



Polka Dots on Cotton Candy

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To Mummy, Papa, and Bhai

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The Waiting

Like a long summer day –
A December morning. It's the waiting, Always the waiting
That stretches the hours so.

What is time but waiting? At bus stops,
In churches, At schools, In houses,
Someone is always waiting.

For some, a day never ends. For some, years never pass.
Waiting doesn't let them escape.

The Sun rises
But the night never ends
For the broken-hearted lover.
The Sun set years ago
But the time never moved
For the mother awaiting her long-lost son.

A heart stops beating

But the waiting doesn't end.

It is passed on

Like family heirlooms;

Sometimes worn on special occasions But sitting in some trunk

All the while.

Letting Go

Clouds drift away
And take time with them.
Time I had nobody to share with, So I let it go.

I let it go
To float free in the vast blue sky; Free from the burden of me
And I free from the burden of time.

My palms beneath my head,
My soul filled with sweet smelling-grass; I spend an eternity in a second
As I see those clouds pass.

The clock has run full circles, Many seasons have gone.
The moon has grown older, It looks tired and wan.
Long ago, I gave up on time And so I felt none of it.
For me, there are no minutes and seconds, For me, just life exists.

She is time

Trace the wisdom that flows
In the stream of her wrinkles fine, They run a full circle
From and to the sea of time.

Try the latest gins and tonics But tastes the greatest
Your oldest wine.

Eyes of kohl – alluring? Yes,
But are an empty shell nonetheless. Look at the old woman's eyes -
Windows to the world
Of people fool and people wise.

A world of glossy lips
Full of shallow mutterings; Look at the old woman speak Of love and war.
Look at her wise lips stuttering.
Like the white sand of the vast desert –
Her locks of hair. Secrets of the fool, Follies of the wise, All trapped in
there.

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