

Temple

Seems like each tree is a temple,
an ancient temple in ruins,
and is seeking excuses to tremble,
who knows since when,
with its roof cracked
doors lost to old winds.

The sky seems like a priest,
ashes smeared on its body,
saffron smudged on its forehead.
Like a magician behind a curtain
it is sitting silently who knows since when.
It has hypnotised time casting an evening net -
the evening will not cease now
nor will go the darkness,
night will not come now
nor will the morning dawn.

The sky's waiting for this spell to be broken
that the chains of silence are cut
and time is freed from its net;
that someone blows a conch to wake up an idol,
that some dark goddess unveils its face
and its anklets echoing, it dances.