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On the Tides of the New

K. S. Subramanian

Draped in dull glow of a pale sky
the city awakens to its own rhythm;
Metro rail snaking its tortuous way to
ease flow of life in a paradigm.
Distances dissolve; brows no more wet
with sweat for one to dig his shack;
Gone was the sea lore when a voyageur
took years to anchor his bark.
And too weary to revel in his triumph.
Now beyond home lurk the avenues
on the arc of change; tech wizardry
unwinding windows to aspiring millions.
No romancing the sky, black or blue.

Earth is borne on the tides of the New.