

**Roohi Kapur**

*Like a Wave*

As the waves roll in  
Shaking my weary being  
I listen for those pearls of wisdom  
That time and memory never erase.

With succinct clarity  
I see poignant flashes of my youth  
When do we really age?  
When do friends fall away?

We are all lonely hearts  
We yearn for solace in each other  
And as the day crumbles into night  
We seek refuge in each other's thoughts.

As I nestle in warmth,  
Harsh realities of life festoon  
Then submerge –  
Memories rise and fall - like a wave.

*A Thought*

When a dark side emerges  
All reserves break down  
Ridden with thoughts obscure  
Conversations stop.

Finding solace in nature  
I commune with trees  
Listen to the forest hum  
And rejuvenate my being.

This is my muse  
My most trusted friend  
With whom for eons  
My soul has rested.

Going home is inevitable  
But where is home?  
Is it where the heart resides?  
Or where the being revives?

I have often wondered  
At the lives of nomads  
Do they wander to dwell?  
Or dwell in their surroundings?

As a thought lives  
It is nomadic -- It wanders  
Dwells and then subsides.  
Where do nomads go?

I write these thoughts  
So that they might be  
Forever expressed  
From my being to another!