

Attentively Unheeding

I heard her whining
Yes, it was definitely a Her.
As I bent from my seventh floor,
And looked beneath me;
There she lay,
In the gutter.
A sniveling,
A suffering,
A hurt little Bitch.

On the trees nearby,
Sat a group of cranes.
Poised in reverential calm,
Poised and meditative,
Unheeding and attentive.
And down beneath lay she,
Crying,
Suffering,
Moaning in agony,
And all they would do was look on.

You had seen the dogs tear at her,
You had heard her plead,
Clemency! Brother! Clemency!
But, 'Dogs will be dogs'!

She was run down,
She was dragged,
She lay hurt.
She lay bleeding and breathless.
And all we would do was look on.
Like those Observant, Attentive, White cranes,
Robbed of the white,
Robed in black.

The devil took Her,
And all we did was look on.

Or was it us he had taken?

--Gautam Vishal, M.A. English

Balanced Opposition

She howled,
Matching their howls.
In passionate agony,
Cries of procreation.
In horrific despair,
Cries of expiration.
Opposite each other's wards:
She cried and they cried.
And when both had dried out their tears,
Celebration and Agitation
Stood in mutual opposition.

Cries of joy--And that of pain,
Birth and Death, so close together;
Yet nothing seems farther apart.

--Gautam Vishal, M.A English