

## **Himalayan Tsunami**

The gaping holes in that old blanket  
Spoke the language of deep sighs  
Of hunger and deprivation

While the little head  
Peeping out of the blanket  
At one end -  
-The head of Socrates himself-  
Fixes a question mark

Lying across the gluey tar road  
The norms of development  
Running zigzag on the mountains  
Through echoing ominous tunnels

To the town called Kedarnath  
Where pilgrims turn ghosts  
With holes in their eyes

Expressing their rock solid faith  
Or the complete lack of it



Born and brought up in Kenya, **Sukrita Paul Kumar** is a well-known poet and critic, who held the Aruna Asaf Ali Chair at the University of Delhi until recently. Formerly, a Fellow of the Indian Institute of Advanced Study, Shimla, she is an Honorary Fellow of the International Writing Programme, University of Iowa (USA), as also of Hong Kong Baptist University and Cambridge Seminars. She is honorary faculty at the Durrell Centre at Corfu (Greece). She has published several collections of poems including *Dream Catcher*, *Untitled*, *Without Margins* and *Folds of Silence*. A recipient of many prestigious fellowships, she has lectured in many universities in India and abroad. Her paintings have been exhibited and published in several journals. Many of her poems emerged from her engagement with homeless people and tsunami victims.

