

## POEMS

### When Wind Blows

RADHAMANI SARMA

In December chill's Morn  
When nestled birds stay  
Cosy in the self-made shelter,  
Dark slowly recedes, while  
Dew drops Rivet and stay,  
on Rose. When the petals fritter,  
these hanging medals  
glitter, glide and drip down,  
Chicks dare not come out,  
Speedy gales spring fast.  
Crow in Dove's nest,  
Chicks pick crumbs within  
Without any disparity  
Necessity and Care make  
them forget their genre.  
Unity stays forever.



### Loosening Knots

RADHAMANI SARMA

I have heard some say  
'Like a meteoric rise.'  
But they cling on the  
Rope of constant question  
and Query, dreaming in  
mid air. Loosening knots  
forsake them. "Hare Ram",  
"Hare Krishna," from their  
Helpless self, but of vain.  
Failing rope is twisting and twirl.

