SHE WANDERS IN THE WILDERNESS

I am Pather Panchali

I roam in the wilderness of dawn

The mystic magic of the woods attracts me,

The silence of the grassy meadows lures me,

I have an existing exile in the region,

I know not any.

I don’t own your doubts about me,

I don’t care about your suspicions,

I am here to wander in the leisurely hours,

Feeling detached of all and sundry.

Why do you think I am?

Who do you think I am?

I cannot answer your questions,

For I am a response never tread upon,

All those that see me, feel none of my pangs,

They are just there to frown upon my torn and tattered land.

People call me dowdy, trollope and laugh at my misery,

Some even slap my urge to seek solace,

Some negate my identity,

Some call me unfairly keeping funny names,

And some insult me with their horrible words of disdain.

Yet there IS something that keeps me going,

And certainly this one thing helps me survive,

These wild plains I inhabit,

Keep me intact.

I sit and cry here for hours and they hold me tight in embrace,

They tell me everything would be alright, when I learn how to fight.

They tell me ” YOU are an amazon” do not give up your strife,

For there will be a day when you will be rewarded for all that you sacrifice.

The right to be treated nicely is what I give up everyday,

And the woods restore my lost spirits comforting my soul each day.

I know not the language of the rich,

I know not the luxury of the privileged.

But the woods tell me they know I will earn it all some day.

So here I am treading amongst these forests,

Waiting for that one clear call,

That can lead me to my desired destination.

I am the pather panchali,

Thus I roam in the wilderness of the dawn,

In search of a divine messenger,

That can lead me towards the kindly light of the fair morn.

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For comments if any please write in the box below: