

Faith By Guna Moran

Like the mercury in a thermometer
Faith too goes up and down

This morning one haggled
over faith at my home

Hunting here and there on the round earth
he came to me upset
and asked one thousand rupees

I too am not stinking rich
Every month I've saved money
To buy a dress for my better-half

My wife knows me well
if I buy the dress after some days it will do
But if I disappoint the man who has come to me
for help with the faith
that would be lost

I thought it over and
held out the one thousand rupees

On impulse my wife held me
in her arms and said

 This morning itself
 You've planted the saplings of faith
 Well done

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The Pet Bird By Guna Moran

Fly away oh bird
The iron cage
I've opened

Fly away
to the twig
of your chosen tree

Fly away oh bird
At will I've let you
come out of the cage
Do fly away
far into the distance out of sight

Fly away oh bird
I've picked you up
and put you on the house top
Do fly away

Perched on the ridge
what are you looking around
Do you know how many springs slipped away
while you were in the cage
Do you know whether your buddies
are dead or alive
Are you scared of
being swallowed by the vastness of the whole sky
if you lift your eyes

Fly away oh bird do fly away
Why are you looking at me and not flying

Suddenly you've flown back
and perched on the hand
of this cruel man who kept you in captivity so long
You seem tamer than before

Oh my dear bird
is it your kindness to
or pity for me

From now on you'll be looking for me
in life and in death
From now on I'll live for your sake
From now on the cage has no use at all

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