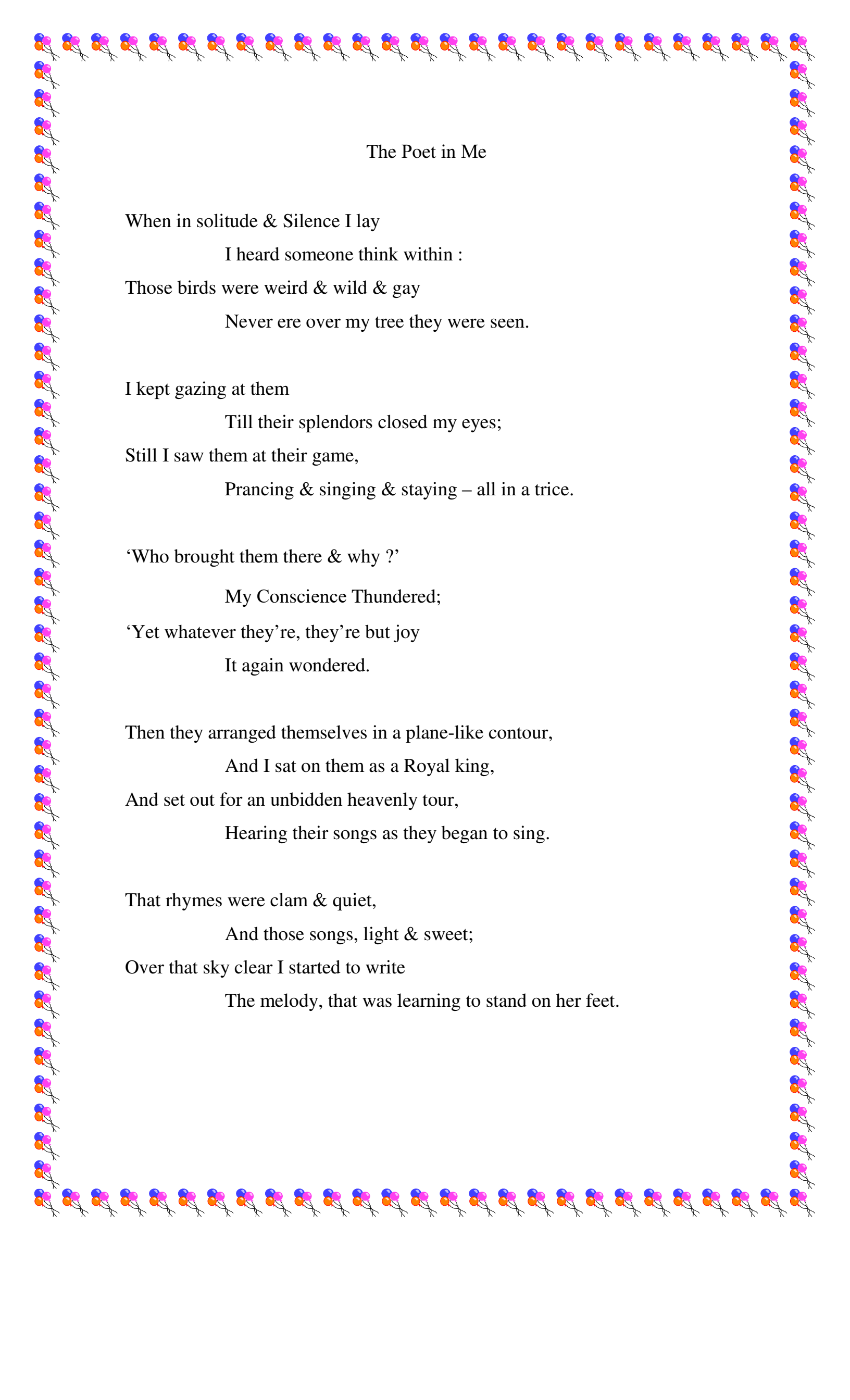




The Poet in Me

When in solitude & Silence I lay

I heard someone think within :

Those birds were weird & wild & gay

Never ere over my tree they were seen.

I kept gazing at them

Till their splendors closed my eyes;

Still I saw them at their game,

Prancing & singing & staying – all in a trice.

‘Who brought them there & why ?’

My Conscience Thundered;

‘Yet whatever they’re, they’re but joy

It again wondered.

