

**WAITING FOR A DAWN****Dr Tapan Kumar Rath**

Reader in English

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We are here  
afraid within ourselves  
when the wind whistles  
the funeral song and  
the sky hangs in branches  
to tell a story grazing  
on our back each day.

It is the fear  
that blots out the  
differences among us;  
it disregards the age  
between night and dawn,  
between the proud light  
and the doomed darkness  
and curves the tails  
of haves to a flat earth  
where everyone cooks  
a tall war.

The solitary hours  
never end behind the  
walls of virtue that  
keep a sweating distance  
between the tired clock  
and the dumb air.

The doors gave their  
last laughs like  
clairvoyants and shut  
their open mouth  
like a wound.

It is the awe  
that lends a mask  
to each of us which  
smells like beasts.

It's time now  
to feel the innocence  
of sunshine and the  
virginity of the wind  
when Gods are tamed  
inside their homes.