

Poetry Series

**Baru Gobira**  
**- poems -**

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# Baru Gobira(7 may 1952)

# A Beggar I Never Met

A face with a nose rubbing the car window  
A gesture accompanied by a futile plea  
Pressed against glass and beseeched by one  
Who may be accused of withdrawal symptoms  
A dreg of humanity hanging lost outside  
Another human fallen by the wayside  
Begging we think for a drink  
Was it so?  
I don't know  
I thought he was beyond all feelings, all norms  
He was not bothered of what I think  
He was not bothered about this world or that beyond  
Betrayed, weak and insolent  
His god had died a long time ago  
The shell hadn't given up  
It carried him to another window  
Pocketing loose change  
Strange the unseeing eyes were lost I think  
Suddenly the traffic lights changed  
For the better or worse I don't know.

July 2010

Baru Gobira

# A Coffee Morning

On a winters day  
Walking through deepening mist  
Naked earth wet grass kiss  
Anklets tinkle like soft windchimes.

Beans of coffee roast  
In embers of burning coal  
Freshly ground aroma mingle, with  
Winds on rainswept mountain slope.

Scalding lips forever remember  
Fresh coffee in the mountain air  
Roasted, ground & filtered coffee's  
Aroma, distant peaks happily share.

Cold rocks, good chairs make  
Both hands clasp the cheerful brew  
Tin cups rattle in the winter air  
I sit, sipping coffee in the morning dew.

[Copyright 2004 Baruj Gobira]

Baru Gobira

# A Farmer Of Stars

I scoop the stars  
Into my palm  
In waters gathered from the storm  
Each star  
a world  
Slipping slowly from my palm.

I wander  
With the receding star  
See the light  
From afar  
I reflect on  
The moving light  
Of what just might have been  
Dreams swept by that moment's delight.

Loss, always loss  
Of the star  
That was never mine  
Each  
A desire  
Spawned by a passing wind  
That moves the clouds  
Which can but hide  
A star  
I thought was mine

Beyond reach  
Cupped in my palm  
Lingering for a moment  
The twinkle so near  
I try to hold them  
A prisoner of my mind.

Copyright 2006 Baru Gobira

Baru Gobira

# A Flower Rested On My Window Sill

Confined for reasons  
Other than credit card dues  
Forced to flip-flop o'er floor & spice  
Confined to messages and ringing notes  
from Ma Bell  
I felt soft winds push windows aside.

And then when quite descended  
A well groomed flower stuck its neck inside  
Smiley yellow nestling amidst brown & green  
Seemingly posed a question like a queen  
Asking, what made me sheep-like inside  
And soon she bade me take a step outside  
With spade & plow to work again with pride  
Rake weeding gloom from deep inside.

I came back to look at my sunshine friend  
Now aged & truly bent  
Resting content on my window sill  
Work done, debt paid, life lived, lamp lit  
Before it passed into the advancing night.

[ 7th June 2010 ]

Baru Gobira

# A Mother Remembers

SomeWhere inside me, lost  
In misty folds of time,  
Soft falls the sound  
Of a child's anklet, tinkling, gently  
On a distant Wind chime;  
No form, yet child it be  
Never to be free;  
Some part of me remembers  
An anklet's tinkle, chiming  
In the Wind of a willow tree;  
No air has it breathed  
Unblemished it be,  
Some part of me Weeps  
For that child, that  
had no chance-  
To feel & touch or  
Ever be, part of me;  
Oh! I hear the sound again  
A child's anklet, tinkling, gently  
Somewhere inside me.

[Dated: Feb 17th,2005, Published in an anthology by Forward Press Ltd  
UKCopyright under my name Bradwaj Gobira]

Baru Gobira

# A See-Saw

The Tip of a divine fulcrum  
Knows not the weight on either side  
But balance it  
It must  
Knowing divinity needs poise  
To lift one up  
And send the other down  
A common ground  
Of equality  
In the public park  
Of ridicule  
Till  
One day  
The riders dismount  
In search of smaller gods  
That their ego promotes  
In the smallness of minds  
That need  
Lesser poles  
To drive stakes  
Into their journey  
That has but one end.