Then they arranged themselves in a plane-like contour,

And I sat on them as a Royal king,

And set out for an unbidden heavenly tour,

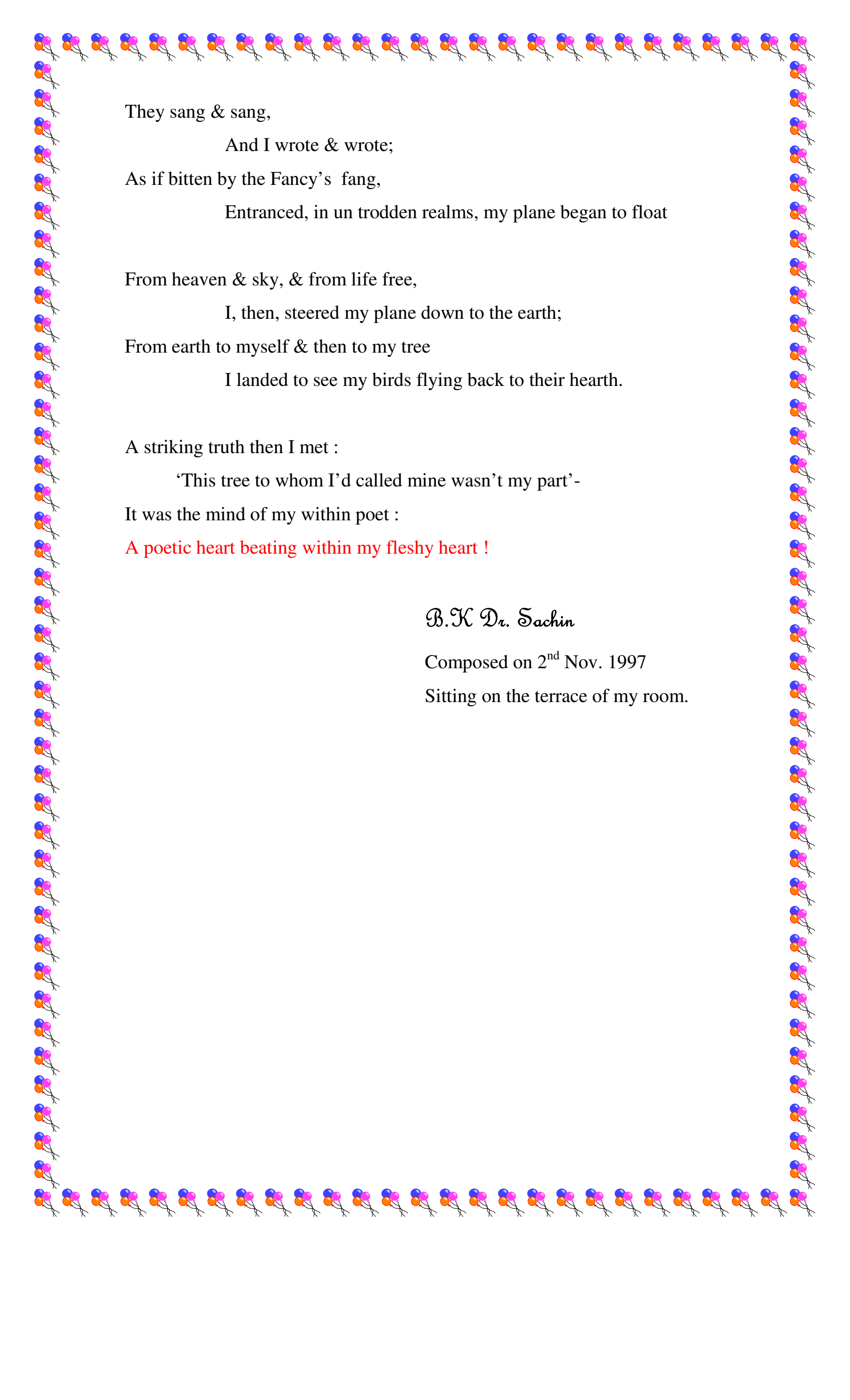
Hearing their songs as they began to sing.

That rhymes were clam & quiet,

And those songs, light & sweet;

Over that sky clear I started to write

The melody, that was learning to stand on her feet.



They sang & sang,

And I wrote & wrote;

As if bitten by the Fancy's fang,

Entranced, in un trodden realms, my plane began to float

From heaven & sky, & from life free,

I, then, steered my plane down to the earth;

From earth to myself & then to my tree

I landed to see my birds flying back to their hearth.

A striking truth then I met :

‘This tree to whom I'd called mine wasn't my part’-

It was the mind of my within poet :

A poetic heart beating within my fleshy heart !

B.K Dr. Sachin

Composed on 2nd Nov. 1997

Sitting on the terrace of my room.