Soni

Talvin Singh

On his back he lay with his eyes to the sky
His pain was released from his earthly ties?

His children's cries
From the fear of the cold in this world of lies

Her tears came fast and her words came slow?
like Meerabai tragic flow.
In her pain she wept, from day to day,
In the haze of her love she would never obey - the Purana code.

She began to stray, in the-pain-of-the-sun, in the-heat-of-midday.

The blood ink in red on the paper she penned,
to the one that she would never see and then,
with her veil pulled tight, she crossed the bridge, again,
over the river of tears of what might?ve been.

Like a distant ?diwa? on a lotus leaf,
Drowned as she was, in the ?panee? of grief.

And, in the blood red dust, the flames grew higher.
Unbound by the rage of the funeral pyre.
She uttered no breath,
no tear,
no sigh?
as the crescent moon rose into the sky...

Lyrics submitted by Edward Moretti.

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