

LOCKED HOURS**Dr Tapan Kumar Rath**

Reader in English

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It wakes up with a dumb-yawn
from the deep slumber
spreading itself from man to man
mocking at the skyscrapers
crowding in from nowhere.

It hears the cry of the
slaughtered animals for centuries
and awakes from the hibernation
all of a sudden to strike back
on man for the sins committed.

The dark veil, crossing and
recrossing the thresholds of
nations, kills people
with a hiss of silence.

The air wears a mute
on eyeless lonely roads
where the trees stand
with folded hands.

When man hides himself
in the cages of their blood
like the frightened animals
in the bushes;
when everyone fears
to touch his own shadow
apprehending death
every moment here;

when animals quarantine man
in his own cell for days long
and the senseless stony palms
of the disguised enemy crush man
with no cry.

The lamps on the mouth of
the deserted roads lament
on the funeral of the
countless men and women
in white clothes and hear
the wailing flutes of someone
who walks between the graves.

The grasses of the dead
are growing fast every day.

There is no end to the
voiceless screaming.

It leaves the mass
with a mask of pain and fear.

The hours do not complain
behind the closed doors
looking silently through
the eyes of 'masks'.

Even dreams of children
fear to enter into
the locked rooms.

How long will this go on
killing the dead of the earth?