

# Poemettes

*Mrs Nandita Vijay Desai*

Little poems, simple lines, emotive outpourings – my Poemettes .... they are at once very personal and yet, universal. They are my take on living, dying and all the life between. People ask me why I write poetry. – I believe I do not write poetry – it writes me! I do not plan on writing poems – they just happen. Anything that moves me, stirs me, churns something inside me, and finds its way into a poem. These poemettes are short, pithy, at times frivolous, and at times profound – but always mine. They rise from within me, get clothed in words, take a shape I do not recognize and when complete have their own identity. I wrote my first Poemette when I lost my father – 10 years ago, in a pathetic attempt to expunge the grief. Many poems about him later – nothing is expunged. So – my book of little poems is dedicated to my Father. Not only to him, but to all the wonderful loving and kind Fathers of the world, who are God’s gifts to their children. I have always loved reading poems. I am moved by the precise choice of words, the turn of a phrase, the emotion and images this feeling can create. Brevity to me conveyed all that was inspiring in poetry – and I fell in love with Emily Dickinson. Then came Shelley, Tennyson and the affair continued. My world was transformed and my heart transfixed with the love sonnets of Shakespeare. The raw reality and honest earthiness of Neruda shook me. From ‘The light! Oh! Light’, of Tagore, to ‘Words are like leaves’ of Pope, to the ‘Coy Mistress’ of Marvel and ‘The tender grace of a day that is dead’ from Tennyson, to the Urdu verses of Ghalib – suffice to say I love poetry! While walking down the main road between Khandala and Lonavala, my glance stopped at an abandoned house to my left. Broken walls, broken dreams, fresh new nature poking through its insides – it was sheer poetry. It inspired my poem ‘My Old Home’ and a series of painting collages on ‘Homes’. Since I have faced the death of a loved one – very up close and personal – the end game fascinates me. There in lies the inspiration for the Poemettes of Time and Death. In my mountain home, I live and breathe nature. My home is so designed that the inside and outside are one whole. We live in and with nature. Many poemettes have nature in their essence and their soul. My verses speak of me and my journey through this experience we call life. Come; join me on this journey and into my world of poetry.

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