

Poetry Series

**Monita Soni**  
**- poems -**

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## Monita Soni(4/27/59)

A forty nine year old, determined to live happily despite WHATEVER. Born in India, a voracious reader, enjoys music, lyrics, poetry, art, dance, literature, an incurable romantic. Definitely blessed by the aptitude, desire and will to find healing and joy through introspection and self expression AND SHARING.

# A Creative Burst

Dappled patterns flicker on my canvas  
A firefly light flits on the key board  
Words jump out with an attitude  
My index finger does a tango  
Pupils dilate-breathing slows

I step away and watch  
The powerful brush strokes  
Of The Artist  
Composing through me.

Monita Soni August 8 2008

Monita Soni

# A Piece Of Blue Sky

Do tell me  
My friend

What is it you hide  
In your stride

Your yellow skirt sways  
Revealing a glimpse

Of the wicker basket  
With apples red

And a tiny parcel  
Wrapped in a white thread

Is it a gift  
A little treat?

I hold out my hand  
Gently you land

In the moist place  
A piece of glass

Reflecting the blue sky.

Monita Soni

# Age? What Is? Is?

Age? What is? Is!

Many big smiles have  
Lifted my cheeks  
Deepened my dimples  
Twinkled my eyes

Phooeey who cares of wrinkles

Two elevenish lines  
Of focus knot my brow  
They smooth it with  
Gentle hands (Mom and Mintea)

Frowns don't suit you Swinkles

The flowing river  
Now rough, often torrential  
Rarely still like the Yamuna  
'Tis all in the response (this lack of repose)

Beauty is in accepting ripples

The harvest moon morphs  
Evening sun sinks 'pon my bedroom window  
Sprinkles golden cheer next morn  
The winter chill seeps bone deep

The meadow dreams of spring flowers

Do you even remember?  
My tousled head on your bosom  
Did you feel the weary years.....melt?  
In the radiant after-glow

Does true love last forever?

I had my share of  
Turbulent troubled teens  
The self-doubt, the indecision  
The "now or never" times

Perchance I pulled body and soul together!

Now I just be  
Kiss, hug and pray  
Accept that I am blessed  
With each breath celebrate the gift of life.

Just let fond memories trickle.....

Monita Soni

# Any Which Way

Path of love is  
Meandering  
Up a hill  
Now high,  
Now low  
Topsy-turvy  
Often retrograde  
Rarely progressive

Never standing still

Monita Soni

# Aroma

My vision

I s narrow you say  
Me think not

Tis fresh  
Like newly brewed coffee

Fills my lungs  
Like a young french parfum

Simply natural  
To thrive and survive

Our ever changing  
Cultural climate

Alive like a butterfly  
That flits on buttercups

With an inspiring flourish....

Monita Soni



# Autumnal Burst

A crisp fall morning  
Follows the glorious  
Historic Tuesday night  
The night of prayers  
Answered....the night  
Of happy tears...  
The night of jubilation  
The eve of hope....

My lips smile, my eyes sparkle  
The whole world sings  
The clear blue sky  
After a terrible terrible storm  
Holds up a promised wreath  
Of Jubilant yellows, flaming oranges  
Chocolate browns  
Melting into fierce reds

A gusty gale lifts my spirits  
Echoes the chorus of the  
Swirling leaves  
Yes we can! Yes we can!  
This Tumultous Tuesday  
Will resonate forever  
Linking the 'chosen' one  
To those who believe in.....Yes we can!

Monita Soni

# Birthday Cake

Let's cut the cake  
Let's cut the cake

We will  
We will his mom replies

When oh when.....  
he asks  
Eyes full of dance

Soon  
Soon she croons

After we have ate  
The peas and tate

The time has come  
To cut the cake

The candle is blowed  
The wish is made

Now 'tis right  
To stuff the face

Monita Soni

# Birthday Wish At Midnight

On my daughter's twenty second birthday  
I woke up rested  
My aching muscles needing  
the sleep  
the day just slipped pleasantly away through our fingers

As the church bells chime the midnight hour  
I am happy on the sofa  
She is next door  
Reading  
We heartily ate every spicy morsel of the birthday feast

Suddenly I think of Madame Bovary's flair  
For fashion and fantasy  
Stunned I realize  
That dreams can be coaxed to  
Come true

One birthday at a time!

