

My shadows dance

By Rubina Merchant

Where the wolves roam, silent feet padding against the moist ground,
Where the little shoots out of broken rock grew, miraculously
Drinking the water from the crags and growing into the gnarled tree
With bark extending past the width of my outstretched hands,
Almost touching the skies with His other grim companions,
A foothold, a place to rest my feet, keep them above the ground
And amid the woodland activity pick out the squirrel
Bounding with tail upright, ever in a hurry to fill the granary
With stolen nuts and little prizes Earth bestows
In hushed majesty, how the wind blows mocking our liberty!
A pantheon built in this panorama
Winding and weaving the verdant intricacies up the barks of the great trees
Growing, trying to reach Sol...
Beneath is the whisper of my muffled footsteps; a twig snaps: a reminder of my invasion
My shadow flees outnumbered by the greater umbrageous expanse above;
I watch as my shadows move in a daze,
Like a creature of old in some ritualistic dance,
It spins as I turn, the shade from above fringing the bare space
And in circles I twirl, the wind uplifting my being
Visited by the spirits that roam Borenas...
Earth, my dear mother, as a seed I grew, torn from your womb,
And as your child I want to return to you...