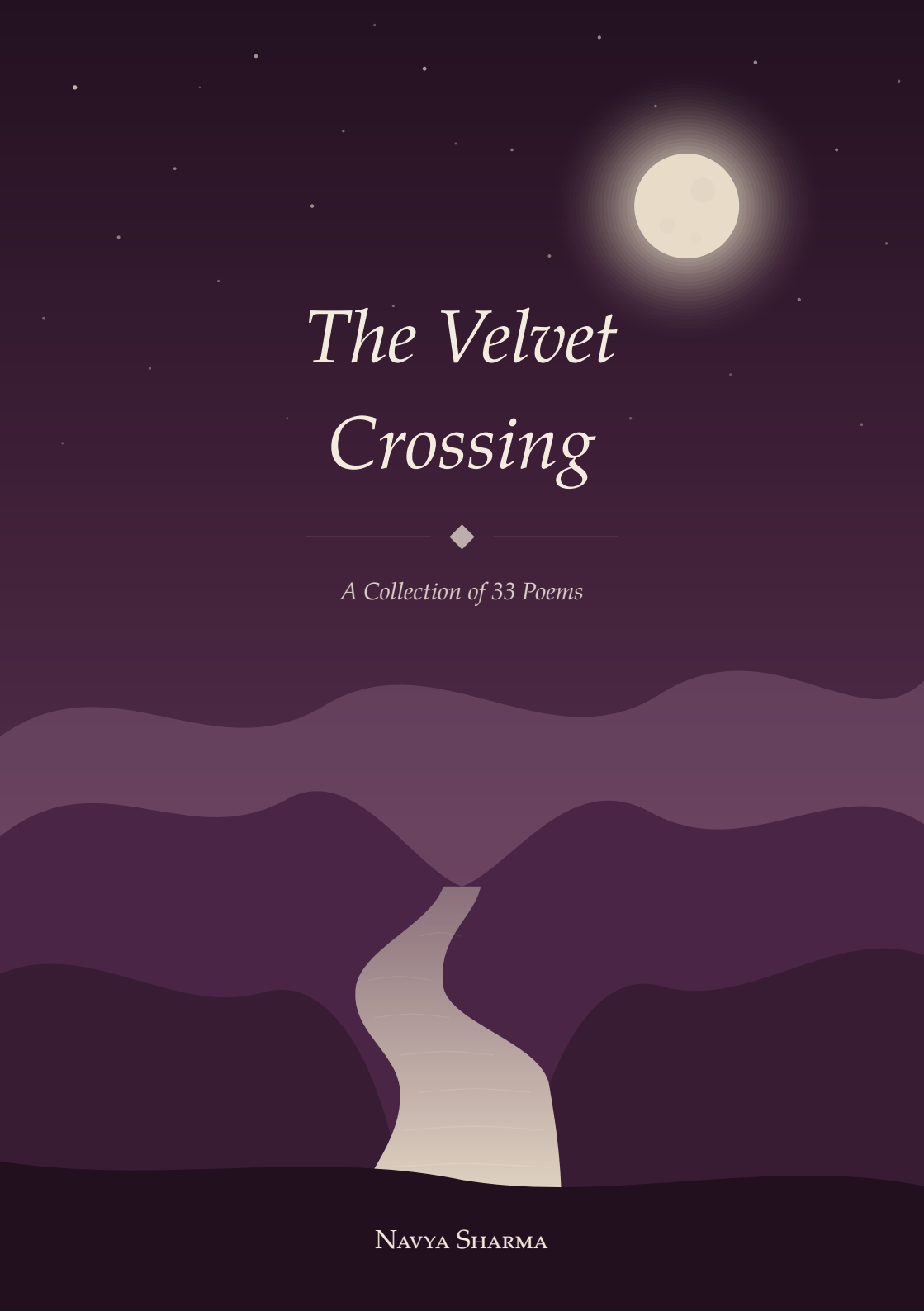




The Velvet Crossing

— ◆ —

A Collection of 33 Poems

NAVYA SHARMA

The Velvet Crossing



The Velvet Crossing

A Collection of 33 Poems

NAVYA SHARMA

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other non-commercial uses permitted by copyright law. For permission requests, write to the publisher, addressed navyasharmapoetry@gmail.com.