Monita Soni

# Brush Strokes

Swirling down  
The spiral staircase  
From the Sistine  
A slender form  
In a white frock  
Slides by me

Two excited eyes  
Laser beams  
Of hope....dreams  
Touch me  
For a moment  
And vanish

Like a painting under a painting

- August 24 2008

Monita Soni

# Butter Scotch Laugh

The sweet sound of you laughing  
Is like a cup of mocha with a double shot of happy.....  
Warmth lingering in my throat.....my heart....my being

You laughed and looked away  
Sunset hues deepening the glow in your cheeks  
Laughter rising in rivulets....behind silky tresses

Misty brooks sang as you laughed  
Then overflowing like mountain streams in gay abandon  
Dancing gleefully into my pores...tumbling...falling

Sunrise-drenched laugh of yours  
Stirred the bumblebees to a frenzied viennese waltz  
The flowers pouted....as 'they' forgot their chores and more

Your laughter gambolled freely  
Like doe-eyed gazelles in green meadows  
The magic of all seasons in the musical notes....rising

Now the spring has gone from my window  
Taking the balmy beach strolls with her  
I can see traces of your laughter on stray leaves... clinging

My sore eyes searching the woods relentlessly  
For you and....the solitary tear you had  
Carefully tucked away from my lashes....one morning....  
- Monita Soni

Monita Soni

# Crocodile Tears, Not!

I smile when I think of  
the look on your face  
When you see me happy

You are so desperate  
to wipe that grin off my face  
And make me miserable

A mirror image of your  
Own sad temperament  
How can you be so down?

That you can not offer  
A word of compassion  
A single cheer

When I sit sagging  
Bent over my troubles  
You do not let me weep

Healing tears.....  
You have no place for  
Empathy.....in your world

Crocodiles don't cry  
Try exercising your human lachrymal apparatus  
Spare your embittered larynx

Look around you weeping  
Feel the pain you cause  
More often that not

By not comprehending.....

Monita Soni

# Dear Aunt Tripta

My dear aunt  
Where are you?  
In heaven, I s'pose  
You were meant to be there

Elegant in your starched white cotton sarees  
Your dark hair in a fashionable french twist  
Your laughing eyes behind the spectacles  
The bold red bindi adorning your radiant brow

Do you still have that funny tick  
Little Abha asks?  
Of scratching your throat  
I often imitated you, (you know)

And when mom scolded me  
I pretended  
I had a frog in my larynx  
Trying to tickle me

How are you my KS  
I often think about you, you know  
But probably you do  
The fact that poetry

Gushes through me  
Is because you are up there  
tipping your creative cup over me  
and smiling generously

I love you dear aunt Tripta  
I know you are at peace now.  
Stay in touch.....  
with your POF.

Monita Soni

# Does It Matter?

Allure  
Or illusion

Lead  
Or mislead

Terrible  
Or feeble

Kill  
Or Fell

Battle  
Or rattle

Flaming  
Or blaming

Literal  
Or visual

It's all the same  
Love is a game

Of violence, sexuality and turbulence.

Monita Soni



# Garden Stroll

This Spring day is a gift  
To enjoy simple pleasures  
A stroll through the silver bells  
A 2 year old in pink smocked overalls  
Playing in the burnished copper fountain  
Trying to capture the lights of the setting globe  
The hot pink tulips blush orange in delight or shyness  
For couples have circled them hand in hand stealing a kiss  
I pick up a Rosa Bella Camellia to press it like years gone by  
And wrap  
A soft shawl of blue  
Violet pansies woven sweetly  
Like myriad of happy memories lovingly  
Stitched together to give me hope that you will  
Always think of me in moments like this when we  
Work together with green ice late and caramel macchiato

Sunday March 16 2008

Monita Soni

# He Is So Cute

My nanaji  
Is so cute

She says  
Her big black eyes

Shining with love  
Brimming with memories

Of childhood dreams  
Hands full of treats

He never complains  
Or gives a harsh look

Just smiles, watches TV  
And enjoys his gum

Never misses his evening out  
With his buddies

Always showers beaucoup praises  
On his grand-girls

You are my favorite  
He tells her on the phone

Never worry  
Always smile

Why don't you do MBA  
It is equally good!

Monita Soni  
August 2nd 2008

Monita Soni

# Here And There

Where is she?

That gentle sprite  
Clean and white

The jasmine strand  
That bright light

I am incomplete  
She is incomplete

Scattered in moments

Yearning to be  
..... Complete..

Monita Soni

# High Heels

All art is a tell-tale,  
The pearl is the oyster's story  
Maybe my sad little poems  
Paint my lonely life

I shall buy high heels  
Transform into  
The tall and slender  
Tan girl from Ipenema

Ooh..... I can feel the change electrify the air!  
Watch out, here I come  
Gliding strait into unsuspecting hearts.

