

Poetry? ROSHNI RAVI

4th March 2018,
Reflective Writing Class, Poorna



There I lay,
Once part of a whole,
Now, still, discarded, forgotten.

Leaves cushioned my fall,

Gave me warmth,
and fellowship.

Welcomed, with open arms,

To lie, on the ground.

Come, look!

at the patterns I hold,
the zig-zag and the curves,

Come, play!

7th March 2018, On the way to school

Red Rivers on Tar

Four limbs flailed about as if
kneading dough,
fluffy and light,
hooves kicked and punched the air,
and around the glistening brown
prize,
radiated little rivulets.

It would seem they marked,

Our devotion – infallible, unquestionable .

Note: Our school bus passes by a temple, this morning we saw an instance of animal sacrifice, a headless goat, life still coursing through its body.

15.03.2018

The Trumpet Tree sings

Like swathes of cotton candy,
Sticky, sweet and inviting,
the Tabebuia sings ~
the song of spring.
Bubblegum pink and golden yellow,
the trumpet trees sing,
birds twitter, bees buzz
as



the Tabebuia sings ~

the song of spring!

16.03.2018

Looking for treasure

A rustling,

A twig snapping into two,

The crackle of plastic and foil...

Muzzle deep inside a chip packet,

Food grade plastic (don't forget)

A loyal friend searches in earnest,

for a morsel or two.

19.03.2018

hide-and-go-seek

Experiencing flux.

Spill. Show. Tell.

Look. Again, again and again.

Darkness and light.

Ask. Again, again and again.

Hide-and-go-seek.

What is this cycle that repeats?

Has no apparent beginning, and no end?

Spill. Show. Tell.