Copyright © 2023 Navya Sharma

First edition

Printed by Navya Sharma

Contents

1. Ocean Erratic	1
2. What's Behind the Mountain?	3
3. The Swinging River	5
4. Cycle of Existence	7
5. The Axe	12
6. Master of Senses	14
7. Flames of War	16
8. Forest of Inclusion	18
9. World of Differences	21
10. Blaze and Frost	23
11. A Rose in the Garden	25
12. Across the Forest	26
13. The Snow We Travel Far to See	27
14. Ruins of Eternity	28
15. Caged Bird	29
16. Sailing Ship	30
17. Two Mountains	31
18. Endless Moon	32

19. The Clouds	33
20. My Companion	34
21. Sun of Hope	35
22. Contrasting Clouds	36
23. A Rain in the Summer	37
24. A Change of Seasons	38
25. Quest for Truth	39
26. Who Was Me? Who Am I?	40
27. Latent Lands	41
28. The Waves Call Me Home	42
29. The Thunderstruck Tree	43
30. Resurrecting Dew	44
31. Sands Slipping Away	45
32. Jubilant Joy	46
33. The Heavy Rain	47

. 1 .

OCEAN ERRATIC



The ocean seems very static
Just some waves traversing
But deep within its very erratic
No one knows what's occurring

How do birds that fly in the sky
Find out what's deep within
What if the surface lies?
And it's just a skin

A skin like men's words shielding their hearts
Like an orange's peel covering the fruit
How will we know which strings are in the lute?

Who knows if the seal is final?
Or just another layer
What if the creature act tribal
And their lies darkness' lair

What if there is no seal
And the ocean is static
Do you believe your senses?
Or consider it erratic

Do you trust your senses?
Or your idea of the world
Does rationality answer your doubts?
Or your mind ends up curled

How many layers does the ocean possess?
Where is the sea floor?
What if it's all a mess
Invisible to those on the seashore

We might never be certain
That's what hiding behind the curtain
But both of us know, you and me
There is more to truth than we see



• 2 •

WHAT'S BEHIND THE MOUNTAIN?



What's behind the mountain?
Is it a blooming forest?
Or a water fountain?
Does the forest shed its leaves?
Or does it remain evergreen?

Does it change throughout the year?
Or does it remain similar?
Is there something that's embarks fear?
Is it the forest's prisoner?

Is the forest too dense?
That's a spark can burn it down
Or has it already in the past
Suffered wildfire's frown?

What protects the forest?
From another flame?
Can it spread to others?
And strengthen destruction's claim?

Is it depthless grassland?
Or perhaps a barren field?
How would we understand?
What's behind the mountain?

What lies behind the mountain?
Is it a foggy lake?
Who knows its full depth?
Perhaps the nearby drake?

Who lives in the water?
An innocent soul?
Or an alligator
What's the precise goal?

What lies behind the mountain?
What do you want it to be?
How can you be certain?
It doesn't bring you misery?

Does your will matter?
Or can you change destiny?
Or will it happen
The way it is set to be?



• 3 •

THE SWINGING RIVER



The trees shed their leaves in autumn
Preparing for the harsh cold
The trees that survive the storm
Always changing never bold

This is the essence of life
Never set in stone
Always like a river
Always extending its zones

Rain floods the river
The aqua elixir rises
Never aims to stop the clouds
The truth it realises

Change its path, embraces the flow
Curves and moves, seldom loops around
Learn from the river, the essence of life
River who refuse to change, nowhere to be found

Cacti survive in the desert
Baobab in the grassland
Burro's tail thrives in the sand
All these events aren't even manned

Lotus grows in the muddy pond
Moss on the fresh lake
Beauty and fuel has a bond
But gems from coal aren't fake

Bright flowers may have poison
And Moss may have fragrance
During the times of a golden frown
The land is looked with reverence
But the sky for guidance

Day and night, they come and go
Summer and winter, to and fro
Spring and autumn unite the two
Dawn the dusk, surround the blue

What if the sun, never sets again?
What if the winter doesn't fade away?
What if there is no future day?
What if nothing changes?