Monita Soni

# I Am Eve

I am Eve  
Incredible am I  
Tall and lithe  
Head held high  
A swan like neck  
Rising from straight shoulders  
A gently tilted chin  
Perfectly arched brows  
A glowing forehead  
Black eyes confident  
With a hint of mischief  
Happily curved lips  
A smooth cheek  
Often revealing a dimple  
Honey drenched voice  
An inviting aura  
A generous aspect  
A golden lotus with  
A sapphire heart (he named me)  
I make things happen  
The earth shifts beneath my feet  
What is my secret?  
What is my mystery?  
What is the magic?

I thank God for making me a woman..... Everyday!

Monita Soni

# I Am Glad I Did Not Stop Dreamin'

When I look back  
With a wry smile on those days  
In grade school, when the teacher  
Would pull me back into the room

Stop dreaming, she would chide  
I would wonder curious faced  
Me who had memorized all the cw and hw  
For weeks to come? ?

She blamed me of day-dreaming  
How did she know, any way?  
Surprised me always, but I would  
drift off happily, a princess in the tallest towers

Captured by a firece dragon  
would wait ever so patiently  
from recess to final bell  
For my knight in shinin' armor

To rescue me and fly me  
To the moon on a magic carpet  
Over snow capped mountains and  
Seas of azure blue

To our sweet palace of illusions  
Just when we were about to kiss  
The goblin-faced boy would shake  
and I would come back....

to the ground beneath my first grade class  
But still...I was dreamy eyed,  
and often high on my imaginary kite  
through teen years and motherhood

Life struck me painful blow after blow  
With cruel enormity because the people  
outside my own home NEVER  
entertained my fanciful notions

I was rudely crushed again, and yet again  
Cried bitterly but then just wiped my tears  
And stood tall like Scarlett  
'Cos tomorrow is another day

You know when I sit next to you  
And steal a look at those keen eyes  
And a keener intellect  
I smile BIG.....

and mentally trace your features  
the small scar of the'tick'mole  
that special profile  
Gracefully determined little chin

I hug myself and want to  
google Mrs. Sharma, my teacher  
and thank her resolutely  
for all those times she..... did not interrupt me

Because my best dream came true.

Monita Soni

# I Dare Not Look Back

The narrow gullee  
Walled off by brick walls  
Of the Madarsa  
Desecrated by graffiti  
Sprayed with betel spit  
Over-stenched gutters  
Dung cakes like peeping toms  
Behind garbage heaps  
The sudden left turn  
The familiar bump  
A breath held  
For centuries

A hasty look at  
The dusty trunk  
A shriveled form  
Behind the tree  
A stifled scream  
Of what might  
Have been

Monita Soni August 30

Monita Soni



# Indulgence

I catch a glimpse of my silhouette  
In the mirror as I look at the gazebo  
Beside the still lake  
The sun  
just beginning to bid adieu

Reveling in my escape,  
I stretch cat-like  
My creamy skin blushing  
My pores tingling  
In anticipation.....

The quiet knock  
Oil of Grape seed and desire  
long fingers barely brushing  
Deep sighs wrapped in warmth  
Of abandon.....

Monita Soni

# Innuendo

The cool breeze  
Dances into my room  
With memories  
Of sweet kisses

The star-struck moon  
Weave a potent magic  
In my soul  
Around my heart

Can not tell you  
Now or ever  
Perchance if you  
Look in my eyes you could

Feel the secret unfold  
And get a whiff  
Of Love  
As the tale is retold

Monita Soni

# Is

Let go  
Leave it be  
Hold on  
To yourself  
Lift your  
Finger off  
The rewind button  
What is  
Is!

Monita Soni

# Just An Instrument

You'll wait a long, long time to know  
Your cries, fear, love, hate,  
Don't mean much

Far beyond the floating clouds  
Where Northern Lights and constellations mingle  
You don't exist in form

Your heightened senses  
Endless pining for the first born  
Or the entire Yadu clan is merely a shrug

The Parijat will continue to spill  
Its fragrance on the parched earth  
Long after you are gone

The Coppery moon that hangs low  
Over the battlefield  
Knows not who will weep at Sun rise

Extinguish the fire of revenge  
Break open your melting heart  
In your bruised hands

Go back to the source  
Let go, let go of sins and sorrows  
Just think a Happy thought

Nothing ever happens  
Don't take blame  
He is the doer.....you, who are you?

.

Monita Soni

# Keeps Me Guessing

It falls slowly  
Then fast

Stark  
Yet clean

Severe  
Yet warm

Insulating  
Yet inviting

Frigid  
Yet playful

What a paradox  
My December love

Monita Soni

# Leave Well Alone

Seriously don't be silly  
It's symbolic this illusion  
Of love and delusion

I tell you Billy  
Just dropp the "R"  
And enjoy the 'elation!

