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Fallen Trees

Stunningly stripped They stood in the water. Pale bodies, arms raised skyward Taut to a smoothness. Bare gopis. Days and months and years against the gossamer Bangalore sky. Long lost childhood dreams began to breathe. A small bookshop Sitting beneath the traffic selling glossy stories of Svetlanas and Ivans in a bare, blank Russian winter landscape. Then the machine gang came. 'Heavy duty' chainsaws.

Against the sullied Bangalore sky

I saw them

fallen in the slush.

Arms above, stretched in surrender.

Cleared.

A clearing.

To be filled with

grey living holes

booming contraptions.

Vera must turn into a picture again.

The blue god will need to play his flute elsewhere for me.

*******END*******