

GODHULI TIME

It is the cowdust hour
And smoke lies heavy over my head
As I walk across these earthen paths
And smells of burnt milk from inside
Mingle with those from the fields outside

I turn a corner
And surprise a pair
Besides the haystacks
Whispering sweet everythings.
She smiles and flies
Like a bird, her anklets
Ringing, her mirror-work skirt in a flutter
While he plucks a strand of hay
Foolishly from a corner of his teeth.

It is Godhuli time
And darkness is but a few minutes away
Man and bird and beast
Turn towards the flickering lights
That beckon them home
And in the distance, I can see
The lighted windows of a fleeting train
That has brought me here
While my thoughts travel towards
The home that I have never had.