

Then Said ...

Then said my servant
“Attend to your death”.

And I spoke to him
“Looking back
I have never possessed this life.
I have possessed it for others.
And now I am like the wild flower
 On the rock
And the sun descends.

My servant shall walk forward
On the earth that I provide
And that of countless others,
Perhaps to rest finally
As our fathers foretold
Like a shadow at the edge
Of the shores of infinity”.

Then said my servant
“Will we ever find what we seek?”

Then spoke I
“Have we found what we seek?
Was it always with us
In the warm breezes
And the falling of cherry blossom,
And the hands that rise in supplication
To a sun-lit sky?”

Then said my servant
“The time is nigh.
I will retire to my bed
And in the morning
The crowds of water-carriers
 Will throng the streets
And the rickshaws will carry their loads
And the earth will be wet with rain
And memories will end.
Then, in the evening,
 The dust will spread
 In light breezes”.