

# 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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