• 4 •

CYCLE OF EXISTENCE



Where does a river stop?
Where does it end?
Where does it start?
Where does it bend?

The river arises from the mountain
Mysterious and white
Born half frozen
A marvellous sight

Birthed from heat
Still yet cold
Fragile and gentle
Not very bold

Taking its first steps
As time begins to fly
Then it reflects
The clear blue sky

The path quite rocky
The turns not gentle
The water never soapy
The water clean, never stagnant

The state never static
Sparkling but erratic
Waterfalls quite common
Smooth ends quite rare

The path becomes so longer
River flows so slowly
River is so mighty and stronger
Above it cool winds blow

The river curls and slows down
Moves around giving the soil life
Where it goes leaves no frown
It is truly the lands crowns

The river becomes larger
Engulfing smaller streams
It goes farther and farther
Fulfilling farmer's dreams

The mountain path was rough
But the planes had obstacles too
The life was really tough
But still the river fresh blue

Canals were made from it
Draining its water away
Sewage was added to it
Poisoning it everyday

They made dams on it
To constrict its natural flow
Made laws to stop this ruckus
But the results didn't show

Still the river moved on
Never stopping its travel
Its true form was shown
Depositing fertile gravel

The river enriches the soil
With life giving potential
Though they still toil
And use rain torrential

The river flows away
The poison of the land
This protects the flora
From becoming bland

The river gives elixir
The river giveth life
The life is a mixer
How does one survive?

The river gallant and great
Doesn't always give boons
Sometimes it embraces hate
And gives people curses

Drowns the people that go in it
Sometimes becomes small and shallow
Poisons those who drink from it
Becoming the farmers gallow

Sometimes floods the entire land
Drowning houses with it
Rotting the great crops
Makes the landscape bland

Drowns with water
Or kills with thirst
Rots the crops and waters them out
It's the first to starve you out

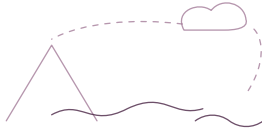
The end moments are near
It's about to pass its life
The breath slows down
The silence it shall bear

The land flattens
The river opens the mouth
Life pours out
The river is no more

The death breathes aura
Into the Mangrove Forest
All this enchanted flora
Gift of the river

Was the journey worth it?
Were the forests made any good?
Were the floods withstood?
Really worth it?

I can't answer that
But something I can tell
The judgement is yours to make
So, think well



• 5 •

THE AXE



Proverbs, the words of wisdom
Come from the hearts of the wise
Let men conquer new kingdoms
Bring the vicious cycle to demise

This one was forged on Earth
Near where aegan and black meet
There these words take birth
In a land ruled by elite

In the east of Parthenon
North of Khufu's grave
South of Sudak fortress
Born to people brave

Once in a forest
Lied a lumberjack's axe
Said to be of metal purest
Talked to the trees with bark black

I am your friend
Against your foes, I shall never bend
Because my handle is made of wood
I am one of you

The trees believed him
Upon seeing the wooden handle
Unknown from the reality grim
Unknown from their future's vandal

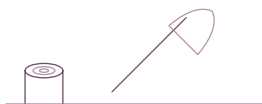
Was it due to lack of knowledge?
Or lack of wisdom perhaps?
Or they didn't want to see the truth?
Couldn't they see the obvious trap?

