

The Speeding Highway Cars at Night

Cars of all the pleasing colors
In the middle of the night
Continuously speed away
Towards the never ending highway
They all look alike:
The souls inside are restless
For the destinations are yet
Far, very far away!

I roam casually
On the broad space of my terrace
Of our three -storied flat
Beside the highway
I imagine as if the speeding cars
Raise their hands for me
Through their piercing head-lights
And the roaring sounds, disappearing far away!

The cars are my companions
For a second or so
None of the human sitting there inside
Would know me although
In curiosity a communication is sought
To be established from my soul in vain
For those inside the cars
From my within again and again!

I would perhaps never know
Anyone of them any time any more
Yet the longing for intimacy
Creates a furor!
The desire is curious
And sure I adore
The moving lights, the speeding sounds
Creating curiosity continuously in me more and more!