Monita Soni

# Look

Let us name the flowers  
Of spring  
Freesias, daffodils, silver-bells  
Tulips  
Pansies, Camellias, snap-dragons  
Azaleas  
Dogwoods, Bradford pears, phlox  
Rhododendrons  
I think have named a few  
Maybe not all  
Stop  
Let us not count  
Just enjoy their vivid burst  
Of color  
On this perfect day  
For when Brother Frost covers  
This spectacle with a blanket  
Of snow  
Then we will smile at the  
All the blooms we forgot  
To observe  
Because the poet said that:

Heaven gives its glimpses only to those  
Not in position to look too close.

Monita Soni

# Magic

I love my lab  
It is like magic

The day starts with high energy  
Phones ringing, printer singing

My team is very fine  
Girls hardworking and sublime

They embed the blocks  
One tiny biopsy at a time

Making sure to clean the forceps  
As they trim and ribbon with a flair

Then I march in, loaded with bags  
books, papers, packages and all

Ten thousand do do lists  
Hanging from my fists

Every ones heart stops for a dither  
As I ask for this that, and the other

Reading messages, opening mail  
Organizing slides, dictating reports

They forget the buzzin' in their minds  
And work with me in sweet synchrony

Things are caught up, slides filed,  
reports typed, copied and faxed

Reagents ordered, meetings held  
Ever ready, squeaky clean

I love my lab  
I adore the girls



Who misspell words without a care  
But give all their southern grace

The happy couriers are always ready  
To pick up a sample or two

They don't mind the detours  
And sometimes even have a surprise

Of iced lemon slushies  
To cool are flushed hearts.

Monita Soni

# Mark Up

The minute you settle for less  
than you deserve,  
You get even less than.....you settled for.

so pull out those fake fears  
Drown those false promises  
In the..... kitchen sink

If you want somethin'  
Just make it happen  
Go for it.....with your hair teeth.

Monita Soni

# May Day

It was a beautiful day  
In mid May  
Stolen from the Geetanjali  
Or Mid summer nights dream

The house was bright  
Sun drenched  
The outdoors poured in through  
Large French windows

The garden bloomed with  
Roses, daisies, Amaryllis  
The Large purple  
Clematis strained to be let in

My heart sang as I skipped  
In my green checkered shift  
The doorbell rang  
He stood there

Lean, in a crisp white shirt  
He smiled hiding a parcel  
I hugged him in the threshold.  
What do you have there?

I tried to peek, he held  
Me with one hand  
I will show you, he said  
Slowly guiding me to the seat

Later, much later he fed me a spoon-full of rabadi

We were both happy  
That Sunday in mid May

Monita Soni

# Maybe Its Maybelline

There is always a balance in her bouquet  
She is Mrs. Perfect  
Well turned out and decollette  
Her outfits are crease-free  
Not a hair out of place  
Band-box fresh, at 6A.M  
In relentless pursuit  
Of endless projects  
She keeps her phone  
Good company  
Professionally polite  
She dimples her  
Perfect smile  
If she pleases  
Maybe she is born with it  
May be its Maybelline☐

Monita Soni

# Mcat Prep

I sat beside her

Legs outstretched on the coffee table

Wrapping the blankie around me

The first question was about Socrates

And his Gods

I got hooked by the phrase

They treated their Gods flippantly

The next question was about TV shows

The lesson learnt was that TV

Encourages passivity

Stay tuned

Raymond will be right back

I glanced at her curved cheek

Don't look at me, she scowled

Use anti-dandruff shampoo, I made a mental note

We discussed short essays

Resolved to write a small paragraph daily

She is good my girl and is happy when

She remembers her enantiomers

I learnt about stereotactic carbon molecules

We revised our Krebs cycle

Reaffirmed our faith in symbiotic life

Discarded the mosaic hypothesis and

Fell in love with the Regulatory model

It was a good visit

We spent some quiet time together

Like old times

Two sweet peas in a pod

Monita Soni

# Misplaced Spoons

He was suave  
He was smooth  
He held his audience captive  
With the mike

At home he was aloof  
Calculating, cool  
Ready to strike when you  
least expected

He wooed me with sweet words  
and dressed up salads  
I fell flat like a fool  
In a clown's hat

He tightened the noose  
Then blamed me for  
all his failures

His missing spoons  
and stolen parfums

Monita Soni

# Moon Flower

Out side my bedroom window  
Is a slender shrub  
It has medium green leaves  
Growing alternately  
Does not attract too much attention  
Next to the bold hibiscus

As the sun sets, the shrub stretches  
Now it is 5 foot 7 inches tall  
The branches are covered  
With soft white  
Five petaled blooms  
A discreet perfume beguiles the air

The door opens  
She stands there in her  
White Shirt, stars twinkling  
At her neck line  
Her sweet smile tugs at my heart  
My moon maiden is home

Monita Soni



# Morning Routine

She bathes at daybreak  
Dons cheery floral prints  
Face aglow  
With a dab of Vanilla lace  
And pressed face powder  
Her lips bright with her  
Two favorite shades  
A pinkish red  
Or a reddish maroon

She wakes Govinda  
Climbs down planning her day  
Surveys her plants in the veranda  
Picks up her and old news paper  
and slowly walks to the garden path  
Greeting everyone  
Straight with shoulders thrown back  
Ignoring her footdrop

Just happy to jump start her day.