[ Sept 2009 Hyderabad India ]

Baru Gobira

# A Thousand Eyes

A thousand eyes from the mist appear  
From cold blue wreaths inside a mountain stream  
To descend on the plains of sacrifice below  
Merging moving tree tops, with ash blown fields  
That has no hoe or plow or chimney top/stove;  
Just a green torn carpet, swaying tiredly  
In silent symphony, with the evening breeze.

A thousand eyes meet mine, mine alone  
Past, marching on to a present  
Fading in the shadow of sunsets dream  
Space, just an edge beyond earth  
History, a phantom's march  
Music, octaves of regret  
Rising at the fountains of forgotten youth.

A thousand eyes and mine too  
Searching for all the lost minds  
That have poured their hopes  
Into the stars, the sleepless eyes  
Seeing, what must have passed below unsung;  
Sorrow, a pale shadow mentored by the moon.

A thousand eyes and mine too, searching  
The remains of what are but thoughts  
Of men familiar with the mystic quest  
The journey through the self, searching for the soul  
Of humanity, walking slowly, backwards  
In the reflections swept by the riverside wind.

Baru Gobira

# A Walk Through God's Stream.

Go gently into the sunset  
when you're done riding the waves  
Go gently away, once from the world of gaze  
Cross into the tomorrows, without any disgrace  
Go gently into the night  
As day chooses the arms of sleep  
Go gently... always towards the new  
Listen for the sounds of lingering bells  
Go gently down the mountainside  
Till you reach the shore, where He dwells.

August 2010

Baru Gobira

# All(Uring) Charms Of The Looking Glass.

July2010

The beauty of a cup scarred  
By a slash of the painter's brush  
Mangled yet majestic in its timeless sadness  
Seas opening to let THE Master through  
Mountains with a bald table top  
Or a poet's enraptured gaze at Sheba's Breasts  
Mysteries without explanations  
A broken tooth  
That enhanced the actress's smile  
Strange music that stopped a heartbeat  
A mis-pelt word in an iconic brand  
Attractions or fatal distractions  
True art is but a matter of flawed perfection  
Beauty however marred  
Can but only beauty be  
Much like a grey streak  
On a woman's coiffure  
All(uring) charms of the looking glass.

Baru Gobira 2010

Baru Gobira

# Ask A Florist The Way To Peace

Ask a street florist the way to peace  
He will sit you down  
Sip Coffee  
And expound  
On a life that saw happiness  
when marriages were more regular  
than the monsoon  
When lovers ventured onto streets  
When smart clicks on stone turned heads  
A passerby wouldn't care if a truck stood all day  
The way to peace, he would say  
Is through a city of calm  
Not when it's a trigger-pull away  
O for Roses, roses all the way  
If only peace would hold sway  
A few may well come our way.

July 2010 Revision 1

Baru Gobira

# Awakened From A Dream In Which I Lived Inside

I saw the clouds form a blanket  
Over earth & rust  
Some trees smelt the air above  
A gorge saw a waterfall  
Gushing from the clouds  
See how things change but still remain  
And then a wailing twitter brings  
A lost-one, searching for other lost souls  
A bird in directionless flight  
How like some of us  
At a busy crossroad  
Then again the clouds darkened  
A somber mood  
As if nature had been threatened by you & me  
Both visitors without a pass  
A shiver follows a plunging cold  
Scarves are tightened over deep necklines  
Pulling life together, bracing  
For the peace or the storm  
The clouds clear, move on to hold sway  
On another mountain or a valley plain  
Leaving me awakened from a dream  
In which I lived inside.

[July 2010 Hyderabad India]

Baru Gobira

# Between The Future That Must Come And A Present That Must Go

I have not seen the dew  
For much of the grass is paved concrete  
I have not seen freshness so green  
Since plastic choked earth and water serene  
I have not been inside a lobby of touts  
For it too is full of seekers  
I am in search of the giver  
The One who set the first note to music  
Who picked the words from a halo of light  
Deep inside the silence of bliss  
I am in search of you, THE ONE  
Who often sends blackness as a gift  
Patience as a diminishing currency  
Anger as an outlet of expression  
I am forever in debt of The ONE  
Who never wanted repayment  
Who was friend to both dew and sun  
Who flew on wings when I needed succor  
I am an hyphen between the future  
That must come and a present that must go  
All the way to find THE ONE who matters most.

