

ENCOUNTER

It was just P.T. time yet,
And I was on the watch tower
A one hundred metre tall tower!

All appeared pygmies,
Everything looked so clear-
Pakistani border posts,
Farmers, bullock carts, path ways and roads,
Just as they were in my country
Only domes were taller on some mosques.

Eyes finally, resting on a canal opposite
Loaded with trees,
You couldn't see beyond

I was on my canal,
River-like and flanked by tall trees.
The greenery of the fields is preserved
By these two.

The canals pitted against each other!
Match of greenery in the fields
On both sides!
Rivalry of tractors roaring in the farms!

What, if there be an encounter
Of just these?