The axe cut down the forest
It betrayed their trust
Was it the fault of metal purest
Or the ones lay in dust

The pruning spear has no wood
But it was full of metal
But it worked for the trees own good
So why didn't they trust the petal

Hatred ran deep within the trees
Those who looked like you
Not always your allies
Can betray you with ease

Don't think the wood will help the wood
It can easily chop it down
So remember this knowledge
And save yourself from frown



MASTER OF SENSES



The cunning master, with wrath and deceit
With chains of iron and whips of leather
With fear and habit, the vicious elite
Torments his slave, frail and discreet

The virulent master, with heart of null
With power of format, hands of acrimony
Stands with his harsh boots, on the serf's skull
Walks around crushing his heart's debris

The nefarious master, rids the slave
Of his autonomy and occupation
The slave lives by the command he gave
The wretched captive, seeks jubilant liberation

The poor slave, treated like chattel
Used like a tool, then ravaged away
Curbed and manipulated, tamed like cattle
Petrified and mourning, his life decays

Lunacy and phobia, devour his mind
Delusion, deception, glaciates his soul
The docile slave, psyche goes blind
The slave due to life dire, loses self-control

The slave still complies with the master
Following his exploitative commands
Trying to save him from disaster
Falls into his incessant insidious demands

Looks at the clear dark heavens
Sees a pattern of moving, sparkling stars
Sees some lone, eloquent wanderers
That's don't bow to the order of the czars
Life of wanderers, the slave prefers

A life not bound by the chains of agony
A life where the head is held high
A life with rights of self determination
A life where falcon is free to fly

The slave tries to be a free falcon
Tries to spread his wings and reach the clouds
But the master perilous cages the free bird
The bird like a field, suffering from droughts

The wretched slave, his wings remain broken
The anxious soul, loses his hope
Feels that he shall forever remain in the dungeon
Till the end of eternity, end of time



. 7 .

FLAMES OF WAR



On 6th of August 1945
An entire city burnt alive
With flames of disdain and danger dire
We see the indifference of furious fire

With wrath and swiftness, the potent pillager
Drops the grim, on the dwelling with stealth
Robs the city with a fumbling flutter
Of the people, its true wealth

Gone in a moment the prosperous patron
The poor peasant, the able artisan
Nudged in the ground those innocent souls
The dark death, never a partisan

Misery, mourning, sorrow for the dead
Fills the wretched heart of lone survivors
Still the ruinous butchers, don't feel any dread
With lack of remorse and contempt, neglect the fires

When a tree burns with blazing fire
The entire forest feels the heat
The blaze spreads tree to tree acquire
Till the entire forest turns to ash discrete

Why then when one human smoulders
Rest of us feel no pain
After all, one night or day
Our fate shall be the same

What do we want? War or Peace?
A traversing Tokyo or a shattered Hiroshima?
For flames or rain, what to increase?
To choose this, is a real dilemma?



FOREST OF INCLUSION



The dense forest is full of flora
The boundless bastion of natural life
The entangled web of peculiar fauna
Allow the blooming bastion to thrive

Birds soar high in the open blue sky
Fishes swim swiftly in bodies of water
Magnificent mammals on land you descry
Indigenous insects, seldom slaughter

Smaller than the eye can see
Exist realms hidden in plain sight
Of fungi, microbes, who eat debris
They see the deceased as a sweet delight

Finite nutrients are present in the soil
One animal cannot use it all
The life develops in such a way
To use all nutrients, present in the forest tall

Every bit of sunlight, gets taken by the leaves
No matter if it lands on the canopy or the forest floor
Every fruit filled with nutrients, an animal receives
Every plant eaten reaches, a stomach more

When a tree or an animal meets its demise
The remains are eaten by others
The small pieces by those hidden to the eyes
Large ones by perilous predators

In the end it reaches the soft soil
The top of canopy and the bushes on the ground
The flesh of animal, the seed's oil
The farmers of this process, live abound
The trees take these nutrients back from the soil
To begin, the circle of life

What happens if one species loses its aura?
Nutrients will get locked up in one form
It will not cycle through the fauna, flora
Then the cycle of life shall deform

What happens if the cycle ends?
With the lack of nurturing nutrients
How many organisms will transcend?
How many lives will be prevent?
On one life so many others depend

This is the value of every unique person
They may be different from us all
But being different is not bad or desertion
We are different in our own way after all

So, let's practise inclusive education
Let us support diversity in inclusion
Let the children fill their own niche
Let us diversify our own forest and nation



. 9 .