July 06,2010 Hyderabad India

Baru Gobira

## Blinding Clarity

When you've lost that which was there  
Much that you said had not been fair  
The Sheppard had left his staff for repair  
The bells had gone silent  
The road had no bends  
Voices in the head drove one to despair.  
The grass and the leaves had fallen  
And autumn harbored winter's air.

Baru gobira July 2010

Baru Gobira

# But That's Not True

Let there be light  
And there was plenty  
But that's not true  
Let there be gold  
And you found it in the grove  
But that's not true either  
Let there be desire  
And you found it inside the self  
I wish that were not true  
Let there be peace  
And a child walked down the highway  
Holding flowers red purple and blue  
But that's not true...  
For there will never be anything  
That doesn't belong to you.

July 2010 Hyderabad India

Baru Gobira

# Changing Chinese Chimes

A spot the darkness called inside  
Soon grew to make some smoke outside  
Both mill and mall side by side  
Soon banished darkness from the countryside  
The role of light is seldom sung  
In notes such as these which must have won  
The hearts of many and all who've run  
A race from blinding darkness to the furnace of the sun  
To sweat and gloat  
To prod and float  
An industry the mandarins host  
Of many that must be clothed  
In attire the nobles once did boast  
And now you see a Chinese sea  
Of workers in flight and onsite  
A scale of immigration, imagination & unbridled pride  
Outside the squares of a once forbidden side.

July 2010

Baru Gobira

# Choose Your Rice Bowl

One bowl of rice  
I offer for the kites  
One bowl for begging  
Other for rich spice  
One bowl of china  
For culinary delights  
One bowl for fear  
of teardrops in the night  
One bowl for the soul  
One for the flies  
One bowl for the dying  
One for life  
One that must conquer  
The cup of woe & strife.

July 2010 Hyderabad India

Baru Gobira

# Die Die The Seagulls Cry.

When the mind is shattered by darkness  
And light has flattered to deceive  
I see earth spinning slowly  
On a broken axle with ruddy hues  
The sky clouded by a haze of grief  
Trees subdued, whispering in the breeze  
I am cold hungry angry  
A human in a cocoon of sorrow  
Working up a sweat  
Each vein throttled green with envy  
A loss I'm unable to bear  
I'm losing my mind  
Did I have one?  
Or is it the madness  
I scream  
In the loneliness of impending doom  
I remember  
Of nights when I'm awake  
Hearing the sound of my heart  
I listen  
To the cold, the old and then see  
One without desire, free  
What loss am I mourning?  
Why do I trust my mind  
Gone with the memories of yesterday  
Beseeching me to swim out with the evening tide  
Die Die the seagulls cry.

[August 2010]

Baru Gobira

# Empty

You should never have covered it with a shroud  
Hoping to find a cage of darkness  
With an invisible lantern  
Singing the song of light.

July 2010 Hyderabad India

Baru Gobira

# Every Face Hides A Secret

Every face hides a secret  
The eyelashes bat once in acknowledgement  
Shared and yet hidden  
Longing to be released  
Every face hides a secret  
Of a forbidden glance  
An unfulfilled desire  
A race yet to be run  
A thought that will forever remain a thought  
Every face hides a secret  
The hope in a mystic's eye  
A rope in the hangman's hand  
An eye following feet over cobble stone  
Madness, marriages & deserted palaces  
Every face hides a secret that must be told.

July 2010

Baru Gobira

# Feather So Fair

Come my avian friend  
And watch me through  
the chain metal fence;  
as I wonder, what climes  
share your dropped feather.

I ask about the last flight  
you took  
Was it too far  
or did you miss  
the avian route;  
And leave a feather  
in the lonely air  
for a soul mate to find.

Still you chirp  
inside your diminished existence  
forgiving both metal and me;  
For I have stood still  
picking not the fallen feather  
that would have freed your soul.

Baru Gobira 2006

Baru Gobira

# Few Have Kissed The Lotus Lips

The tree has not yielded  
The seeker, fruits of the field  
The seed has not sprouted  
Under the harvesters steed  
The sand has not kissed  
The feet of the great  
The flower has missed  
The gates of fate  
Not many remain, for  
Few have kissed, the lotus lips  
Touched by the nectar  
Of enlightened bliss.

Baru Gobira July 2010

Baru Gobira

# For I Never Left Darkness

Sitting inside the darkness  
I step out, where else but  
Into the hall of shadows  
Searching a God.

