

FRAGILE FLOWER

Indu K. Mallah

*The hot sun bake the ground,
The parched earth gasps for breath.
The airless ambience
Is a mosaic of memory and cracked concrete.*

*In the lingering limbo
Between sand and cement,
Earth and sun,
Shadow and substance,
A tiny seed stirs,
And a slender shaft of beauty
Aspires skywards.*

*In another dimension
Where tension and inspiration intersect,
Where agony and ecstasy converge,
Where myth and metaphor meet,
A packed promise pulsates,
And a fragment of fugitive poetry
Wings windwards.*

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