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Darkling

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Night Super bus speeds down
the highway freshly metalled
how long will it stand I wonder
Tilted food lorries heavily loaded
push through,
Ah! so many of them
Down beneath the mother calls her child
“Stop playing, come inside, rice is ready”

Further below,
some petulant swines are munching
Probably growling at the big lady’s carelessness,
How bitter they sound
Ha! hunger sure, who can bear it

There stands the age monkey rice tree
Solemn but drenched in heavy droplets
Still as a shadow in the evening sky

Some late birds swoon over the evening sky
Sigh...how I wish I had the power of those wings
They must be the bird daddies
Running to their hungry families

My neighbour who wouldn’t smile at me
Hurriedly shuts her window
The classic four panelled frame
“Mosquitoes” I hear her yelling
her sister will be sweeter

The old widow seems to have finished her meal
She prays so loudly
Sometimes I hear her call my name too
She babysitted me after my sister was born
And mom got busy
So religiously exotic
A relic

I look skywards

Darkling
Crimson patches and dark hues of blue
Night fast approaching

I see hills of light
Tiny whites
twinky sparkling lights
Until December the hills
Would soon be illuminated like a berry laden hill

The wind in my hair
I am gently reminded of the warmth
Of Christmas
Perhaps I haven't
Outgrown this bit

Down there I see a little bonfire
Some boys my age
Monsoon drizzle lightly descending
But the thin supply sheet shelters them

I must run down now
they say girls shouldn't go out at night
But
I must live
Day or night
I must