

A TINY BIRDIE IT WAS THAT FLEW TO INFINITY

This morning I woke up to see one of my colorful little birds
Sitting morose – head tucked under its wings.
Down flew its partner with loving gestures
trying to coax it back to life and love.

Meanwhile I took the birdie out
Hoping to give it a medicine of relief.
It did not resist but just looked
Staring at me.
A few drops I poured that it swallowed
And then
The vision became glassy.
And then,
Like a discarded worn out apparel
Something had gone out –
Disdaining the masterful strokes of colour
On the tiny body, once crafted
With such loving care.

The little bird
Lay so light
On the palm of my hand.

Why did it come? Where has it gone?
It does not care that Tanimu will be feasting
With the governor and his wife,
That the climate is changing and that
Wikileaks has exposed
A leaking America.
Its time had come to give up the bird's body.

But meanwhile
I could hear in one of the earthenware pots
That serve as their nest
Two new birdies – no more than pink flesh,
Demanding angrily
Their share of the regurgitated seeds.

It's so frightening –
The body that the atman has got;
A bird today and a human tomorrow
Or the day after.
Once this human body has been got –
Be careful to cherish and not abuse it.
Who knows into what womb its next birth will be?

Nandita , the poetess wrote
Nicolas copied it
Clumsily

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