

Bicycle

On the potholed tarred road, pedalling at time's pace
Three young men smile at life, in sorrow and solace
Dew flowers half awake, they welcome the No Race

Over there the wind sings, litter disturbs the grass
Flowers sit on the floor, the young men are at work
They pick up the litter, the grass breathes with bliss

Flowers stir on the floor, even down --- are lovely
Day in day out rules change, boss' whims and folly
Tending flowers and ferns, they agonisingly

Gripping the handle bars, sweating and wilting --- Harass
is the word which triumphs, the big boss goes berserk
When friends and flowers bond; barbs and barks they dismiss

On the floor they are crushed, in the store tears are brushed
Forced to forget their friends, thus three young men are rushed
When death tolls, boss is gone, when bards call, buds are hushed

In a window display, flowers, ferns are in glass
The friends in glazed pottery, still in the shadows lurk...
In mum's arms is a gift, the girl gives her a kiss

*Nature has always been a companion to **Brinda Runghsawmee**. In childhood and even in her teens, she did not really understand what Nature was telling her but Nature always communed with her. Brinda also views poetry as therapy of the soul. She writes for the abused and dalits of society.*

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