sorrow full tears, which tapped the gentle flow of lake, and formed some elusive circles in the Lake water site. And their again after a long time she came into me as a sunflower bloomed with the first tap of sunlight, where her lovely fascinating adorable face was visible in the lake water as a beauteous dream resting in the cool water site. Rising sun dazzled her face. Her curly hair curves in waves breezing wind flowing waves. There her eyes in dark water illuminated my weeps in lake water. Her eyes her lips her nose her face was calling me, in desperate to touch her there in the deep lake water. But the touch I made the sleeves of waves took her away went away to never come back in my ways. I remember the last glance we made My Lady. Your well-formed eyes I know what it spelled to my indigent eyes, I want to cry in your chest if you will give me for a while. Through my eyes my mind told to her eyes a mistake I did, it count be corrected anyway back, though I have to leave. Now even my shade also, will not be there around you anymore, to follow you in your any part of life and then you don't have to restrict your legs to move around My Lady yes my dear. But I needed you for my whole life that you can't give me in this span of sight. Even though I am feeling glad towards my fate, as I was able to be a stain of that moon who can never forget the darkness hiding behind that tantalizing yen. You as a flower I loosed My Lady, sometimes I think. There nostalgic fever captures my ink. To pass this trauma it takes time to sink though I have to manage myself. Yes I do with your fresh morning fragments that I still hail in me, somewhere as those

breath taking arguments we did. I know my dear you love me but you are bounded with limitations that I respect. So without any hesitation I am letting you free from this curse of love. Live your own life; be happy, get married have kids but remember one thing, I will wait for you, yes My Lady, somewhere one day after the end of that darkness when you will close your eyes to never get opened. I will get you there in form of light. My hands will be there for you to raise your soul from your body pod that was always mud for me, my light. I will pray to my soul thereafter if there is any life we will live together as a pair of humming bird flying towards the eastern sunrise.

Hari Das

Lake

Wind in pace

Water with laze

Moved its self

Waves

I hailed down my fumes

Deep down it roomed

A face

A shape

Crystal and clear

In Lake

Surface of water

Her face

In Black water

Surface of water

Brown eyes

Deep there in water

Surface of water

Water

your face

Face

I still remember,

There in lake water

Moved my palms

To touch the water

Water

Gentle and lentil

No harm in water

Broken dreams

Took a shape

Fluctuating water

Colored lake

Lake

Lake

Waves took her away

As sleeves of past

Went to a way

To never come back

Her face

My ways

Took unknown shape

Unknown race

Swept away

With some sleeves of lake

Some sleeves of lake

Sleeves of lake

Lake....

Poetry is music a rhythm so read it lovely and smoothly

Hari Das

Captured-2

Somehow my sleep went off I woke up and leaned against the wall. In this half asleep state, I stared everywhere in my room but me and my loneliness only I could find. She again came into my dreams, as a resemblance of my divine past, when I was with her. There sadness began to capture my heart in an extreme need of her and it was irresistible for me. There in a sudden Impatient state I jerked my head to remove her from my thoughts else I know, I will be spoiling my whole day in an agony without studying for my exams. But the jerk dint worked. My cozy heart in her absence as a wound began to feel the silence of my room. Very soon the numbness hiding in my room brake's its silence, by removing her from my thoughts my puzzled head heard an up roaring babbling sound of so many happenings outside. And I was shore it is from the streets downside.

In the morning time when I entered in this lodge it was a vacant street. So in a curiosity to know this hush Kush atmosphere I went into the balcony leaving my room opened. There I lighted a cigarette and rested my hands over the wide railing of my balcony. Releasing my fumes the flow of wind was towards east and it was already noon I realized from the heat. From there my first sight from the balcony I made. Literally if I would say, I was amazed, that much that if a little bit of feeling left for her in me, in a mean time it was also root upped, on viewing such a breathing crowded street, which was giving a feel of liveliness made me feel fresh and colorful in sight. A real view of crowded street of Bhopal I was able to see from this second floor of my lodge. Each and every think happening on the streets was crystal and clear to my cupid eyes. So many pedestrians were coming and going from where? Somewhere like a current flow of two

rivers like mixed against each other who were struggling hard to cross each other. A peep I directly made straight toward downside of my lodge by raising my ankles at tip toe to overcome the height of the railing but nothing was visible at the ground floor in my side. As the aluminum sheets were coming out, which were acting as a shade for the shop and shop owners for their customers. In my whole lane the condition was same.

Fortunately the shop's in opposite lane with the rabble street was clearly visible. Beside each lodge in both the lane at the ground floor was occupied by these shop owners selling daily household and other personal utility items that were acting as the major attraction for the public towards this street.

A small tea vendor I had seen in front of my lodge with his single iron bench that he was using as a tea stall. He was preparing tea for his customers but no place to sit that was acting as a big trouble for the customer's arriving. So the people were resting their bumps in certain nooks and corners if found suitable to keep and were having tea in a relaxing state, near to the tea stall. There I had seen a group of young men's laughing wide don't know why, may be through some joke shared. There after continuing their conversation they were having there sip of tea and smoke in one side. Near to them two old men's of bolt head with sleeves on their forehead felt tensed. They were having a serious talk in a manner they were trying to sort out some serious issue. As an acceptance of understanding both of them were nodding their head towards each other like two cuckoo birds sitting aside. Soon there glasses became empty with no sips left they paid and went off.

