

It is
Shanta Acharya*

A bud, a rainbow, a promise, a kiss,
tendrils tender as tomorrow's tears –

an entire lifetime suspended
like Saturn spinning on gossamer rings,

a feeling, cloud with a silver lining,
shining, unwilling to be diminished,

always trusting, a child's touch,
five fingers folded on a dream.

A seed, an atom, an idea, a prayer –
dawn that dispels the nightmare,

the common flower's eternal surprise
springing in the cracks of cemented high-rise,

tree with branches bare, a solitary leaf waving,
not falling – snowdrops, anemones, bluebells dancing.

Life hanging by a thread, street artist walking on air,
friend of faith and charity, enemy of fear and despair,
messages on faces of refugees behind barbed wire.

A prisoner's solace, death's companion
the miserable person's medicine –

an opened gift box and all that's left within...

**17D Bloomfield Road, Highgate, London N6 4ET, UK Email: shanta.london@gmail.com*