

Forest

*Chidananda Sali**

When I come for walk
in the cool breezy dawn
the serpent road's will
is sleeping still..
near the coward giant hill
crying river flows covering its own will.

I recall sleepless nights
many meaningless dreams
chanting, hunting, haunting throughout
while the koel sings no man's desperation

Unnoticingly the day unfolds slowly- like a wild flower
-all over the forest from all sides..

After my return, starts the routine
work, stress, strain, hurry, fire-in-mouth
smoke covering like talcum powder on faces
-that are sinking wholly within.
Laughs, hugs, tensions and hence masks.

A layman smiles on the bill board
yet not disclosed, yet not understood.

Paradoxical man is a forest
strange but true, sweet but sour
frightened but sounding like lion's roar!

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