

Soul Less

These rains will drive me
into a hole and cloistered,
I will think how they never abate
in summers, even as plums ripen
they wash, these hills in fiestas
of evenings, I want to snatch others'
dreams and make them mine
as these rains clutch into wishes-
my wishes of love or a dream;
take these rains away please
as I scratch rainbows that keep me
smitten with faraway lands.
Bereft of these rains
these arching hills of timelessness
their granites bursting at seams
their gurgling rivers washing me
into death wish as the crow perched
stands in legerdemain of thoughts.
I have it now, these pictures in captivity;
but the rains must abate to give these
hills a respite from this battling with thunder
as the mane of lightening burdens our bodies
Soul less, flat footed, tongue tied.

Ananya Guha is from India.

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