WORLD OF DIFFERENCES



Look at our beautiful world
Filled with the brightest stars and the darkest nights
Of the largest birds that hurled
Of the calm yaks that live at great heights

Our elegant world if full of differences
Of the tallest mountains and the deepest trenches
But why then when we view
People different from us, seem few

Where are the different people?
Where is the delightful diversity?
Why is there segregation's evil?
Where are the differences pretty?

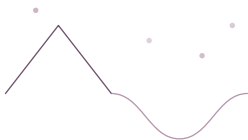
We are all different in our own way
At the same time, we are the same
One person who is like us today
Tomorrow may have a different aim

In a blooming forest, everyone has their place
The trees, the elephant, the lion, the bear
All of them have equal value in the jungle
This is the true reason, we should not compare

Every one of us is different on this earth
We all have different abilities
In beautiful life we all have our own worth
We all have the power to cross the open seas
The seas are the seas of life

We all should treat each other
Like we have the same potential
We shall feel as if everyone is like our brother
To follow these truths is absolutely essential

We all should want diversity
Graceful diversity in education
We should make a better city
We shall make a better nation



· 10 ·

BLAZE AND FROST



The world is filled with fire
And the frowning frost of ice
Both wear contrasting attires
Their true purpose, both may suffice

The furious flames of hatred
Burn with bitter malice
With envy it can spread
Turning the world to an abyss

The flaming fire can burn the world
While looking for vile revenge
The furious flames shall twirl
Losing the ability to ever avenge

Another destroyer is insidious ice
Freezes and slower the world around
Even though it isn't true entice
Its true effect is quite profound

Sees the world suffering from drought
Still doesn't let the frozen river flow
Never treads along a grassy path
Let's the people suffer in snow

The ice of indifference seems inactive
But inaction has its vast effects
A heart of ice is a pitiable captive
A cause of destruction that is perfect

Even though ice and fire
Feel like direct antonyms
Both are the same evil dire
Both ring the same hymns

Both are two sides of the same coin
Averse to love and care
For the world to end
Both equally compare



· 11 ·

A ROSE IN THE GARDEN



I walk in the garden
Treading slowly on the pathway
I saw a rose blooming under the Sun
The wind making it sway

I saw the rosy petals, deep and red
I saw sharp thorns, glooming and wounding
Observed the plant, then I said
I know what it takes for the bloom to spring

I saw the rose as beauty, as it truly was
While keeping the petals and thorns in mind
I continued walking on the cool wet grass
As I walked I let the rose left behind

I didn't pluck the beautiful rose
For I could truly see its beauty
I realised that there is more than it shows
As I walked on, we remained both free



· 12 ·

ACROSS THE FOREST



I wanted to reach a nearby town
But I had to cross a woody forest
So I walked with a sighing frown
To cross the forest, to reach my nest

I walked through the unfamiliar forest
After hours I reached where I begun
Then I sat alone to get some rest
I got disheartened, my face showed a grin

I tried again with all my might
I knew where to start and where to stop
This time I knew retreat was right
After a few miles, I came to a stop

Now as I could see the town
I thought to my relieved self
This time I knew when to back down
I walked along with joy for myself



· 13 ·

THE SNOW WE TRAVEL FAR TO SEE

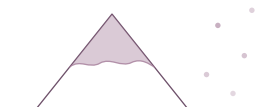


I know ones who live in snow
I know the ones who lives in the city
At the thought of snow the latter grow
While the former wants pity

The people of city go to see snow
And live in it for a day or two
But the natives live there from ages ago
Their distaste of snow grew and grew

It blocked the roads and freezes the farms
It cut off the power supply
To the natives the snow only harms
The wrath of snow they never deny

But to the city dwellers that travel there
The snow is a cherishable experience
They find it a place with fresh air
The paradox of condition, a sight to beware



• 14 •

RUINS OF ETERNITY



I looked at ruins of old carved stone
Which lay abandoned, left all alone
The shattered rocks of stone overrun by vines
Were they palaces or perhaps some shrines?

