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## The Sun

Rita Mishra

The sun atop a brick kiln  
The fiery trishul lashing ablazed,  
people by fire side, pumpkin leaves on a hamlet.  
Two of us on a journey, the sun and I.  
The sun has treacherous impact.

Swarms of people move like mounds of sand.

The sun blackens their shadow deeper, tormenting them with coming death.  
People fumble,  
Praying simultaneously to Shiva's trishul and the sun god.  
None should be left for fear of curse.

The sun is quick; you can't compete even in a car.  
Third eye- of life, of death-See the life in death.  
Labourers feel the deepening scars of darkness everywhere.

Working black hands, blinded by scorching heat of hunger.  
Death in world. Life for many.

I recognize each plant, leaf, white birches, acacia trees of the journey.

They want to be the same tomorrow.  
The same when the sun steps atop a brick kiln.

When another person will be travelling in my place.  
The sun racing with me. Who will win?  
The sun dies to live again. We live to die.  
Death stifling all life, life stares.

The racing sun, the tea shops, the chai-wallahs, hawkers selling Bombay mithai. Have  
elongated shadows, dark shadows, like the darkness hovering over them – of life. Even under  
the sun.

Evening reflects the end of the confusion of life, in a day  
It looks as if the sun were dying for today. But die it won't.  
The sun is faking death, enjoying the death of others.