

Voyaging at Ten

Between awesome expanses
of deep blue oceans
and the greying sky
I stood
a speck in God's creation
leaning on the rails
of the deck
sailing from Mombasa
to Bombay . . .
a journey with a
beginning and an end
and no middle

A storm
a swarm of sharks
or whales

failure of
the engines of Amra
or a mere giving way
of the railing

Blue death;

Anything,
a trivial something
or a grave lapse

I cannot swim
The shores are not
in sight . . .

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