But now they live in dust and decay
Carved from rock, eternal they portray
Yet lie in disaster, under their own grandeur
Search for eternity, left it so poor

The ruins stay forgotten, become a relic of time
In a few centuries, they lost their prime
What to do of eternity, even if it is found
What does one do when buried in the ground?

How are these ruins better than a tree?
Eventually though they die, they rise from the debris
What is the use of eternity?
If there is no one left to see?



· 15 ·

CAGED BIRD

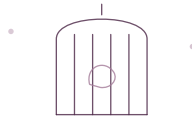


Look at the caged bird's plight
Look how the bars restrict flight
One may say the cage is for protection
It's a way to portray affection

After all, during the dark night
He may become, a hunter's delight
But one asks in self introspection
Is the bird treated like an infection?

What is the life of the caged bird?
Is it better than its life deferred?
Is freedom not a need of life?
Is it truly a dual edged knife?

But who asks the bird who is chained
The one whose life is constrained
But we must ask the one's with the key
Where is our cage! Can we foresee?



· 16 ·

SAILING SHIP



The three masted ship sails out to sea
Toward the horizon, to be free
Away from the harsh rocky shore
To obtain a new world to explore

On the waves up and low
No matter where shall the wind blow
The ship has its own route
It goes in its aim's pursuit

The ship moves with the help of a gust
But doesn't stop when ends the thrust
The ship survives fierce storms
Great manoeuvres it performs

The ship finally reaches the shores of lands
The stressful journey it withstands
Then leaves for a new venture
Never binding to any indenture



. 17 .

TWO MOUNTAINS



I saw two mountains facing each other
Separated by a quick flowing river
One made of rock hard stone
Evident that its cracks had grown

Other one of soft moist ground
Whose slopes flew like the curves of the gown
Both face the same rain and hail
Yet one recovers without leaving a trail

One is lush green, cool and sweet
From far away looks like an art complete
One is a harsh canvas with patches of yellow
Like a barren vast meadow

So different yet so same
Unchanged no matter what came
So close yet so far apart
Yet their journey has no end, just a start



· 18 ·

ENDLESS MOON



I saw the moon, round and bright
Such lustrous and whole, a marvellous sight
I grew captive of its ambient shine
So I yielded, and followed the crescent divine

No matter where I go the moon stays
So full of habit, a marvel to gaze
The moon resurrects after every dozen phases
Feels like the valleys are singing its praises

I reach for the moon with my bare hands
I followed the moon through the unforgiving sands
Still the moon lies far from reach
No matter I climb how many peaks

I then realised my journey was a lie
Just an endless quest till I die
I realised that of all I could see
Everything I could not decree



. 19 .

THE CLOUDS



I looked at the clear blue sky
And I saw a lone cloud fly
Changing shapes as it flows
Freezing wherever the wind slows

A million figurines interact overhead
I can see from a corpse to a newlywed
Flowing fabrics of joy spring alive
Then soon rip to shreds, it doesn't thrive

Everyone sees different worlds in the clouds
But are the clouds ever more than a crowd?
What if the clouds are a portrait of self?
Just a collection of what you felt

The realm in clouds is a figment of imagination
All of this is subject to our interpretation
All this tells us is that we must have doubts
What is reality? And what are the clouds?



· 20 ·

MY COMPANION

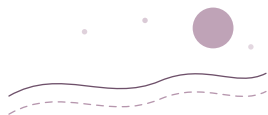


I walk around the alluring lands
On foot I cross the earthly folds
I climb the trees with my bare hands
To see how my journey unfolds

During my distant travels
I had one sturdy companion
Even when the world unravels
He would follow me through the canyons

He'd come in the dark, go in the light
He'd grow and shrink from my life
Even in the darkness, he was always bright
Always peaceful, lacking any strife

In him I saw my own reflection
My trust in him I could foresee
I'd always wonder of his eternal affection
Why was he always there for me?



