

THE ONE YOU KILLED

O, dear, dear friends,
How do I tell you that
The one you have killed
Is no none to me

He too like the wind,
Like the sand of the Thar¹
Or like a dry leaf
Had blundered in
Where inhabits the border
And prevails the rule
Mine and yours

Do you know what that wind,
Sand or dry leaf was ?

While carrying the corpse
The windowed mother revealed
The one you killed was
Her only insane son