

Night and Day

by Arun

Day

The muezzin calls the faithful,
his voice soaring over the rooftops,
over the trees and the brooks,
Drinking camels look up
Restless horses are startled,
And the palatial doors of the Sky
are thrown open for the Sun.
as Day breaks on the landscape of pain

And the Night

The sky trembles
and with a last gasp,
Lightning violates the earth,
with malice and pleasure,
as the streams shudder and rivers roar
emptying into a frightened ocean
And Night falls on the waters of discontent

