

Kirpal Singh

Water City Sky

They intermingle interminably
Criss-crossing centuries
Cementing, commenting, conveying
History as conceived, perceived, lived.
The people they came and went
Some stayed, bred and occupied spaces —
Their children the inheritors of riches
As properties bloomed and soared.
All have now changed
Water and city and sky
Share a common breath
As they weave rainbows
And spread visions and missions.
I stand as witness and watch
Decades going by, rushing
Ends and means, Means and ends
Get confused, render a high cost
More sweat for rags to riches
More time for those who govern.
They say doctors cure and poems heal —