

Megha Sood– Five Poems



Feature Poet

Needs and Wants

Countless lessons, dreams that never reached their fruition
scars which I held as my armor
small puny moments in my life
that served as my guiding beacon--
There were moments of weakness
Of gratitude, of love, of belonging
hunger and of acceptance
Endless times I could count the teachings
On the soft tips of my bony fingers
The night when the moon shines in its reverie
safely tucked in the cleavage of the light and thunder
These sublime crotched memories
those corrugated desires ---
the endless maze of the needs and wants;
This is the surreal path I traversed in life
a path carved with bone and sweat
lined with the sublime stories of survival
You will meet people who will make
you feel like a spring blossom
leaving you brimming and spilling with life
and then there will be those
whose ashen sights will suck the nectar
leaving you seeded with strife
Life is nothing but a dichotomy of emotions---
A rollercoaster of a ride;
I cannot teach you something that
you will finally learn in your own soft and nimble ways
We all have to make our own path
carve through the struggles deeply seeded in our souls

guiding us through the thick ashen days
The only bit of words that I would want you to remember me for
is to stop looking at people as opportunities
but give them their deserving worth
they are striving so hard for
Life will always be a struggle
Look deep and connect with your heart--
There is more to this mysterious life
Than your mere needs and wants.

My Piece of Earth

I have spent the good part of my spring
in the blaring heat of the sun
warming the back of my neck
like the old memories
a soothing apricity
Earth is tilled and the waft of the memories
long hidden comes
rushing through
the buried consciousness of the earth
have been plowed again
rows have been marked
and seeds have been planted
hope is a sacred virtue
gardening,
a test of your patience
a skill of being a mother
comes out naturally
pots of bougainvilleas, Magnolia
and those bulbs of lilies
are looking for rebirth
acceptance in the warm bosom
of the merciful earth
acceptance is a prerequisite of growth
a gentle burst of the sapling
a little glance through the kitchen window
gives a calming sense of accomplishment
a sense of belonging
This is my piece of caked earth,
This is where I belong.

A False Arrangement

How old is your body?
How old do you feel?
Ricocheting memories
through the sepia-tinged walls
Unscarred and unscathed memories
lodged into your throat
cutting and grazing you slowly
every time you try to push and gulp
it down a little more
Those tentacles of the past have
clawed deeply into your soul
holding onto you like a blood-sucking parasite
They breathe. They thrive on your fear.
Those callous hands remind you of the
sharp conviction cutting through your skin
Those age-old bunions
swelling through time
Peeling off the pellicle
of your finger
like the acid falling on your skin
suppurating
with welts and blisters
Yes, your yellow skin.
They always forgot
only your skin has a color
that sets you apart
Your soul is colorless.
No taste and no odor.
Like water.
It will seamlessly
take the shape of the next vessel
it will pour into.
While you are busy arranging the vase
in the order of the color.

Transgressions of He-Man

Sometimes this doubt as an old wound,
Overcome me and send that sensation
Raising the small hairs at the back of my neck
I sit here alone in the cold corner of this cave
where loneliness seeps between my thoughts

And I can finally take off the armor---
That is screaming
Master of the Universe
,
In a loud and deafening voice
When I no longer control the smallest of thoughts
in my own ashen mind--
Riddled with doubts and questions that pierce a man the most
Let alone a superhuman
I try to look inwards where the hurt resides
The place kept hidden and safe with my armor
To think again and again,
As I fight my inner demons
That what if the ego takes over me once and for all
The thin demarcation fades slowly and surely
Between me and the old Skeletor
Looking back at me from the mirror.

Hope

Perched on a single moment
gazing at the infinite possibilities
this moment hides and births in itself
holding your hand
and traveling down the boundless paths
the multitudes of dimensions
a domino in motion,
and proclaiming your love for me
this affirmation;
this branching out
to the divergent realities
like the time traveler,
traversing the future
like a maze of the surreal world
We can be a million version of ourselves
a million future,
a zillion possibilities,
a Pandora of immense choices.
It all starts in a single moment
when your dreams
infuse life in mine.

Megha Sood is a Pushcart-nominated Poet, Editor and Blogger from Jersey City, New Jersey. She is an Associate Poetry Editor at journals *MookyChick* (UK), *Life and Legends* (USA) and a Partner in the Literary project "*Life in Quarantine*" with CESTA, Stanford University, USA. Her works are featured in journals, including *Poetry Society of New York*, *American Writers Review*, *Kissing Dynamite*, *Rising Phoenix Review* and many more. She is the National Level Winner Spring Mahogany Lit Prize 2020 and Three-Time State-level winner of NJ Poetry Contest 2018/2019/2020 and a recipient of Poet Fellowship from MVICW 2021 (*Martha's Vineyard Institute of Creative Writing*). Co-Editor of anthologies *The Medusa Project*, *MookyChick* and *The Kali Project* (Indie Blu(e) Press). Author of the forthcoming chapbook *My Body is Not an Apology* (Finishing line press, 2021) and full-length collection *My Body Lives Like a Threat* (FlowerSong Press, 2021). Ms. Sood was twice chosen as the panelist for the Jersey City Theater Center Online Series *Voices Around the World*. Her works were selected numerous times by Jersey City Writers group and Department of Cultural Affairs for the Arts House Festival. She blogs at <https://meghasworldsite.wordpress.com/> and tweets at @megha sood16