

My Waxen Wings

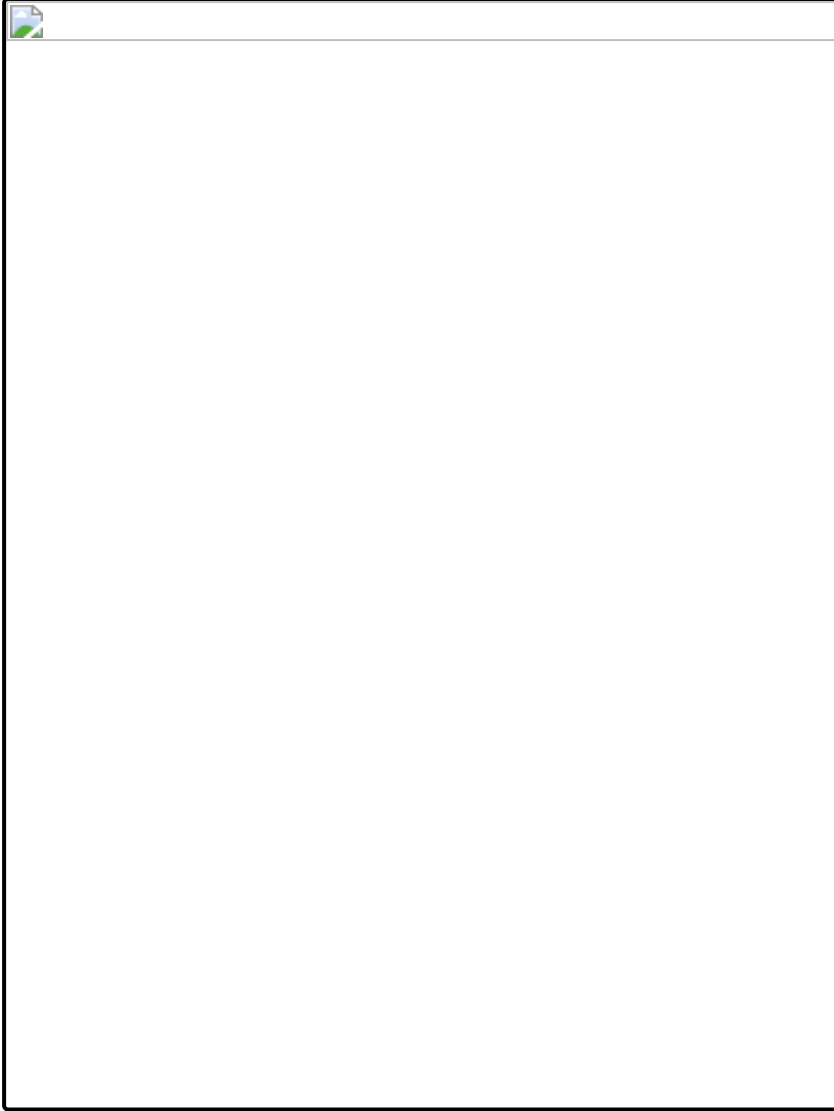


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Rituparna Goswami Pande 2 April 2013 21901 views

If I had wings and were a bird
Would travel the world and orbit the Earth
Or had I been a butterfly
Eclectic colors would be mine
I would hover over trees, flutter over blooms,
On a spiritual high, I would go into a swoon
Should I be a fish and swim the sea
Pass through oceans or haunt a reef
With beautiful corals for company
The heart would leap at Nature's bounty
Had I been a fir tree instead
My leaves would flutter in snow heads
The flirty wind would kiss my soul
The icy breeze to lift me up, life would be on a roll
What if I were the season – Spring
Orchid blooms, newness to ring in
No, no let me be the sky, the endless blue
Far from earth, to keep a watch on you
But then my mind looks to the rain
Bridging the heavens and earth in vain
It is then my stupor ends, my mind clears
All these are emissaries of heaven on earth
Not for me to grow waxen wings
Not for me to aim for stars, mere earthling
Praise is what our lips do sing
Of God's hand in all godlike things..



Rituparna Goswami Pande

Journalist, writer

BY RITUPARNA GOSWAMI PANDE

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