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Painting Poetry

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Tasting the sweetness in the breeze
I stood outside on the terrace
In front of an easel and a canvas
With a brush and palette.
Suddenly echoed a sound of notes
Straight from a lush neem tree
That stood facing our house.

The sound that imbued poignancy
In my heart was that of a cuckoo
Enveloping shades of pathos
Which broke against the shores
Of my nostalgia gone aflame.
My brush moved over the canvas
As if moved by these cuckoo calls.

The calls were growing effusive.
The visage of dawn that emerged
Was exquisite in its colors and depth,
And then emerged a lovely face.
The face was that of my love of yore
With her eyes shyly playful
Gazing directly into mine.

In its undying narration the painting
Let me relive a love, pure and sweet,
And which in the whirlwind of doom
Had asked me for nothing but me,
But in return had reaped an ache for life,
A love more unsaid than said
But where each unsaid had its voice.

The unsaid found a say long overdue
Through the wild pain in our eyes.

A time came when I had to fly to another land.
Stirred by the pain in the cuckoo calls
The touches I was giving to the painting
Had distanced me from the dawn.
Only the face gazing at me was visible.

By now the mist had cast its shadow
On the dawn and on the lovable face,
And I remembered our last meeting,
Her handing me a bouquet of flowers
With all said squeezed into the unsaid
And her eyes not ready to quit mine.
The cuckoo had given its last call
And flew away.