Being Gods, they  
Separate from shadows  
Step out into, what else but  
Gardens of growing light

For only Gods can be Gods  
Others, serf's of ignorance & moral blight.

I step back into  
where else but Shadows,  
for I never left darkness  
Shadows are what I see.

What is that I now know  
Gods are distant  
Suffused with light  
And free.

[April 17th,2005Copyright]

Baru Gobira

# For The Flowers Of Silence To Bloom

Are we truly alone  
Is a question I have pondered  
Even sleep drives thoughts  
Chewing the living embers  
Mints mere memories  
All chasing life  
Are we truly alone  
In a Universe that breathes sound  
Where earth is only  
A monk's chamber of echoes  
Others have visited  
And some have heard  
Are we truly alone  
In the midst of living  
Within a terrain of images  
Spouting like a geyser  
Once earth heats  
To release emotions  
Are we truly alone  
Or a fugitive awaiting time  
For the flowers of silence to bloom  
Is a question a timid footfall ponders.

July 2010 Hyderabad India

Baru Gobira

# For There Is A Shoulder On Which I Have Cried

Hurry, I must leave soon  
For there is a shoulder on which I have cried  
And I must go  
With head held high  
Because you were there  
When I needed a shoulder to cry.  
Can I but walk backwards  
There's many a thing  
I would re-mend and try  
Just so you were happy  
For a day more than I  
Hurry, I must leave soon  
For there is a shoulder on which I have cried  
When the sun has set  
And the rains are gone  
When winters frost has come and gone  
The time will come  
When peace will reign  
In this world and in life's train  
Hurry, I must leave soon  
For there is a shoulder on which I have cried  
What more can I say  
To one who has believed  
That I was the sum  
Of all life's deeds  
Other than Cry  
Let me go, let me go  
From this earth to the sky  
Hurry, I must leave soon  
For there is a shoulder on which I have cried  
Away from the roads of pain.  
Catch me in your arms  
And take me inside  
Whisper the words  
"I Love You" ...before you die  
Hurry, I must leave soon  
For there is a shoulder on which I have cried

Baru Gobira 2009  
September 19th,2009

Baru Gobira

# Healing Music

Where I the music  
Or the reed  
I would float in the wind  
Across centuries  
Touching the shores  
Of foaming love  
Healing the thrashing waves  
Pounding the cliffs  
Of our mind  
Resting on the reef  
Watching a mermaid heal  
The raw wounds...  
While tying the knots  
On a garland of reeds  
Watching, the centuries go by.

Baru Gobira 2006

Baru Gobira

# I Am All That You Must One Day Be

I am many things you don't know  
The hand that brought sand  
The air held in my breath  
The blood surging in your vein  
The thought in your dream  
The link between you & me  
I am both mentor & host  
Anchor & image  
On a screen that as guest  
You cannot see  
I am thought. I am love, I am family  
I am much that you want to be  
An endless path that unwinds  
Below the Sky & the Sea  
A mountain you must climb  
A life that you must live  
A desire that must be fulfilled  
Come to me little one  
I am inception conception and perception  
I am all that you must one day be.

Hyderabad India  
July 2010

Baru Gobira

# I Surrender

I touch, I feel alive  
I cry, tears dry  
I wait, fate gifts loneliness  
I write, words dry  
I see, the rimless eye  
I think of you  
Doors open  
I am in debt  
No redemption  
I surrender  
Behold  
A bright star lights up the sky.

July 2010 Hyderabad India

Baru Gobira

# I Will Again Draw Another Line

At the edge of the seashore  
hemline reaching well above the knee  
Breath held, I behold the distant sea  
stretching far beyond my mind;  
slowly gathering the waves, which  
will pass my toe, that  
has just drawn a line\_\_\_\_  
In that act, I have defined  
my small protest, against the might  
of great waves, that gather, flow  
recoup, regather, reflow  
forming a tidal wave  
rushing in frenzy,  
to cross my line.  
Spent, now mere wash and foam  
the line gone, waves leave me behind.  
Victor or vanquished, another day  
another time, I will again draw  
With my toe, another line\_\_\_\_

[Copyright Dated: Feb 09,2005 ]

Baru Gobira

# I've Nowhere To Go

[June 2010]

I have but moments  
You have an eternity  
I have desires chasing limitations  
You have boons to grant  
I have but steps to climb  
A bell to ring, a pew to sit  
Bones touching earth  
Hands extended  
You have but to see my tortured soul  
To know  
I have nowhere to go  
But you can choose both time and deed  
To provide succor  
Wherever you be  
To one forever in search  
Of your celestial home.

