

Night Train to Suri

I would like
to go to India
someday
in the world
he had written
of the world
it would be like
in the old days

his friends
would be there
Guruji would be there
to scowl at him
he was sure
he had written
something of the sort

would he be there
his guru
teaching away
the Sanskrit
a pointer in his hand
and all
the orange flames
surrounding him
“that is what you are
my dear”
he would say
with a smile
in the passion
of his teaching
all the while

the winters were the same
in any country
of the world

students
rushing to the balcony
sprawling all over
and around
their compositions
and nursery rhymes
“tempestuous Isn’t it
the fires
and look at the
bright stars”
the sadus would be
lounging
at the steps of the Taj Mahal
as though
a resort
wouldn’t that be the case
my Gurudev
And you would be
teaching there too
my own self
as if the stars
were pointers
and all the world
was on fire too

We must
go there soon
the clouds
are as pink as cotton
I am told
do you remember
are you there now?