

STRANGE NEW NIGHTS

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The muffled cawing of a drowsy crow
Floats through the ethereal yellow mist-
Of dosing street lights in the last hours of night.
Quivering neem leaves in the whiff of a stranger breeze
Gently kiss the overhead cables, as
The languid moon intercepts the forlorn flight
Of a surreal bat. A surge of the woolly mist
Swells in magnificent froth
Approaches the restive rust and moth.
Fidgeting of the foamy silence
Thickens in the stranger lane,
Swirls around the silhouette
Sleepless against the window pane;
The stranger nights so heave and fall
In such frenzied hysteria
The mossy stupor of hanging stars
Against a saline insomnia.
The eastern skyline does writhe and squirm
Birthing of a corona

Of a yellow, pale and alien sun
A day of slumber, sloth and fear.
Rusty trudging of tainted souls
Towards new insomniac nights
Sleepless, restive, fearful, awed
Rising gaze to heavens clear.
In such prayers that stand so still
Amidst the swirling nightly mists
That every dirty crevice fill.
The virus spreads from every heart
Thralls the lusty claws of power
Insomniac nights do fill
With new purity of intense prayer