

# A Banyan Tree

Vivekanand Jha\*

that you planted with your erudite hands,  
on the dirt barren like the sands of seashore  
has blossomed into an insignia of immortality.

Its every leaf—large, gristly, glossy green,  
inherits your benign wisdom, resplendent  
like a beam of the rising sun.

Swaying in harmony like a sea of poppies,  
giving away message of breeze to every ambler,  
roasted, scorched in sizzling summer.  
Standing on its rhinoceros root,  
adding and multiplying into a knot  
of branches, roots, trunks, leaves, and fruits  
symbolizing a true meaning of life  
teeming with a cascade of complexities.

Forming a shelter and shadow like a cloud  
even travellers, needing no respite  
from heat wave, heaving and parching,  
have to retard their egos for a moment,  
stopping by the tree, mutters in marvel:  
Which hands have sown its seeds?

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*\*a translator, editor and poet*