

THE CHEETAH

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From the first sight of Vishu within,
A yellow garb
For the rushing jungle.
Just a breadth of
A second-
Between you and the stature of the greenery;

I

Stand stunned beneath.
Frozen are the depths-,
How effortless
in your swimming!

Above my heights,
Deeper than my depths,
Faster than my speed,
Moves your flag of success,
Joyous; each second...

I have no defense,
Then how will you
Overcome me?
Never have I shown
The smartness of over speed
Then how will you
Outsmart me?

Only once-
Through the green canopy,
Came the single finger
Of the sun.
In your dash for battles
Lake lies still-
The sole symbol

The one finger of light
Dazzles my sight-
And draws only black dots.
-My eyes are not used to-
such brightness.