The Eagle on the Scaffolding

I was sitting at the window deep in thought.
The golf course spread all around.
I looked up and saw an eagle near my window.
Never was this bird so close found.

It was sitting on the scaffolding.
It too was deep in thought.
Two different creatures looking eye to eye.
Where was the connection? We are a different lot.

I was sitting in a library
silence and peace in the room.
Splashes of flowers in the vases.
Decorations of weaves and looms.

The eagle was on the scaffolding.
Observing me all through.
Me the curious soul in reciprocal gaze
Observing it through and through.

I was sitting at the window that fine day.
When I first realised the beauty of the predator.
A beauty so primordial, so full of grace.
Felt content to assimilate the hidden charm of the sky aviator.

Walking Down Pochkanawala Road

The tar road below, the blue sky above.
Birds going home, a few sparrows, a fluttering dove.
All around green and greenery.
A feast to the eyes, a beautiful scenery.

The tar road below and the sky above me.
Cool breeze and the scent of the sea.
Walking down the road deep in thought,
About how much I gave and what I got.

The tar road below and the cerulean blue around.
I asked myself, "How much happiness have I found?"
Walking down the road of life.
limitless joy and some injuries rife.

The tar road below and above the clouds floating by.
Did I help others? Did I reach out and try?
With countlessblessings all the way.
Shouldn't I spread happiness to all each day?

– Dr. Paramita Mukherjee Mullick*

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