

Poetry Series

Deccan Phoenix
- poems -

Publication Date:
2014

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Deccan Phoenix()

The Leap Of Faith

There stood the mountains, tall and far,
yet just within my line of sight.

I stood upon the cliff, my hair ruffled..
by the valley winds blowing with all their might.

Leaves swirled, high above the forest,
that ran along the river miles below,
They caressed my face, and came to rest,
upon my shirt, as it fluttered and billowed.

'Jump' roared a gust, as another whistled in my ear.
'Trust us for once, cast away your fear!
You will never see the best or worst of fate,
until you decide to take the leap of faith! '

'What if you forsake me mid-flight? ' I asked,
'What if you are villains yet to be unmasked? '
'I do not trust you, for it is dangerous,
sincere you do sound, but you might be treacherous! '

The dust of the desert blew in my face,
my mouth tasted a droplet rare,
My land was devoid of Indra's grace,
a place so lifeless, a place so bare!

'Trust us and this drop shall be yours,
a hundred thousand-fold,
Trust us, and we'll take you to a place,
of food, water and gold.'

I crouched my legs, ready to leap,
but fear froze my knees,
Would the winds take me across the valley,
or deposit me in the trees?

They sighed, and blew around,
scattering the thin clouds,
The sun came out, bright and glorious,

from behind those wispy shrouds,

I felt my feet lift, and my heart fill with fear,
As I flew upwards, into a sky blue and clear.
The songbirds above scattered ranks,
As the dazzling zenith drew near.

The treetops became specks,
and the river a thin, curvy line,
Despite my fear, I marveled at the sight,
for I had never seen one so fine.

Gravity tugged at me, ever so gently,
and I steeled myself for the shock...
that awaited me in the waters below,
and in the sharpness of the rocks.

I closed my eyes and waited,
for the pain awaiting me.
Whistling and roaring were the winds,
finding in their treachery an evil glee.

Surprised I was, moments later,
when my face hit soft ground,
pitied me, surely, had the rocks and the water,
I'd go without a whimper, without a sound.

I lifted myself, muddied all over,
and regarded myself with incredulity,
Impossible it was for me to believe,
that Death himself had taken pity.

Yet, alive I was, I realized with joy,
and in a land of plenty,
My eyes found food, then trees, then gold,
Could there really exist such a rich bounty?

I laughed aloud and harder than ever,
as birds all around took startled flight,
tears of joy filled my eyes,
as my heart welled with delight.

A gust tapped my back,
I turned around and thanked,
as I was no ingrate.

'Trust us, trust the winds,
for we shall guide your leap of faith.'

Deccan Phoenix