

You Ask Me Who Am I

I do not know when I was born, my mother never told me,
Time the ceaseless weaver does not know its beginnings.

My sanguinity a creation of my ardor, my blues due to inconstancy,
Mornings delicate hesitancies, evenings surf-peaked.

I am the voice of epic defeats, unreconcilable compromises,
Vestige of a fallen colosseum, debris of unrealized plans.

Where are my dreams, what happened to my desires,
The insane mower levels the field, bleaching the colors.

World does not hear our songs, nature stands by mute,
The great cries of soul have no echoes to woo us back.

Long time back I had a tryst with destiny,
Life as lived enforces an agenda of its own.

My defeats are behind me, eternity the only refuge,
Biography of me a cruel joke, as time cannot read.

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