

FOUR POEMS WRITTEN IN THE HELICOPTER

ONE

The more I go up
The farther and farther I get
From the soil of the Rann and my own people.
So fed up with flying high
I desire flights no more

The vision is the same but from above
Things look smaller and smaller

O you, quaint and out landish flamingo!
You can't fly with me
I find myself so much lost in the passages
What, if lost further

Among the vista
Being done and undone each moment
I do not like
This wonderful-enormous frame of yours
Turn into
A pigeon-like structure

TWO

The whole of the Rann now
A canvas of MF Hussain
The colour of salt spread far and wide

A brush and some colours
Would paint many captivating pictures
Incomprehensible to me!

The sunrise and the sunset
Do not look real,
As if some fantastic work of art,
A paradise
In this desolate Rann

I fly with these works
In this fearsome Rann

THREE

Flamingo!
Many times have I seen you
at close quarters
On the fields of Rann and
Stealthily stroking
The coconut size eggs,
Gazed the chicks for hours!

While flying in the sky
Today, you looked so different

You were as if, the poppy seeds
Scattered by my mother
On the cow dung washed courtyard

FOUR

The sheep raised their heads and
Saw my voice (not heard)
Like they had not heard me come,
And were dispersed
Over the green patches

Flamingos touched my arrival
Flying
And brushing past them all in turns,
I passed over and beyond
Praying

As though I was some fakir¹