Monita Soni

# Morning Walk

I walk out  
Of the glass doors  
Still sipping  
The coffee cup  
Half full of green tea

The other hand holds  
Assorted nuts  
I drop a few in  
My mouth  
Crunching and chewing  
Savoring the nutty taste.

I take a few steps uphill  
I stop and gaze  
At the lake  
My feet crumbling the  
Soft carpet of fall leaves.

I finish the tea  
Draw my scarf closer to the face  
I feel the wind kiss my nose, cheeks, ear lobes  
I pull my green sweater over my hands  
Drop the cup and walk faster

In twenty minutes, I have  
Done a mile or so  
And return the spa  
For my treatment  
The walk has cleared my head

Monita Soni

# My Friend

Debbie D

Very pretty

Charming for sure

Etiquette beyond compare

She flits and she flirts

With her eyes a twinklin'

And lips a smilin'

Her kitchen a kaleidoscope of

Blue kitties and rabbits galore

A duck or two chasing a stole

Pitchers of ice tea

Invite thirsty poets

Cookies and pecan treats

Vie for attention

In every nook rests a

Picasso or a Rembrandt

Caught in the act of creatin'

She sketches as she hums

Nimble fingers busy translatin'

Southern homes into spectacular invites.... For HLA.

Monita Soni

# My Garden

Let us plant a garden

This summer  
I want handfuls of daffodils  
Scattered around the poplars

When the tulips bloom  
Let us plant hydrangeas  
I want all shades of pink, purple and blue

Big blooms, Bobbing  
On a bed of lavender moss  
Covering that large rock

Where the fairies hide

Let us scatter a few memories  
Like forget-me-nots  
Don't supervise me

when I till the earth next to you

This time  
Let us not be too perfect  
For once

Solid geometric formations  
Appeal to you, I know  
but let me

Make a few mistakes

In a dozen perfect roses  
Let there be one which is  
Slanting, growing

Any which way to remind you  
Of me.



# No Nonsense Approach

She suddenly stood up  
In the middle of the workshop  
Her stuttering tongue  
Clickety clack in her head  
She was ticked off  
Wth tedioius nit-picking  
The crawling pace  
Too much Southern charm

Speed up  
She proclaimed  
Make this meeting efficient  
We all have things to do  
Places to go  
More poems to read  
No more dawldling  
On dots or dashes

Just do it

Monita Soni August 24

Monita Soni

# Oh What Fun!

A sudden burst of energy  
A galley of girls  
In cute skirts  
Short shorts  
Colorful summer dresses  
Pretty purses clutched under their arms  
Goggles on their foreheads  
Crowding around  
The center table  
All the excitement  
Bending over each other  
Images of singing in the chapel

One of them is getting married tomorrow

Ten minutes of laughter  
Then they were gone  
What fun to be young  
Again.....

Monita Soni August 2,2008

Monita Soni



# O'Henry's In Spring Of 2008

Music blaring,  
Skipping around coffee roast  
Espresso machine swooshing  
Loud laughter from high tables

A mother with her skim, no sugar vanilla late  
Girls in walking shoes  
Sporting make-believe Joe cups  
Eeeya Eeya OOO

A study session  
Serious bending, a hint of cleavage  
The girl with her crystal pen  
Catching the reflected light

Of flowering white Bradfords  
In sun splashed Soho  
Five wooden Easter bunnies  
Sunday best with straw bows

The tipping bowl flowing  
It is Spring.

Monita Soni

# Painful Hope

Her deep eyes  
Shine momentarily  
She drifts out of  
The morphine haze  
Which soaks  
Her pain ravaged nerves.....

I try not to focus  
On the reclining form,  
the three sad faced women  
Or the doctor husband  
Sipping ginger tea  
My eyes fold

We form a frail circle  
On the rug  
And chant Hanuman Chaleesa  
With child-like fervor

She sighs.....

Monita Soni

# Parting Of Sorts

Parting of sorts

Two sat at the breakfast table  
Not eyeing each to each but  
Gazing absently at newspapers old  
Spoonng tasteless porridge and  
Counting time to away  
Yet hearts leaped with unsaid words  
Fingers clasped and unclasped  
Tasting bitterness without a sip.  
A sigh spilled the waters still  
Two reflections trembled  
In life's dividing sea  
Inscrutable faces flowed  
One moment joined wistfully  
Next to vanish out of reach.