· 21 ·

SUN OF HOPE

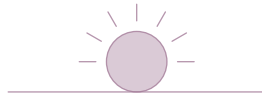


The sun of hope glides across the sky
Whose rays of light we need to thrive
Periodically the sun vanishes and hides
But the Sun of hope is always alive

Every day it rises and sets again
Those who know its nature will be the same
Few will go blind when it will rain
In the night such people will face much disdain

Those who do not see the sun as eternal
They will not survive the nebulous night
They see sun being replaced with stare infernal
So weak it cannot make the earth bright

Such is the puzzling nature of hope
It's even there when we can't see it
Think of the sun as bound by a rope
It vanishes out of sight but it remains



· 22 ·

CONTRASTING CLOUDS



The Clouds that bleed the nourishing rain
Shake the world with deafening thunder
Illuminate the sky with shrieking pain
Their Lighting makes the ground asunder

The smooth rain which heals the soil
Gives boon of life to noble nature
With extreme patience and unspeakable toil
It crumbles the unbreakable rocks stature

The whistling winds that cool the beaches
Blow the sandunes and suffocates life
In the greater Himalayas upper reaches
It removes warmth with bitter strife

Such is the nature of our world
Bright orchids often contain poison
Truth only apparent when clearly observed
When will we realise we have only begun?



· 23 ·

A RAIN IN THE SUMMER



I was sitting inside on a warm day
Right in the middle of the fiery summer
I thought of all the things I could say
Yet no one would start a shiver

I sat helpless in my armchair
Then I glanced across the window
I opened it and felt the cool air
I sighed with all the joy I could show

It was finally a shower of rain
Cooling the summer world down
Gradually decreasing all my pain
As I walked to the other edge of town

Often when I waste away
I long for a rain in the summer
I find that to end my dismay
Often falls a rain in the summer



· 24 ·

A CHANGE OF SEASONS



I looked at my creaky calendar
While Burning in the humid heat
Longing for the days to be slender
Feeling suffocated, strangled with defeat

I yearned for these days to end
I thought of the cool winter setting in
I thought of the struggles that the cold could mend
At last the cool cold finally came

The days began to get shorter
There started to be less light
Warmth felt like an opaque border
It becomes difficult to pass through

I tried to flee the bitter heat
But got trapped by the condescending cold
I realised that even though change sounds sweet
Its direction must never be uncontrolled



· 25 ·

QUEST FOR TRUTH

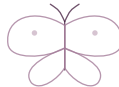


In our diverse world of nature
Each of us is precious and unique
The world is forged with blood and labour
Our nature possesses a certain mystique

From the vivid wings of a morpho butterfly
Diffracting light to seem mesmerising blue
To the great eagle that soars high
Locating its prey, kilometres through

The nature has a certain element
Of optimised and intelligent design
All is derives, organic elegant
A consequence of physics we can define

All of us received the good fortune
To know these truths and to feel alive
So next time, you venture in the wild
Look for these exquisite patterns that shall forever, survive



WHO WAS ME? WHO AM I?

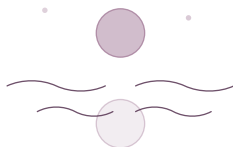


All my life a question took hold of my mind
Who was me? Who am I?
Was I my parents adored young child?
Or am I the bird that gazes at the sky?

I looked for a moment to fly
Perhaps I am someone else, perhaps I changed
Who was me? Who am I?
No matter what I never got deranged

Am I who I think I am?
Or what other people think of me?
All my life I stood behind the dam
Who was me? Who am I?

Who was me? Who am I?
Am I the moon round and bright?
Lustrous and whole a marvellous sight?
What will I be the day I die!



. 27 .

