

The night is not far

The night is not far
from day and heat,
but still quite its own.

It is much past the time
when I lost you to the stars,
the moon's absence.

Even then, come slow.
I shall wait for you
in this white vacancy.

I shall smell
the curries
you used to prepare,

listen for your
footsteps from beyond
the river, your laugh joining

my children's laughter.
You are here now but
motionless: your picture hangs

green on the walls. Let me
not destroy you; come,
following your wish, come slow.

I am sure you will arrive
long before my child and wife
find me waiting for a single ghost.

Even then, time is endless;
take your time, come slow.
I can almost feel your breath.

Bibhu Padhi. 'The night is not far'.
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<http://fhrc.flinders.edu.au/transnational/home.html>

I never cried when you left.
Today, let this lean hour feel
ourselves together, while I

waste myself in your arms
like a child. No one, no one
will know. Mother, come slow.

Bibhu Padhi