

This Too Shall Pass  
*...but some things are forever*

Diya Narain

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THE RIVER STARTS  
ITS LONG JOURNEY

AT TIMES FURIOUS AND FAST  
AT OTHERS  
A BABBLING BROOK

THE RIVER STARTS ITS LONG JOURNEY  
MEANDERING, GUSHING, RUNNING, RESTING  
AT TIMES FURIOUS AND FAST  
SOFTENING SHARP STONES INTO PERFECT  
PEBBLES  
AT OTHERS A BABBLING BROOK,  
MURMURING AND WHISPERING GENTLY  
TO LOVERS WHO SIT BY ITS BANKS

IT SWELLS AND RUSHES  
KNOWING, THE JOURNEY WILL BE  
LONG AND BEAUTIFUL  
ARDUOUS AND CHALLENGING  
NEVER HALTING, NEVER LOSING HOPE  
THAT ONE DAY IT WILL REACH ITS DESTINATION

FINALLY,  
WHEN THE RIVER IS TWO LAST STEPS AWAY  
FROM THE DESTINATION IT HAS SO LONGINGLY  
BEEN CHASING...  
IT SLOWS, IT STOPS,  
I'M TIRED IT CRIES, I JUST CAN'T ANYMORE  
THEN, IT IS NOT THE RIVER THAT MEETS THE OCEAN  
BUT THE OCEAN THAT COMES TO IT

MEETING THE TIRED WATERS WITH OPEN ARMS,  
BRINGING IT HOME.

THE RIVER WILL NEVER BE ITSELF AGAIN  
IT NOW BECOMES  
THE OCEAN.



# MOGRA

I STOPPED FROM MY FRANTIC RUN  
AND TOOK A LONG DEEP WHIFF

I STOPPED.  
FROM MY FRANTIC RUN  
ROUND AND AROUND AND AROUND AGAIN  
HEART THUMPING, MIND RACING

BENT DOWN,  
AND TOOK A LONG DEEP WHIFF OF THE MOGRA  
AND IN AN INSTANT,  
LIKE HONEY,  
IT'S SWEETNESS DRENCHED MY MIND AND  
DRIPPED ONTO MY HEART  
EMBRACING THAT THUMPING HEART  
AND KISSING MY RESTLESS SOUL.

YOU ARE LOVED, MY CHILD  
YOU WILL BE FINE  
SAID THE MAKER OF THAT HUMBLE SWEET  
FLOWER

THIS RESTLESS ACHE IS A GIFT

IF THE PURPOSE  
IS TO BECOME STRONGER

IF THE PURPOSE  
IS TO BECOME STRONGER  
THEN NATURE SHOWS THE WAY  
THE CHISELING OF A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH  
A CATERPILLAR  
PAINFULLY TRANSFORMING BEFORE IT LEARNS  
TO FLY  
AN ATHLETE PUSHING THEIR LIMITS TILL THEIR  
LAST BREATH IS LEAVING THEM  
ONLY TO THEN STAND TALL WITH THAT WINNING  
CUP WITHIN THEIR GRASP

DON'T FEAR...  
EMBRACE!  
BECAUSE IF THE PURPOSE IS TO GAIN  
STRENGTH  
THEN THIS, THIS RESTLESS ACHE, IS A GIFT

NOBODY EVER GAINED THE HEAVENS  
WITHOUT FIRST WALKING THROUGH HELL

WALK THROUGH THIS FIRE  
RUN IF YOU MUST  
BUT ON THE OTHER SIDE  
AWAITS DESTINY

UNDER THE BITTER-SWEET  
SHADE OF THE NEEM

I LIE  
CHEST TO THE SKY  
OPEN  
WAITING...

UNDER THE BITTER-SWEET SHADE  
OF THE NEEM TREE

COMES ONLY A PEACE THAT'S HARD EARNED  
WHEN THE HEART HAS BEEN PUSHED TO IT'S  
LIMIT  
BUT PULLED BACK LOVINGLY JUST BEFORE  
FALLING

WHEN ALL SEEMS LOST  
BUT IT'S NOT

AND YOU CAN JUST START TO FEEL  
THE FLAME  
ONCE AGAIN  
FLICKERING DEEP WITHIN  
WHERE THAT LITTLE LAMP, THE MITTI KA DIYA  
WAITS...FOR THE SOFT BREEZE TO FAN IT  
INTO A FIRE THAT WILL NEVER BE PUT OUT  
AGAIN  
NOT BY THE STRONGEST STORMS WITHIN

UNDER THE SHADE  
OF THE BITTER-SWEET NEEM  
I LIE  
CHEST TO THE SKY  
OPEN  
WAITING...

# BARE FEET

DETERMINED, MOVING AHEAD



BARE FEET ON WET MORNING DEW  
SOFT, GREEN GRASS, STILL NOT FULLY AWAKE  
GOOD MORNING! SAY THE GENTLE TOES  
SOAKING THEMSELVES IN IT'S FRESHNESS

BARE FEET ON WET MORNING DEW  
DETERMINED, MOVING AHEAD  
FASTER, FASTER, NOW FULLY DRENCHED  
IN WARM SWEAT AND COOL PEARL DROPS OF  
DEW

BUT WHEN THE COMFORT OF THE OBLIGING  
GRASS THINS  
THE BARE FEET SLOW DOWN  
DOUBTING  
CAN THEY GO ON...  
THE SHARP PEBBLES POKE  
AND THE HARD GROUND HURTS.

ONE STEP AT A TIME  
SLOW, CAREFUL AND MINDFUL  
THE BARE FEET MAKE IT BACK  
TO THE SOFT GREEN GRASS  
AND ONCE AGAIN, THE WET MORNING DEW  
WELCOMES THEM BACK WITH A SOFT KISS  
UNTIL...  
THEY MUST SLOW DOWN AGAIN,  
CROSS THE PEBBLES AGAIN  
THE SOFT GREEN GRASS AND THE DEW  
WAITING...  
FOR THEM TO RETURN

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