

PLAYING WITH VERSE FORMS

ON A STRAND

A small boat there is,
Bare, dislodged amidst the storm,
Untouched by water

CALL IT WHAT YOU LIKE

Mind's a graveyard now,
Struggling to let itself free;
Bit by a dead bee

THE LOVER'S SILENT PRAYER

(An imitation of the Shakespearean sonnet)

Sadness engulfs my waking hour each dawn
Often I look at her side of the bed
And see how her fairness, from Eden drawn,
That adorned my bower, will one day shed

And this proved as good as a soothsayer's word
For your stallions have never known fatigue
Running away from the perplex'd herd
Of lovers simply staring with intrigue

I join the solitary winter's tree
To ease with its warmth the coldness you bring
That in your earlier stops did gaiety see
And we do wait for you to reach the spring

As hope's your only unending treasure
To ease our pain and bring spoils of pleasure

SONNET: COME, LO! AND BEHOLD

Come lo! And behold those past the red line
Snare them not, but censure them in Goodwill
The line's but a dot in your eyes or mine
Or of those that thus strive to do their fill

That fierce eagle from the top of the hill
Can, like none else, see through to the abyss
You can vouch no one ever had the skill
To hear 'midst raptures, the sly serpent's hiss

The many, thus embrace the drunken kiss
Of Fate, but those who never did fall;
Erect on deck, not one step do they miss
But stoop with mocking hand to humble all

Still I cling to folly as life's great gift,
Perfection's a load too heavy to lift

-VIDIT SAHEWALA