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SILENCE OF AUTUMN

Autumn, you that have undressed all the trees,
season that has stolen the fruits nestled in my arms,
who can possibly take you on and win ?
Autumn, you that have dismantled word by word
every sentence that I have strung together-in a necklace,
why have you dissipated in the wind every consonant
and left every vowel downtrodden ?
I owned nothing but words, and words meant all to me,
fragrant to the touch like the humble rhyme,
wafting softly through the air like the notes of a flute,
glancing gracefully like a child.
They were toys of an ageless soul,
unaware of a looming autumn.
Autumn, you who hide and count the hours
to stealthily pounce like a thief,
nothing is left except fractured syllables
receding far into nothingness.
Like a nomad bereft of all he had,
here stand I, my hands raised up, I surrender
completely. I am a poet for evermore speechless.

Dr. OLIVER FRIGGIERI
Malta



MY FATHER IN HOSPITAL

Eyes sunk deep in sockets casting unchartered looks
from under a pair of glasses. Father, what can you see?
Seated, morbid feet shuffling softly,
lacking purpose. Father, what are you seeking?
Parched lips moving in silence,
until they rest again. Father, what are you praying for?
Heavy shadows of time, cold remains of yesteryear,
a kind heart now tired. Father, what are you waiting for?

THE CENTURY FELL INTO MY LAP

The century fell into my lap, like a child
accustomed to the womb, not willing to be born.
Young is the century, inebriated by spring.
and old is the century, aware of a creeping winter.
The century is a paradox in the hands of a witch,
erupting like a long suffering volcano,
slithering like a rustle in the boughs,
storming like a cyclone which has its ways,
with one hand nurturing to wreck havoc with the other.
Too heavy is the century for me to carry
awaiting a time of deliverance that never arrives.
There is a tremor that quakes without destroying,
fair weather that rumbles with silence.
The century fell into my lap, every move
comes from its will, like a magnet
with which all rises and falls.
The worlds revolves on a loose axle, in hiding
the century looks on in pity.

OLIVER FRIGGIERI
Malta