LATENT LANDS



I have travelled far and wide
To get to experience our latent lands
With clear skies and stars that guide
I crossed the sanctous sands

I have travelled to the poetic horizon
Seeing the birds fly over the edge
In the blue ocean sinking the sun
I saw it contrast the cool herbal hedge

I found in the snow a cherishable moment
I felt its texture, cold yet soft
I felt the sweet natural scent
Of the berries that grow from the Cliffside

In travel I learned the true sentimentality
Of contrast and derivative parallels
I learned that in its eventuality
Travel is more than bright carousals



THE WAVES CALL ME HOME



Ever since I saw the sea
I grew captive of its roaring tides
I gazed upon the waves with mystery
What lies at the other side?

Often I sailed east to see the sun rise
The first warm rays flowed through me
I could see the sun with my own eyes
And its reflection in the serenious sea

I sailed west to see the sun set
I was the first to get a glimpse of darkness
Its tethering twilight I shall never forget
Its effect on me I can never express

Yet still the waves call me to distant lands
The wind helps me to glide away
Show me the way the celestial sands
Takes me to shores I know I cannot stay



. 29 .

THE THUNDERSTRUCK TREE



The tree wonders if it can ever
Truly heal from the lightning
The blow was perhaps too harsh
The cut was perhaps too deep

The tree could withstand the thunderstorm
It remained stark, firm and tall
This is perhaps the reason they deform
In this strike of lighting, where was the trees fault

No matter how the wood heals
It has to grow around the crack
What this terrible tragedy reveals
Is that the eternal drops of dew have dried away

The leaves lush have all dried out
The tree is left boundless and bare
But does it even matter what caused the drought
If the forest dries away beyond repair



· 30 ·

RESURRECTING DEW



I walk around in the garden
Just after the luminance of first light
I sense the impending warmth from the Sun
I see the fresh drops of dew vanish from sight

Next Day I went before the sun rose
But I could not see the noble pearls in the dark
I can feel the dew as the cool wind flows
I instinctively felt it was azurean art

The drops shall form again after the bleak twilight
Having the gentleness of leaves and the harshness of cold
They shall soon vanish after the first light
And standing alone, the perpetuity I shall behold

I ask myself, why am I always there
Waking up to witness the dew
If truth be told I am not aware
Is it a habit I should follow through?



• 31 •

SANDS SLIPPING AWAY



I am trapped in the wretched sands
Charred landscape boundless an bare
I wander under the celestial strands
With my feet full of wear and tear

I look for a glittering oasis
I see across the land, the marvellous mirage
My thirst overpowers breaking the stasis
I dream of the oasis' vivid corrage

But as I reach across the dune
I bend down and pick with my left hand
I see my hands in the middle of noon
All I can see is the wretched coarse sand

The sand slips from my fingers
Like water on a frozen river
The harder I press, the more I try
The more of it I lose forever



· 32 ·

JUBILANT JOY

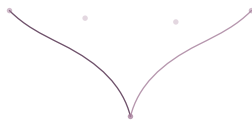


We both have different roads to take
We both have different views on life
We both have different Journeys to make
We both have different havens to reach

But with each step my feet take
My hand reaches to search for yours
My heart fears it is a noble mistake
But your smile always reassures

But sometimes words of heart don't come to fruit
And I move ahead with happiest grief
I take solace that perhaps en route
That I might see you again even in brief

But with a bitter heart of jubilant joy
I give you my gleeful goodbye
I know you are now not here to coy
But the farewell is so I can say with a sigh
I move on, and bliss I employ



• 33 •

THE HEAVY RAIN



I walk in the rain trembling and alone
White drops of despair weigh me down
In our erratic world, how would I have known?
That I'd lose my only umbrella just ahead of town

I still walk on because the drops are harsh
And I need to find shelter again
With the potency of rain, how many illusions will wash?
When these fade away, what will remain?

I still often look back, it causes me pain
For the road I travelled is long, I cannot take it again
I still lack the umbrella with which I ventured here
The uncertainty of my life fills my heart with fear

I still with dismay, ask myself the same
What if all this happens again?
What if I am travelling in a loops disclaim?
Eternally repeating just the same

