



❖ 'A family' by Saul Steinberg

Saul Steinberg defined drawing as "a way of reasoning on paper," and he remained committed to the act of drawing. Throughout his long career, he used drawing to think about the semantics of art, reconfiguring stylistic signs into a new language suited to the fabricated temper of modern life. Sometimes with affection, sometimes with irony, but always with virtuoso mastery, Saul Steinberg peeled back the carefully wrought masks of 20th-century civilization.

(From <http://saulsteinbergfoundation.org/>)

❖ *Two poems by Akhil Katyal*



i want to 377 you so bad

till even the sheets hurt i want to
ache your knees singe your skin
line you brown breathe you in i want to
mouth you in words neck you in red
i want to beg your body insane into sepals
i want to 377 you like a star falling off the brown
i want to feel you till my nails turn water
i want to suck you seven different skies
i want to be a squatter in your head when
it sleeps when it's dark i want to break laws
with you in bed and in streets and in parks

For someone who'll read this 500 years from now

How are you?
I am sure a lot has changed

between my time and yours,
but we're not very different,

you have only one thing on me –
hindsight.

I have all these questions for you:
Do cars fly now?

Is Mumbai still standing by the sea?
How do you folks manage without ozone?

Have the aliens come yet?
Who is still remembered from my century?

How long did India and Pakistan last?
When did Kashmir become free?

It must be surprising for you
looking at our time,

our lives must seem so strange to you,
our wars so little,

our toilets for "men" and "women"
must make you laugh

our cutting down of trees
would be listed in your "Early Causes"

our poetry in which the moon is still
a thing far away

must make you wonder, both for that moon
and for poetry.

You must be baffled,
that we couldn't even imagine

the things you now take for granted.
But let that be,

would you do me a favour,
for “old time’s sake”?

Would you go to Humayun’s Tomb
in what used to be Delhi

and just as you’re climbing the front stairs,
near the fourth step, I have cut into

the stone wall to your left -
“Akhil loves Rohit”

Will you go and look at it?
Make sure it’s still there?

.....



https://youtu.be/IXFL2sM8M9I?list=PLNu8fjB6zFAM_eHkVFJX_9YpOIQrt3VSt

Tasneem Khan's piece on the poem : Iqra Khilji's poem *Khabees*, which has set internet on fire, is not just straight from the heart but a cry of rebellion against societal norms set for a woman and an assertion of *khudi* (self) of a confident millennial girl who has ego, desires, flaws but she refuses to adhere to yardsticks made for a woman by the male-dominated society. Iqra, who has left her hometown Bhopal to pursue a law degree in Gujarat, is neither Gloria Gaynor, who after being betrayed by her man, crying says "I Will Survive" nor a hapless Parveen Shakir lamenting "Main sach kahungi magar phir bhi haar jaungi, Woh jhooth bolega aur lajawab kar dega". In fact, she is a quintessential young Muslim girl who has heeded to Asrarul Haq Majaz's advice – "Tere mathe pe ye anchal to bahut hi k̄huub hai lekin. tu is anchal se ik parcham bana leti to achchha tha" – and broke all the shackles that had enslaved women for long.

The reason why she has become the latest rage on internet is that she speaks from her heart, which the girls of her age had always wanted to say but somehow did not know how articulate those thoughts. Urdu, which Iqra has learnt under the feet of her grandfather, became the medium and what added power punch to it is her fiery style of recitation and the confidence she oozes. Iqra, who is deeply into classical Urdu, says the poem was written on a spur-of-the-moment triggered by a misogynistic comment by someone in the class, and the dormant volcano inside her erupted. The poem can be called 'azad nazm' (not following traditional Urdu shayari metre) but the message it conveys has struck a chord with people because it is in your face without pretension.

About 'Treasures'

It's a compilation that I put together every once in a while, of things that I have found to be beautiful and meaningful.

Do share it with others who you think will enjoy it.

Drop me an email (shaileshdesh@gmail.com) if you want to add someone to the circulation list.

For older editions (From January 2012): <http://shaileshdeshpande.in/treasures/>