Thereafter from in between the crowd, I had seen a traditional Indian joint family arriving from the left hand side of the street.

The women's in that family were showered in colorful Indian traditional attire. The bright full colored printed sarees they wore, red bindi stuck on their foreheads, a golden mangalsutra(A chain wore by Indian ladies if they are married as a sign)hanging

in their necks, silver and gold rings and earrings, jingling glass bangles filled in their hands, huge makeup in their silky faces.

Each and everything about these women's from this floor, my eyes felt like they as a beautiful jewelry is worn by this street. In that family a teenage girl with his small brother in there western outfits were walking recklessly by giving a deep glance over the street side shops. It was clearly visible a big question was lingering in their faces. What to buy? By giving the leadership to their family the men's in their European shirt pant outfits were walking forward by holding hands of their small children, where the gossiping women's were coming after them. Soon after few steps the families get distributed as they were already planned.

From them two women's with an old lady might be their mother in law entered in a jewelry shop who's shiny reflection was twinkling in my eyes from the glass door of that jewelry shop, a couple entered in a bangle shop adjacent to it, that teenage girl with his small brother entered in a cosmetic shop adjacent to the bangle shop and at last husband's of those three women's who entered in jeweler shop walked a while a little leaving two three shops with the small children of that family and entered in a photo frame shop. There I had seen the shop keeper of that photo frame shop gives them a warm welcome with a sweet smile embedded in his face, might be thinking that he got a good art loving client. Now these three men's in which an old man and two young men's probably his sons began to give a deep glance over the beautiful paintings and sceneries hooked up in the photo frame shop. Where the shop keeper was standing beside them crossing his palms in how may I help you mode. Then suddenly what happent the old men enthusiastically called his two sons to join him to understand a meaning full painting that he got. There all the three men's began to stare on that painting with their wide eyes opened to understand the flow of that art but I was not able to see from here is because they were standing in front of it. In other hand the shop keeper smile widened joyfully with his teeth

shining, thinking that I am just going to sell out one of my painting. Waving his hand the old man called the shop keeper also and said to explain this painting as an order. As soon as he screwed his eyes on the painting and went for the first word to utter there was a call from one of the lady from the street side who came back from the jewelry shop. Not bothering about the shop keeper and his painting in a quick zeal all of them left the spot without collecting any response. A sudden loss of anticipation reflected in his face. There from behind, the shop keeper raised his hands to call them back but released by scribbling some ugly words his lip movement told. The entire family member reunited at the same spot, where they get distributed carrying small covers and packets they bought. Then by giving a walk the women's seemed sharing the details of the purchase they made. The family went off with a seeking eye for the next purchase to be made. After they went my eyes became impatient, to know what was exactly there in that painting and why dint they bought. I turned and focused my eyes on that painting hooked up between other major paintings of Mona Lisa, The Last Supper, Starry Nights, Pablo Picasso and others. And when I got the view I chuckled delightfully. Finally I understood it was just a time pass for them because it was just a silly painting of a wooden table over which few liquor bottles were kept and they were trying to know the brand name if they are familiar with or not. So after enjoying this preplanned drama leaving this shop owner and his paintings my eyes again concentrated on the streets.

The crowd in the streets was showing its huge presence in other hand the intense of the noon light was losing its strength. So many heads where halting and moving but in between them there was a color in major proportion, I noted. That was black yes black, acting as a black mark moving on the streets. Those were Muslim women's who were wearing black burkas, a long piece of clothing that covers the face and body, worn by them in public places in order to hide their physical beauty from the eyes of

other males leaving husband and families as a ritual. The burka was covering them from tip to toes with a breach opening for their eyes in their niqab a part of burka covering their head. In this black attire from the breach opening of their face their beautiful alluring black almond eyes impressed my vision, I smiled. The fluttering big eyelashes, mascara lined up on their eyelids dashes, their piercing eyes, and their skin ton of pure milky white altogether gave an effect of an elusive, breath taking flower showcased forever. Wisdom of a lady her sleeves and curves her bent and bows not able to present how unfortunate I thought. Collectively if I see somewhere those eyes heavy-lidded eyes she is using as a sword, to give a seductive sparkle to make a man fell in love with them or What else they can do? What they have to show except a big black mark. Nothing! Then I considered if a word beauty is removed from the world of women kind, then what they can be called? A faded flower is about to fall.

There I was beginning to lose my temper in order to feel relaxed, I lighted a cigarette. There from the balcony again fumes took me with the flow of crowd and shown me another lady of same black burka hope. She was holding her small little boy of hardly five, halting, buying and negotiating from shop keepers aside. The lady was lean and thin with bewitching pie-eyes and the applied mascara gave her breathtaking ties. I released my fume smoky dunes, where rest else was totally covered in her burka looms. But somewhere I felt sympathy on her as she might be of 22 or 23 or even less. An age of blossom her beauty might be awesome but she was totally packed like a packet as she only belongs to some ones parcel. Like her so many black spots I had seen roaming here and there on the streets. It felt just like a flower is covered with a big black blanket who will wilt someday in some day but it will wilt soon is because of this blanket.

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