

## In the Fading Sunset

*P M Narayanan\**

I was strolling in the courtyard.

In the fading sunset,  
From somewhere  
A bird came flying.

When it was pecking rice  
I caressed its feathers fondly.

Like a tender infant,  
It opened its mouth.  
It began talking coquettishly  
In some alien language.

When the fading sunset  
Paved way for darkness  
It flew away somewhere.

In my courtyard  
Only a mere feather,  
Blood-stained and tender.

*(Translated from Malayalam by Muraly R\*\*)*

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