

Dusk

By Rohitash Chandra

The sun like a loose kite
is slowly falling
into the mountains.

The north-east trade winds
blow a soft gale
while the clouds fade from
one colour into another.

The moon with its round crater-face
and magical spell of faded shadows
all night befriends
the lonely man with a tired face,
walking home,
tired and trapped
in the shoe of a long hard day
knitted by its lace.