Monita Soni

# Perfectly Precious

Perfectly Precious

A young day in May  
Sun in my eyes  
Shiny smiles  
Pedal boats  
A humming bird  
Drunk on honey suckle  
Floating leopard butterflies  
Beach ball drifting  
A silvery school of minnows  
Blowing bubbles  
Clusters of yellow butter cups  
Diminutive forget-me nots  
Two summery blouses  
One for me one for you  
Spring green salad avec cranberries  
Lemon royale with pineapples  
Tenderess abounds  
Promises kept  
Perfectly precious□  
Was my Mother's day.

Monita Soni

# Places Faraway

I am not scared of faraway places  
I nurture my own stark spaces

Some where  
the core of        My being

Is being sucked out of  
A shining        Star

The cold darkness looms  
over me

Not faraway  
very near actually

Monita Soni

# Rainbow Of Love

Forty nine years  
shimmer and shake  
In memory's flickering light

So far away yet so close  
Your faith in me  
Surges and falls

Like my heaving heart  
I blink at the rain  
Suddenly I see

The rainbow of your love

Monita Soni

# Sail In A Tea Cup

I want to sail  
Oh sooo far  
In my blue china cup

Why? ?  
Because  
I want to go away --far away

What will happen  
I do not know

Where will I end  
I do not care

As long as I can  
just go  
To that place

Where the  
heart don't hurt  
The bees don't sting

All is well  
like a buttery toast  
Slathered with  
home made marmalade

Monita Soni

# Sarcasm Suits Him

He opens the door  
Mind already made up  
To pur acrid vinegar  
On my overflowing radiance

I tremble  
Try to float  
On the gulped wine  
Greet him with stiff arms

He smiles  
That pretend smile  
Cloaked in the tattering cape  
Of tediously acquired spirituality

Cuts onions  
Grinds spices  
Throws a knowing glance  
At my pizza

We eat in silence  
I drink some more  
Waiting  
For another day

Monita Soni



# Seasons

That time of year.  
Has come  
When dreams  
Like yellow leaves,  
Or none, or few  
Do hang  
On our mango tree.

I have memories  
Of sticky juice  
Running down your cheek  
You licked your fingers  
And brushed the  
Truant strand away  
Leaving a smut  
On your nose.

And how you laughed when I pulled you  
Towards me.....

Monita Soni

# Seeking Solace

What do I want.....?

Do I know?

Do you know  
Can the stars that peep  
From behind gray clouds  
Tell?

Why I clasp your hand  
Or swing it from time to time  
Why do I trip  
To an unsung song?

Do I know you?  
Or..... what is in your heart  
Do the sleeping moonbeams  
Have a clue?

When I kiss you  
Do the raindrops  
Dancing on the windowpanes  
Know my pain?

Why I burn?  
With desire not sated  
And finally sleep  
Cradling my heart

In my own hands.....

Monita Soni

# She Taught Me

She taught me to smile  
To hold tight at night  
To conquer my fears

To thank God  
When we waited  
for the traffic light To change

She taught me the civil war  
American presidents  
Musical notes

To laugh at quaint jokes  
.....for hours

To run up and down the Streets of Parrreee  
To greet The Popa  
Count the gattee numerose.....

She taught me to let go  
To stay up at night  
Make up poems  
Paint.....

Just get away  
Accept life's challenges  
With a smile.....

She taught me!

(Jan 2006)

Monita Soni

# Shifting Sands

A sea breeze  
Carries the gull's scream  
The sun stops  
In sharp intake

I kneel on the sand  
Make distracted patterns  
Of the days gone by  
And sunsets

With you....

Monita Soni

# Silence

You came  
You sat  
You ate  
You glanced at the mail  
Then picked up  
The newspaper  
And buried your head  
You never said a word  
Not even a peep

Are you dumb because you know me not

,

Or dumb because you know?

Monita Soni

# Starting Over

I want to run away  
Run away.....from meself.

All over again  
be a decorater's assistant  
or a witer's page

May be even climb up like a CHAT NOIRE on a french house  
Or sit stll on a..... dragon's tail  
Get slightly inebriated on kayani wine cookies

And paint a riot of forget-me-nots  
On.....unmentionables.

Monita Soni

# Thank You For Listening

When I call  
You pick up the phone  
You maybe just waking up  
To rush kids off to school  
Or your lids heavy with trials  
Of a woman's day  
But you always ask  
How are you?  
Or what is new?  
Always you amaze me  
With your kindness  
The glass of water  
By your treadmill  
How you sense that I might  
Need a chocolate  
To close my day  
You are not judgmental  
Always on my side  
Helping me sort out  
My storms  
Over wine or scrumptious brownies  
And you also pick up the phone in a cinema hall.....

