

## A BLIND CROW

A crow once lived  
In a giant cage  
Painted with ceremonial colours  
Fixed in an appropriate place  
With a very definite meaning  
He lacked in awareness  
About all things big and small  
And wished many a time  
to change his dirty grey tone  
to a pure glowing white  
He knew others  
Who were greater than him  
In every way  
The owl well versed about night  
The koel knew self support  
The bulbul trilled her songs  
The dove made love and multiplied  
But the bird inside the cage  
Could not have known  
What it meant to love  
Or to break  
Or to heal  
Or to die or multiply  
He was always so sad  
To see his ugly form  
In a coloured cage  
He did often to himself  
Pose a question  
“Would I still be a crow  
If my cage  
of definite colours  
Of appropriateness  
Was taken away?”  
Ofcourse it was not possible  
to conceive of a plain looking crow  
Without even a pretty cage  
However

One day a little obtrusion  
When night came late  
And daybreak too harshly  
And rain was too scarce  
Or the dew burnt like fire  
Under the frozen moon  
Took away the bird's eye view  
and replaced it with darkness  
So that it could see  
Neither morning nor night  
Neither cage nor colour  
Neither arched roofs  
Nor golden domes  
Nor sweet flowers  
Nor gleaming sand  
Above its blindness  
Then the bird  
aspired to love  
The unseen hand  
that fed it  
the breeze that

caressed it  
the whisper of eternity  
that came from some  
hidden source  
Then it happened  
The day that the cage  
With its painted colours broke  
And it was no more rooted  
In an appropriate spot  
With a definite meaning  
That the bird  
learnt so subtly  
to fly  
blind  
On love's  
Undiscriminating  
Undefined  
Untravelled road.



*Sami Rafiq*

Designed by  
Tanya Kainaat