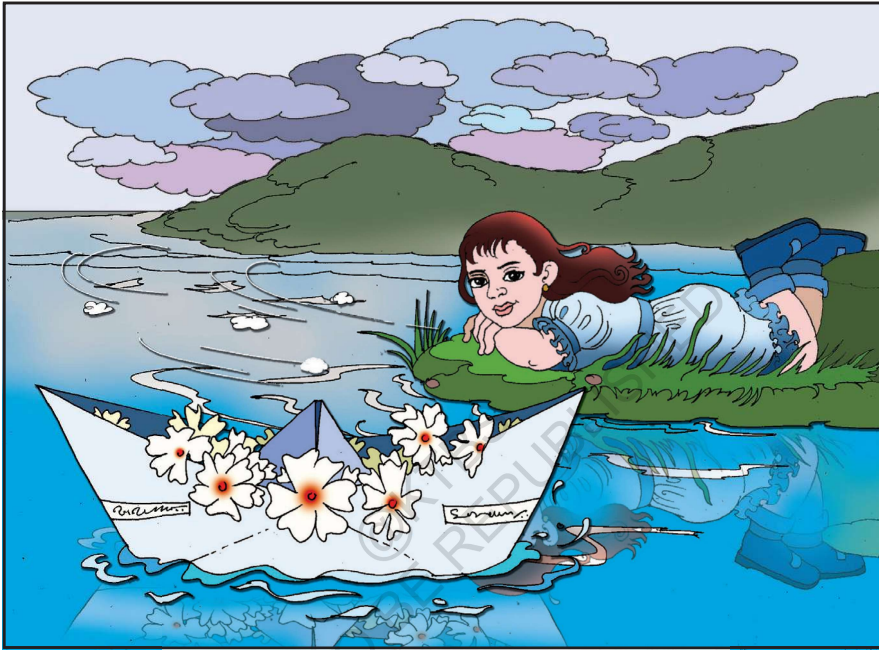


## Paper Boats



Day by day I float my paper boats one by one down the  
running stream.

In big black letters I write my name on them and the  
name of the village where I live.

I hope that someone in some strange land will find  
them and know who I am.

I load my little boats with shiuli flowers from our  
garden, and

hope that these blooms of the dawn will be carried  
safely to land in the night.

I launch my paper boats and look up into the  
sky and see the

little clouds setting their white bulging sails.

I know not what playmate of mine in the sky sends  
them down the air to race with my boats!

When night comes I bury my face in my arms and  
dream that my

paper boats float on and on under the midnight stars.

The fairies of sleep are sailing in them, and the  
lading is their baskets full of dreams.

***Rabindranath Tagore***