&#8195;

Baru Gobira

# If I Were Destined To Write Just One Line

I was struck  
With a reality bolt  
If I were destined to write just one line  
What would I choose?  
That I rested within the borders of pent up dreams  
Or the stars advanced to meet words in the summer sky  
Better still the quite descended and silence was eloquent  
But I, noisy like the world, spun a web of unreal perfections  
Hoping to reach the Beautiful One  
What should I write?  
But that my spirit is one with the sun and I've nowhere to go  
That I spoke to the lamp post on my return from the tavern of delight  
Or the treasure house of words is bare and no longer do I write  
For I have yet to see the gate keeper of light.

Baru Gobira 2010

Baru Gobira

# In Pain I Am Alive

New winds breathe  
Fresh air into a porous mind  
Where time has stopped  
To caress  
hot winds of doubt;  
I often wonder  
What music lies  
In memory's bank  
To trigger dreams  
which once did thrive  
And then to feel  
Aaah!  
In pain I am alive... I am alive.

Baru Gobira June 2009

Baru Gobira

# Keeper Of The Rain

It is not for me little girl  
The wind brings the rain;  
It is not for me little bird  
The sun warms the grain;  
It is not for me little bull  
The whistle of the train;  
It is not for me little ant  
The nectar of the plain  
It is not for me little one  
The moons of Saturn wane.

It is but a gift for you  
From the keeper of the rain.

Copyright Baru Gobira 2006

(April 2006 Delaware)

Baru Gobira

# More Naked Than The Morning Dew.

I think you see me naked  
I'm afraid  
To be left with only my thoughts  
Virginity a luxury  
Innocence a misunderstanding  
I think you see me naked  
In flight against solitude  
But I seek crowds  
So that I may hide  
My fears  
From you  
And my guilt  
That somehow makes me  
More naked  
Than the harmless morning dew.

July 2010 Hyderabad India  
&#8195;

Baru Gobira

# Screaming Peels Of Orange

Each hurt peeling  
A never ending stream  
Of waste  
Still unreeling  
I favor  
The healing  
Softness of Orange  
The freshness of a small jet stream  
Screaming  
I'm life  
Taste it  
Smell it  
For a moment  
I'm surprised.

July 2010 Hyderabad India

Baru Gobira

# Soft Falls The Rain On My Soul

Soft falls the rain on my soul  
I feel not the water on my pores  
Soaked, sliding like life  
shadows in mime...waves behind glass  
Floating high, a body below  
Beckons For a moment  
On a journey that has but one end  
Loved, bereaved  
A wake in progress  
Life a moment of heavy breathing  
Leaving - an eternity of wants  
Time a passage where piers end  
Capsuled tempests now silent  
Am I Dead or  
Much still left to be said  
That Is something you must find out.

[June 13,2010]

Baru Gobira

# The Book Of Tomorrows

Jan 2010

None know the thoughts a poet writes  
Much less of where the intent lies  
At times the road does lead  
To a store of life's most sublime deed  
A moment of peace, a day of sorrow  
Lines the shelf where lies the book of tomorrows;  
None know the anguish in his heart  
Much less the fountainhead of thoughts  
That has been wrought on a night of dreams  
Floating gently in the valley of poetic streams;  
So much of life the ripples carry  
That he must huddle under the starry skies  
Brought back to life and earth, as it must be  
To string again the words of might  
That may reside one day in the book of strife.

Baru Gobira 2010

&#8195;

Baru Gobira

# The Master & An Incomplete Painting

The paint has not dried  
The Master still paints  
Much that I see is unfinished  
Much that was has died  
But still I breathe the same varnish  
The polish yet to mirror the pain  
I have but eyes that have missed a comet's death  
A sadness the stars have but felt  
In the passing a truth  
In the flash a light  
In the tail a sadness of eons  
Scorn hurtling blindly into the arc of eternity  
The paint, yes, the paint  
The trident and its MASTER  
Now swish and sway inside the cosmic dance  
Rivers roar, the seas explode, the mountains disappear  
The Master paints serenely the quite countryside  
The sound of bells on sheep follow the grass  
A melody of peace  
An illusion of calm  
A story of an incomplete painting  
That hides the torment of a soul inside.

