

Snappy Poems of Rajiv Khandelwal

A pre-publication Review by

Aju Mukhopadhyay

Mr. Rajiv Khandelwal approached me from time to time to review his proposed book of poems and after publication of one. But time not permitting it was postponed and we forgot. Now I understand that the poet didn't forget when he came with a vigorous call to write a critique on his poetry; he was ready with two books and a proposed book of criticism containing all critical works on his poetry published so far. The proposed title of the book is *Comments, Opinions, Reviews of Poems of Rajiv Khandelwal*. This was such a call that I would feel guilty had I somehow postponed it. As he is ready but I am not, I requested him to send ten of his latest poems. And he has sent them in the same breath; a bunch of snappy poems.

Poet Rajiv has published two books of poems titled *Love is a Lot of Work* and *A Monument to Pigeons*. Though I haven't had a chance to cast a glance at them the titles suggest Love. And the ten poems emailed by him meant for his third book of poems with a title, *Love and Trust: Snapshot Moments* suggests that not only love is his favourite subject but it has reasons too. He seems to be an expert in love making or even in love affairs if not sheer wild imagination takes him to the love-zone, unknown to him. But his poems suggest that he is deft in the art of love making, almost a professional drifting to the erotic field sometimes. My comment is restricted to nine of the ten poems he has sent.

With a capacity to prick like a perfect womanizer he adores his woman,

You have a finely chiselled lovely lithe body
Adorned with soft attractive luscious lips, lush breasts

....

Cool like sword cut water
A bundle of strength like fluttering tricolor;
Level headed, wear the perfume of wise parliamentarian.

....

You are my princess
From the 'Palace of Perfection'

Beauty in Ordinary things

We must admire his patriotic zeal in "strength like fluttering tricolor" and humour in referring to her wearing "perfume of wise parliamentarian."

As a veteran lover the poet knows that love and pain are strung together,

To love is to experience pain
That God sometimes multiplies pain
And
Sweetheart

So do you.

Sages Confirm

Hope only sustains a lover in the pursuit of love,

On an autumn day . . .
 As I take my morning walk
 Desire you were here for some small talk
 A moment away from you
 And meaning of life misperceives

Tonic

Love often ends in tragedy. The lover is left to moan,

When I opened the desk drawer . . .
 Your
 Much missed portrait
 Lay lazily
 Beneath the expense vouchers
 Next to the passport

It opened doors
 To all those prospective places
 We planned to visit together
 But it's a pity that the lover alone has to regurgitate their love life
 Sitting beside
 The cold supper

Absence

When the lover does nothing her counterpart feels not only bored but do something undesirable
 as he confesses;

When you do nothing
 Like statues

Of Politician's

Standing

Doing nothing

Achieving nothing

Then my life

Flip flops

Turns upside down

Like Pakistan politics . . .

And hopes

Like those of the crowd
 Looking for the elusive sixer

With Sachin batting at 94

And all the while
I
Willingly
With knowledge
With sin
Do
What I should not be doing

A Gospel Choice

Oblique references to politicians and Pakistan Politics are to be noted though “Statues Of Politician’s” (sic) need changes. Referring to Sachin’s batting is a clever trick to draw attention of the cricket celebrity and his fans but it doesn’t signify much. Only a passing hope of the crowd to be forgotten once the event is over.

Yes, he does some nuisance. He engages himself in erotic activities, may be with the other woman;

As she sits nonchalantly
On the hard bench
Rumbling about Madonna’s
Coffee table book “Sex”
Her studio album “Erotica”
In sensuous trilling voice

Curves are Back

But the hero is engaged in observing her closely as she is,

Totally
Unaware
Unfazed
That her curves
Take the breath away

Curves are Back

The experienced lover moves to the other corner to observe to his pleasure how,

In ridiculously tight skirts and high heels
Each step
Of the eroticized slooooooty identity
Unleashed emotions
Of the type
Experienced by men
Drinking wine from mouths of pleasure women
On moonlit nights

Ambrosia

But such rambling in search of some pleasure for a while does not keep him happy for long. He becomes alert about the appointment. And as it happens, a lover is disgusted at the non-appearance of his love at the appointed time,

My leaping eagerness
And suuuuper excitement
Awaiting your arrival
Was blown out like dust

....

When will you learn to conquer obstacles
As do our Indian politicians
Who though
 Scam charged
 Murder charged
Behind jails on various penal codes

Yet do what they have to do
To add to their ill gotten coffers.

Chase

Sometimes a lover realises late that his love has vanished into oblivion; a shocking experience indeed;

They were good
The good old days
With you beside me

....

But I just couldn't see
And I just couldn't feel
Until the good old days
Took a silent stroll into the sunset

Good Old Days

Rajiv Khandelwal, the up-and-coming poet, has been specialising in writing love poems which most poets write at least once or twice. His writes witty poems in language crispy. At times his statements are humorous and sometimes satiric. His unrhymed poems are sometimes arranged in attractive ways. On the whole his poems have charms. They entertain even a casual reader.

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