

## **The wanderer**

He was a great thinker and philosopher  
Of exceptional sensitivity.  
He believed not in new age mystic gurus  
Nor in the gossip, glitz and glamour  
Of our everyday world  
That has been sinking slowly but surely.

His poems were a witty tour-de-force  
With pleasing, pithy and mordant undertones.  
It was the fine confection  
Of brilliant writing with moving themes.

He loved the idyllic landscapes of Kashmir,  
The clusters of bamboo,  
The tree-lined avenues,  
The seaweed-strewn beach,  
The captivating aurora borealis  
And the open plains of Tibet.

Poised and savvy, with consummate skill,  
He wrote poetry, geet and gazal  
Serendipitous, thought-provoking  
That would never wilt and wither  
While fashioning the drama of existence.

And one fine day, he became a wanderer,  
A harbinger of peace, feisty and free.  
She met him once and with a single meeting,  
He changed the course of her whole life.  
How could she forget that day

When his luminous eyes  
Had fleetingly held hers.

### **What next?**

It is mandatory to know what will happen  
To good planet earth in coming years.

The earth is reacting to the accumulated  
Sins of mankind cropping up like mushrooms.  
Man is forgetting that the universe  
Operates by law, sacred in nature.

This is the time,  
Neither to hate, nor to judge.  
This is the time to love.  
This is the time to forgive.

When will the idea dawn  
In man's vagabond mind  
That we are supernaturally natural  
And lots of powers are in our hands.

Open your hands, open your mouth,  
Open your heart and open your eyes,  
O man!  
Repent, forgive and love.  
Then only the holy spirit  
Will be poured into you.  
Then only you will experience  
True faith, true compassion  
And true love.

## **Separation**

Limping along due to circumstances  
Beyond my control, I find  
The feeling of separation so painful.  
As my sorrow melts to tears,  
My ever widening thoughts  
Plunge me in deep reflections,  
Filling my mind with memories sweet.

Deep in my heart,  
While I sit in darkness,  
Plunged in thoughts,  
I think about the serene dignity  
Of suffering stemming from separation.

I think of those days  
When you made a fire  
From charcoal, to warm my tired legs.  
I think of those nights  
When you exalted my hidden beauties,  
Filling my soul  
With paradisiacal thoughts.

As the sun sets soberly,  
Filling my inner self with  
Enthusiasm and tenderness soft,  
And my inner eyes with exotic imagination,  
I swim in the silent lake  
Among the lilies and blossoms fair.

I count the minutes on my fingers.  
Tomorrow is so near and yet, so far.  
You will be coming home  
And our children's faces  
Will shine with a special lustre.



**Pramila Khadun** is from Mauritius. A featured poet at Pentasi, her poems have appeared in various anthologies, namely *Pics anthology* and *Diaries at Coldnoon*. Her poems appear regularly in *Rejected Stuff* and *Destiny Poets* as well. She has published four poetry collections (*Rajnee*, *Kavi*, *Priyumvada* and *Igniting Key*), a novel in India (*When love speaks*), and a book (*Food and Nutrition Simplified*, currently being used by local Cambridge School Certificate students). Her forthcoming projects are *Understanding Diabetes* and a collection of 108 Poems on peace and love called *Shangri – la*. A retired educator, she lives with her husband and three children.

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