The Same Song

Susheela Raman

How many roads have I wondered?
None, and each my own
Behind me the bridges have crumbled
No question of return
Autumn leaves like discarded dreams
trampled underneath a tide of careless feet
its the same song playing
everywhere I go
its like an army marching right through me.
Nowhere to go but the horizon
where, then, will I call my home?
Summer spent, in the high grass
or just fragments, ransacked memories
dark river snakes, across this murky hall
boatman sings his downstream melodies.
How many roads have I wondered?
None, and each my own
Behind me the bridges have crumbled
where, then, will I call my home?

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