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Moment of Transition**Tejaswini Kale**
Maharashtra, India.

Little crystals of sugar
exploding like mini-bombs
in the boiling kettle
full of water.
It's havoc down there
with explosions every minute
white souls reducing to nothing,
mixing in the colourless liquid.
It's evening, around five
the sun about to bid goodbye
leaving behind an orange glow
sugary sweet like the tea
in my kettle.

It is boiling like the setting sun
the aroma drifting everywhere
in the little corners
where the ants scurry,
hanging just over
the soiled rug,
reaching the startled sparrow
by the window..
The rays of the sun, too, reach everywhere:
they hide behind a leaf,
dance on a swaying branch
or on a bird in flight.
They settle in a girl's brown hair,
illuminate a boy's
surprisingly beautiful eye.

I walk to the window.
The sugary souls
with new meaning in my mug,
the aroma reaching up to me
in long, continuous wisps.
I look at the sky.
The sun barely visible,
but the orange glow intact.
I see the last of it
on a silhouetted tree,
in the bushy tail of the squirrel
turning a darker shade of grey
in the retreating sunlight.

The continuous sweet wisps,

the unceasing warm rays
bidding adieu,
albeit with a promise
of tomorrow.
I live for this moment each day.
I savour the life around me in this moment.
The continuity of night and day
is meaningful on in this moment
of transition,
of perfect peace and calm,
and harmony
with my surroundings.

My lone moment of life
amid all this mere existence.