I was and still am

I was and still am, but some day
I won't be,
to gather home nothingness every day …..

Even that day
a bird will fly over the fields
leaving a shadow behind as they do …..

When the world warms up with
the golden hues playing hide
and seek with sun and shade,
when the tempestuous winds
blow all straws
to the horizon,
in a spring afternoon
sighs will echo in a crescendo
near and far, to say,
Someone was there the other day!
Even that day the birds
will fly over the fields
leaving intimate warm shadows behind,
and the world will sleep relaxed
with its legs stretched out
even that day
will look like
any other day!!

The Tortoise Family

A family of tortoises
live across the street
at the end of a land
in the long road…….

Down the avenue of
eucalyptus trees
that remind me
of heights, strength
and cool umbrella-shadows
beneath……

It is a beautiful family
father, mother
a boy and a girl,
busy the
whole day
with their day to
day life and labour …

I want to say
hello to them,
to hold their
tiny hands,
and just say a
big thank you
for leaving
such clear
footprints to
follow from
dawn to dusk …

As I think of the
fable's ending,
tears
drop from my
eyes

I am slow and
steady now,
industrious and
hard working,
because I
want to win
just that race
that matters …

– Dr. Rumki Basu*

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