Monita Soni

# The Girls

Beautiful girls  
Slender limbs  
Gently tanned  
Golden tresses flowing  
Pure white skirts

With lace edging  
Bare feet scuffing  
White sand.....sorting  
Dreams of hope  
Fun and adventure.

Monita Soni

Monita Soni



# The Opposite Of Bravado

They sleep alone  
Pretend to be strong  
Rave and rant about stridharma  
And domestic rules

They can not express  
A single apology or  
Tuck the way-ward strand of hair  
behind the ear of their wife

A woman's heart  
Is pliable, ready to melt  
With one look  
One caring gesture

Yet it is so hard  
For those who are  
Born in India and  
idolized by indian sisters

Monita Soni

# The Turtle Pool

After a cup of organic coffee  
From the gift shop...I feel refreshed  
My mind finally still enough to absorb  
The serene surroundings of 'Rushton Garden'  
The setting sun winks at my computer screen  
Glinting through a canopy of tall oaks  
The circle of birches sway in the August breeze  
Their barks very chapped  
Perchance in need of- plant vaseline

Seven bees keep us constant company  
Stirred up by the coffee aroma, your minty scent  
The bottle of orange juice in your knapsack  
The water cascade is soothing  
I stretch a moment and look deep into the pebbled pool  
No turtles there, not even in the crevices  
All I see is the reflection of rushes and the brown metal sign  
'Please do not to poke or harass the turtles'  
Where are they I wonder- adjusting my glasses

I think they have gone to the next turtle town  
To visit family.

Monita Soni August 8 2008

Monita Soni

# The Walk Back From School

It was final exams

I was let out an hour later

My tonga wallah had left

There were no cell phones

It was 1970, a hot blazing

Afternoon in Jaipur

I decided to walk down

What they call Ajmer Road

I walked for 10 minutes

My navy cotton suit

Stuck to me, why had

I worn silver bells

They were loud in

The sleepy afternoon

I wrapped my navy chiffon dupatta around me

Hiding the silver ribbon

I was tall for my age

My heart thumped in my

Slender rib-cage

Three street urchins

Called out to me

They were on bikes

They rode along side

Asked me if I needed a lift

I kept walking, praying

Under my breath

Stiff, tall, scared

I looked up

Big vultures with silver

Under wings swooped down

Hovering, The boys

Were still there

Calling, I was running now

My head pounding

The road suddenly ended

The yellow walls gleaming

The fig and pomegranate tree

I was happy to be home

I ran inside, splashed my

Face and sat down to

A glass of milk and a sticky bun

Monita Soni

# Traffic Song

Driving is a lifestyle now  
Since she ran a red light  
On Arkadelphia road  
My wheels have spun constantly  
Driving back and forth

On highways and alleyways  
The car is more of a home  
Manless like Angelou's traveller  
I spend long lone nights  
Dreaming of stars and shores

Monita Soni

# Verdant Thanks

I remember     often wistfully  
The chateaux resort  
In verdant vineyards  
Over.....Thanks Giving

Mood enhancing X'mas lights  
Trimming the french silhouette  
The wine drenched evening  
Oh sooo divine..... massage

Should have not held back  
For a moment  
Let go of hand grips  
Just experienced .....the fall

Monita Soni

# Walking Together

Walking together

Our favorite walking trail  
You called it Timbuktoo  
We walked there quite often  
Hand in hand swinging  
Hearts linked with laughter  
(Or so I thought)  
When I was tired you always  
Urged me on.....

Today I walk in the green glade  
Listening to Sinatra on my ipod  
People walk in twos and threes  
Babies asleep on strollers  
Dogs in assorted sizes and shapes  
Jaunty bikers and merry skaters  
Their eyes searching me....  
For you

Monita Soni



# Watch Out, Here I Come

Turn on the Suns  
Open your hearts  
Move over hypocrisy  
Here I come

The 21st century gal  
I shine and I swirl  
On my high heels  
Showing off my Giorgio Armani

Not a mirror image  
Of my male-counter part  
But a coutured  
refined version

A doctor  
An author-artist  
A CEO  
A world leader

And a full-time mom

Busy, busy but all smiles  
Blackberry and lipstick  
Embrace the same pouch  
In my Dolce-Gabbana Bag

Yes oversized  
to fit my skinny laptop  
And lace Camy  
One never knows

It is time to throw all the  
Illusions out into the chute  
Optical, emotional or otherwise  
Women power is here to stay

So take heed, no more slights  
No more pigeon-holing

This ultrasoft feminine exterior  
Conceals a tougher than diamonds interior

Don't mess with me guys  
or gurus  
Just accept and relent  
I have arrived.

