

TOUCHING THE HORIZONS

-Sougato Basu

Long ago, a newly emancipated man made a tryst
With his destiny, born of his dreams, ambitions,
His enduring forbearance and insatiable desire
To carve out his own land from the sweat and blood
Of his fathers, a land that stretched till
The distant line of horizon.

His descendants, sons and daughters alike, took his baton and
Soul, sprinting towards that horizon where the sky
Meets their dreary earth in quick embrace, sanctifying their
Dreams with a heavenly touch. As they speed through this
Field of ambitions, cultivated by the toil of their forefathers,
They run as far as the horizon goes
To make a tryst with the sky, that gives voice to
That embryonic dream.

Knowing that the horizon will elude them, yet they chase it,
And in the process stumble on flints, rocks, but still are spurred
Into long strides by their inherited souls.

They keep running with handful of ambitions,
And a strong longing to expand their own horizon
As its celestial counterpart from whose depths
Emerges, in blazing glory, the ever-illuminating rising sun.