

## Musings

I imagine words – long, lean, hungry --  
filling your emptiness,  
like so many desert blooms with outstretched arms.  
They cast a shadow where your lips move  
in nonchalant monologues.  
Only walls can hear  
and shake invisible hands.

Am I to make something of your silence?  
This threadbare blanket  
hardly veils your thoughts.  
They trip over the dark skeins;  
run in the blanks like silver

blinded by night.  
Silence may only be a false wall  
where screams crumble  
into a gathering storm.

Something survives,  
sketched in meaningless gestures.  
Your fingers work their unseen magic.  
Walls listen to the moist shadows  
of your mouth.

November, 2003

## Quiet

Sometimes whole mornings pass by.  
Unspoken words flutter between us,  
rustle under dry hedges,  
fanned by the swaying casurinas.

Conversations, unlived, relived,  
carry themselves across imaginary fences,  
while our eyes remain shaded  
beneath burdens from the past.

They do not remain quiet and heavy for long;  
they speak, mainly in whispers,  
shift blame, engage with forces --  
that once born, never die.

June 2000

## **The Believers**

The prairie sky exuded more than  
just picturesque sunsets that summer.  
In the middle of August  
night clouds parted a sudden inlet  
lit with stars.

Staking our claims too fast  
we flew above the earth.  
The future was ours to chart; never mind  
the amateur strokes  
of a mixed couple in love.

Buoyantly unmindful,  
we prepared to leap  
from one world to another,  
in the space of only one life  
and seven hasty rounds around  
the holy fire.

Mid air it snapped.  
The voice spoke and you believed  
so easily –  
in another difficult odyssey  
through separate worlds and time.

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