Monita Soni

# Wedlock

Being happy  
In wedlock  
Is a nimble trick  
You have to smile

Duck, maybe pout undercover  
But put a dab of feigned ignorance  
And carefully apply flatter dust to your  
cheekbones, and let the dimples peek.

His eyes will twinkle, and the milk oh human kindness ooze  
If you make karara parathas (or have a genie  
who can whip up a gourmet feast while  
you spray on chanel no.5)

Happily married is not a myth if  
you look fresh as a muffin  
but do not outshine his glory  
It definitely helps to be blessed by temporary (not insanity)

but deafness and visual incongruity,  
when you see him blinking his eyes at a younger,  
not necessarily laudable specimen  
The muse suggests to smile a lot,

Especially at the cute bloke and his fluttering  
is replaced by a stony stare, in your direction  
Well it worked, so share a drink or two  
and sing (under your breath)

You look happy, they all say  
Stretching, yoga, therapuetic massages and shopping binges  
are very helpful to procure that blessed state of mind  
A helpful hint though, its good to never forget

The male of the species is very insecure  
A trifle can thwart his style  
So shower him with praises and roll up your sleeves  
to conjure up a trick or two,

The secret my dears of staying married regardless of your intellect  
Is to walk the tight rope of career and homemaker  
Do not lose his socks in the dryer, have a hot snack or two ready,  
Errands caught up and home and hearth flowing with harmony.

Oh and for God's sake do not forget to add salt.....

Touche

Monita Soni

# What Is It?

Dissolving boundaries  
Of self  
Collapsing sheetrock  
Breaking windows

Heaping in sunshine  
With long stretchy arms  
Pied-piping the gusty gales  
Bouncing off billowing clouds

I float  
I soar  
I scream  
Rejoice

No more partitions  
Of right or wrong  
Of this or that  
Of anger or feigned politeness

Of worlds            apart  
Gosh                what is it?  
Pour me a          potent cup  
Rid me             of inertia.

Monita Soni

# When I First Held Him

He was a tiny bundle  
Of love in my arms

His sweet clean face  
A dear sharp nose

Delicately chiselled lips  
Light golden hair

Two eyes a very light  
Sky blue

My heart was warm  
My soul content

I had a son  
An image of the charismatic

The magic flute  
resonated my being

He will hold my hand  
Take baby steps

Play hide and seek  
Learn the alphabet

Listen to my songs  
Lisp the nursery rhymes

Climb into my lap  
With grubby hands and a smutty face

Laugh in his sleep  
Pray with me at the alter

Chase his little sister  
Round and round

Eat spoons full of butter  
With child like delight

He did all that  
And much more, to my delight

Little did I know  
I will have to be content

With these handful of memories  
And will always yearn

To see if he faired well  
In his first game of cricket

Did he fall and skin his knee  
Learning to bicycle

Did his heart flutter  
When he saw a young damsel

Did he think of me  
Burning the midnight oil

My twenty six year old son  
Is quite a man now

Successful career person  
Skilfull with numbers

Determined to add academic degrees  
Like colorful feathers to his cap

My mother's heart  
Swells with pride

Deep down in my bones  
I can sense that despite the distance

He silently loves me!





# Whisk The Emptiness Away

The weekend is here

Stay in bed weekend --they call it  
Night falls fast, snow falls softly  
Covering the past

The day peeks out of  
Plantation shutters  
The city is waking  
To ambulance sirens

Where am I  
Am I home?  
When will I stop  
Fleeing ---from pain

Today  
I will not --stay in bed  
Drink my cuppa  
Don my glasses  
Spritz my hair

And buy a dream home  
My own home  
With lots of --windows

To whisk the emptiness away.

Monita Soni

# Wisteria Wistful

What is that sweetness  
On the breeze?  
Wistfully skimming the pacific blue  
Intoxicatingly layered  
this perfume

Take a deep breath  
He looks at me.....  
Go ahead, do it  
I urge  
Don't you smell it?

Touched with hibiscus,  
Citrus tanged  
Aromatic mangoish  
Overwhelming blend  
of jasmine

The aroma  
Haunts me, tickling  
My nostrils  
It fills my soul  
Lifts me

We circle the beach  
Turning where the  
Private houses start  
The crocheted hammocks  
Swaying gently

I stop short  
by the delicate purple  
blooms, clinging to the  
Manoman tree  
Now I know

My wet scarf which

I had left to dry  
On the Wisteria tree  
That night  
After the tempest.

Monita Soni