

Strokes of muse and colour

*To snatch a wave
from a turbulent ocean
A cloud*

*from stormy skies
To ride
a bit of rainbow
On a silent wave
in a mist of cloud*

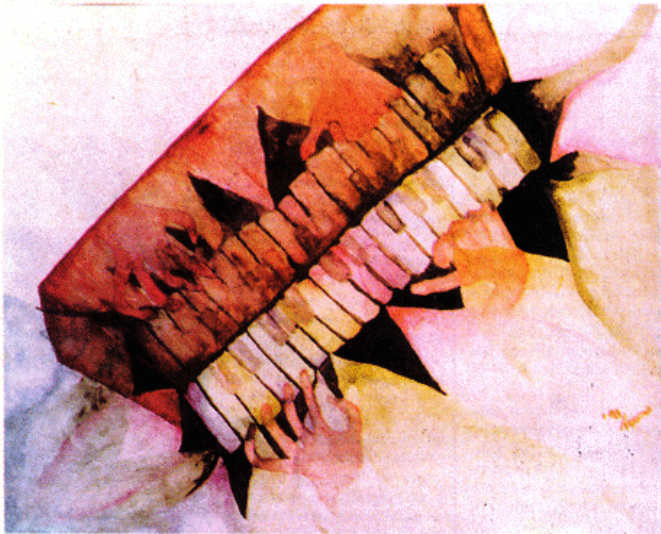
*To reach out
and hold the sun
and not get burnt ...
This is a poem by 33-year-old Rooma Mehra. This, tall,*

lanky girl, with a mass of curly black hair and sparkling eyes also paints and sculpts.

"Things that fade, that cannot easily be caught and pinned down are Mehra's concern, as of any devoted artist who knows that to seek is all", says art critic Keshav Malik about Rooma.

In another poem she says:
*So many stars,
sleep
an eternal slumber
in the heavenly embrace
of a sleeping sky ... unseen
Unawakened ... by a wisp*

*that was
Once upon a time
when stars shimmered
and the sky smiled
because life saw ...
But it of no consequence
really ...
That era ended
a long time ago
And who is listening
anyway ...
Self-taught Rooma says
about her brush and muse:
I was just having a brush
With the white
of my canvases
When a black*



Melody Maker IX (water colour)



Melody Maker X (water colour)



Reaching Out (Bronze and fibre-glass)

*of a whistling wind ... unfelt.
Since the day
a zillion eyes fused
in a nuclear fission
Forgotten ...
but for the black hole
in the heart
of the sleeping sky
A mute testimony
of days gone by
Telling no one
the story of earth*

*Sear of pain
from the cold nights
of your soul
crept in between
Grey flashes
touched my canvas
in a fission of colour
and a casual encounter
of brush and poetry
became poetry.
(composition of Grey-I)*

(Tribune Features)

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