Dinosaurs

I am in the capital of dinosaurs:
Drumheller, Canada.
I don't recall being here
millions of years ago
to watch as mountain ranges
turned into sand and valleys.

They were so tall.
Their legs were taller than men.
They could hold a dozen humans
in their mouths and chew them all together.
They were big, so big
that they were destined
to break into pieces
and die one day.

Bending their necks down,
even if they tried,
they could not see squirrels
running around in the snow.
They looked only at the heavens.
Those that were herbivores
ate trees rather than the fruits upon them,
and the carnivorous breeds had decided
not to allow any species,
let alone an animal,
to prosper upon the earth.

All of them died one day.

Then, emerging from the womb of the earth,
humans started growing
in the same mood and mold
to occupy the abdicated territory
in place of dinosaurs.

On Mount Logan

Snow-capped mountain peaks
frequently reflect rays of light.
They never seem to stumble, nor does the sun fail.

In the blinding glare,
eyes covered with
heatproof glasses blink.
White crystals can be seen
far and wide.
When water solidifies
it becomes so hard.

Marching forward
with equal measures
of strength, courage, and impulse,
the mountaineer challenges
snowstorms.
The little beating heart
displays no concern
for a possible avalanche
in such moments of exhilaration.

A thick layer of ice might collapse.
The man could easily be buried
underneath the avalanche's wake.
The mountaineer leaves his fears
Behind, on the ground,
journeying now to touch the sky.

– Dharmpal Mahendra Jain*

*A Toronto based author, Dharm writes in Hindi and English, and has six published books- four collections of satirical essays and two collections of poetry. He is a columnist for three prestigious journals *Chankya Varta, Vishwa Gatha* and *Setu*. Email: dharmtoronto@gmail.com

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