

*G. Lulu Robin*

## **A Stroll**

My shadow falls on the lonely lane,  
Without my father's hand holding mine.  
He taught me to walk, but often I fumbled,  
Fell over road blocks.

And so he held my arm tight, and walked with me.  
For long years I dared not walk alone.

One doomed day in a bomb-blast  
I lost my father.  
Left alone and without help  
I walk now in these quiet lanes  
Full of thorns and sharp stones  
Without fumbling or falling.  
I have learned to think  
That there is my father  
Holding my hand  
Walking with me  
Always.



*Abdul Rahman*  
*Transl. from Tamil*  
*by R.N. Brinda and E. Jeyapaul Asir*

## **Mystery**

Trishul and sword  
Undo India's Fate.  
While darkness reigns,  
Brothers take on Brothers  
Killing blindly.  
Who's killing whom?  
The mystery's still unsolved.