

## A CREEPER AND A TREE

A Creeper and a Tree ( a Dogri poem in English translation)

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*I too was, once, a fruitful tree!*  
With each twig green, green branch and blade,  
People, once, rested in my shade,  
Birds in my lap , once, lay and reposed,  
Ever kissed me the breeze, 'fore farewell it bade.

That year it rained of such a race,  
A vine, a creeper budded at my base,  
I sheltered, supported, adopted it,  
Each day it grew with amazing grace!

One fine day it was just found,  
This once small vine, leaving childhood,  
Stepped in juvenescence, the spring of youth,  
Like a damsel in love there she stood!

When did it grow? My warmth, my care,  
She cuddled and clasped me unaware,  
Entwined in disarray, smitten with and besotted,  
She did me out of my existence -  
My being, that I once, held so dear.

Love blind, as it is, grew unhindered,  
Life, precious and prized , ripened & waned  
The Sun rose and set, I didn't pullulate,  
Upon my being, fed , she fed, unabated.

And then! all my twigs and branches shrank,  
The blooming seasons sank and sank  
'This day' to 'that' and 'that' to 'another',  
Whole life passed as a moment's prank.

Loads and loads of my leaves shed,  
In season unautumn, Autumn bred,

I was, now, just a tinder, firewood,  
My trust, my faith had just this fruit!!!

Is there someone who can find ,  
Guess , explore with the wit of his mind?  
That this firewood that smolders free,  
Was once, once , a fruitful tree????

**Reference:**

Surjit Hosh Badsali. Daun Lakeeran Daun Taqdeeran. *Bel Te Buhta*. Gurukul Prakashan, Jammu, 2013. P-96

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