

## RUMINATIONS

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I wish to know who I am  
and the colour of my soul  
Is it pink, like Jaipur's palaces  
Indigo like a haze of undiscovered islands  
Or orange like the sunset in Darjeeling

Like the Ganga and the Brahmaputra  
who usher tributaries into their folds  
is it full of compassion

What is this journey of life; unfair and unjust  
Ah! Life is like blood that bursts from the heart  
but neglects the toes  
Talk to me about partiality.

Talk to me about passion too  
because like the Cereus flower  
blooming at midnight on the hills of Uttarakhand  
passion makes darkness glow;  
I am its pupil. I reach for the skies.

Air is incense when you are around  
You peel away the damp  
Make embers glow from dying fires  
Carve pathways, lay them out like lives  
How long have I really known you?

Let answers walk to me on their feet  
Let them flutter on the wings of Peepul leaves  
Let sacred threads in temples be untied  
I have so many questions to ask today.

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peepul – an evergreen ficus tree associated with enlightenment of the buddha