July 06,2010 Hyderabad India

Baru Gobira

# The Passing

Who enters your house must decree  
He comes alone in peace  
His search is you and you alone  
Or he must live forever in shadow's zone.

Who needs to hear your song  
Must hear with heart  
And see with mind's eye  
For your form alone can make thirst die.

I know not where the cows graze  
I know only where tall grass grow  
Where tigers wait for you to ride the wind  
That pour, cool balm of solace over soul.

My Goddess I have not been bold  
I have but one thought and that be you  
Courage forsaken, humility fickle companion  
Which house is yours L' Ambica and where be that door.

I must knock, but what wood will carry sound  
Meant for you who are but in me  
And I who am in you, fear the hour  
For I may never know, it was you who passed inside.

[April 25th 2005 Copyright ]

Baru Gobira

# The Songmaker Sleeps

As a small boy he would sing  
For he could run and play  
Only if his sister slept;  
He would sing  
She would sleep; he had a charm  
Of value to God's & Kings;  
As with all things, the commoner too  
Employed the songmaker to sing.

Where from came the song  
The songmaker never knew  
That he had a song  
That brought sleep to all  
Was what the village knew.

The wait at the village well  
Would lessen when he sang  
That he never filled water, known  
as other pots swished & clanged  
All tired hearts rested when the songmaker sang.

His songs carried a simple melody  
A balm for tensed & twisted nerves  
The recalcitrant bride would say yes  
A land unsold would find a buyer  
When the songmaker's tunes the air did rent..

None could figure, why the lamps  
When lit one by one  
Fancied the songmaker's song  
In the evening's shadow from their glow, I'm told.  
Lamps swayed, their flames rich raiments of gold.

In the nights in which the rich are enslaved  
Sought are the songmaker's charms  
Long is the wait for that elusive mistress, sleep  
The nights again strange, lonely, forlorn  
The songmaker now lay forever asleep in his song.

[Oct 11th 2004 Copyright ]

Baru Gobira

# Till Love Has Found It's Silent Tomb

Whose life was it that lies beneath a stone  
Now unkept, moss, green with indifference  
shadows haunted by unhappy sky  
And breeze sweeping indifferent flies  
A life lies hoping for a flower's fall  
Silent cold stone waiting a widow's call  
Nothing have I  
But thoughts for one who knew  
That time must pass, forever by  
Till an angel's tear will forgive a lie.  
The things men must do before they die  
And in places far from home  
None believe that they are lost  
Till love has found it's silent tomb.

Baru Gobira 2010

Baru Gobira

# Tribute To An Unknown Soldier

They are mere stumps  
Bayoneted  
Helmets hung on each one  
A flag draped on a dried sapling  
Much sorrow the air carries  
An avenue of sadness trees  
And still leaves  
An old couple sitting on the porch  
Waiting for a son, upright  
Each stump waiting for a Captain  
The Earth waiting for a cavalcade  
A nation bereaved  
A hero now buried  
Lost on the porch  
Still waiting, an aged couple  
Unwilling to see all that has an end.

Baru Gobira 2010

Revised Title. Last line title substituted

Baru Gobira

# Unless You Want Night To Power Day..

Unless you want night to power day..

Hide not behind light  
Lest you become one with shadows  
Cast not the parchment's dust  
Unless you've imbibed the musty air.

Move not the pebbles  
Lest they roll down a mountainside  
Cast not the seeds of doubt  
Unless to stop the mountain slide.

Maim not the mind  
Lest you become the wearer of the mask  
Cast not the paintbrush  
Unless flames ignite passion's flask.

Friend let the light play with shadows  
Lest gray become color of day  
Cast your net wide O soul-mate  
Unless you want night to power day..

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# When Darkness Consumed Night

[Inspired by Argentinean Poet Jorge Luis Borges –History of the Night]

The darkness has consumed night  
Made us blind to the day  
Oblivious to misery  
Paralyzed to action  
Impotent even in dreams  
The madness has struck us  
The shadows no longer threaten  
For there is no light  
Only distant sounds say  
There are birds  
There is a sky  
A clear dawn was a morning  
We met everyday  
I can only see darkness  
As I grope for the sky  
Wait, there is hope  
A glimmer of dawn  
Slowly rises to awaken the dawn.

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