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The Finale

Pankajam

Absolute stillness in the air a feel bizarre, path alongside desolate, except for a few snoozing dogs, horizon moonlit, azure sky littered with yellow flowers, intermittent drone of night crickets egress the daunting silence, an uneasy wheeze prevails, at times wind chimes, air chill, wavy billows of mist ascend to the sky, a flowery fragrance spreads from the Kasi thumba flanking the periphery, leaves fallen fly in the streaming breeze. Each one has their own space here under mossy stones, absolutely private, none can intrude. Peace proliferates, prayers hang on each grain of sand. Past frozen, present still, future sealed.