

Satma Narak

Final Testimony
Satma Narak - The poems

I wrote these poems a long time ago. It is right that you should have them now.

1.

Jag

When Jag was born
at 3.45pm.

I hurried to the hospital
after being told he was
in the special care baby unit.

I saw him, big and long
almost too big to be a
newborn.

I walked home, singing
in the pouring rain
no umbrella or raincoat.

I didn't care,
I was a father,
I had a son.
It was brilliant.

2.

Kiran

Arsenal were playing
Man. United when you
said you waters had
broken.

I knew then it must be
a girl.

A boy would have known better.

Wait till half-time
at least, I said.

Anyway, I was right.

Kiran was a beautiful
baby girl.

One all,
one boy, one girl.

3.

Pavan

I asked you if you had
your bag ready.

You said that the baby
wasn't due yet.

I told you it would be
in the morning.

Sure enough

at 6 am

you woke me to tell me

you needed to go to hospital.

It was a beautiful day to be born

I said.

At 11.26 she was born, Pavan.

The nurse gave me a bottle

to feed her with.

I was the first to feed her

and she winked at me.

4.

Us

There is no need to write
about the magic moments
of our love.

They are stamped on
your heart.

Even if you try to forget them
they will go with you forever.

Through all your lives.

Forever.

5.

Me

And me.

Do you think it didn't
matter to me?

I tried to kill myself
three times.

And do you think
I can ever forget
our love

And my love for our children?

There is a price to pay
for everything.

Me, for the loss of my children.

You, for stealing them
away from me.

6.

You

When does love turn to hate?
When does a person
flip the coin over and
suddenly begin to hate another?
I don't believe anything you say.
You love me as much today
as you ever did.
It is the bloody-minded
stupidity of pride and honour
that threw you into
a spinning dive.
There was no need.

The greed of money and
a pile of bricks
became more important.

Sit then,
in the pile of bricks.

7.

tantric kehta hai satma narak

maine onkho ponccha diya hai satme narak mein
mara

 mara

 mara

 mara

 mara

 mara

 mara

mera yeh khoon aur
meri yeh aag kabhi na hoegi kam

khudda hafiz meri jaan...

phir milenge....

kismet ki khel hai....

This is the curse I leave.