Black and White

It is the wiggle
Amidst black and white;
While I sit back
And ponder,
On the vicissitudes
Of scenes and sights.

The hazardous terrain,
The twined trail,
The misty wilderness,
And the undulating plain.

I remain steadfast
As I set my goal
I often tumble,
Feel withered,
Albeit never fail
To rewind and recast.

Each laboured pant,
Ages I fight,
Sundry hurdles I surmount
Day and night;
The Malady
Does not demean my might.
I fathom,
Amidst the wiggle,
A streak of sunlight.

The vacillation
I confront
In every new-found stride,
Imparts caution
Paved in White
The Black veiled

Seulement
Pleasure and delight.
It is quiver and shake -
Of veracity and fake;
Of the times -
Wet and wry,
Doomed and divine.

Mais,
The light within
Always shines.
Happy faces -
Seem benign,

Pains -
Strain my mind,
Saccharine sermons
Sound refined,
Bitter etch
Truth et precise.
The beautiful airs
Entice;
For the dreadful,
I heave a sigh!

Thus
I do recognize,
The essence
That inhabits -
The Black and the White.

– Bishakha Sarma*

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