

ETHEREAL TUNE

She sat listening to the familiar tune,
A tune that marks either,
An oncoming storm or a peaceful spring,
Or sometimes maybe neither.

A tune so familiar, as if it was a part,
A fragment of her monotonous routine,
A tune whose melody normally held no
intrigue,

But today it emerged as a flower that was
nowhere to be seen.

What caused this was beyond her,
Something she could not fathom,
All she knew was that today it was sweet,
But not sure if that would continue to
happen.

If you ask her she would tell you,
That it takes special nights for one to hear,
The sweetness of this familiar tune,
Like the first spell of rain, enchanting and
fair.

Sometimes she says it would hold,
The sorrow of long lost memories,
Memories of lands, people and eras that
had passed,

Leaving many in dreadful misery.

But she would also say this,
With a voice soft and mellow,

“How long will this melody last?
Will it be forgotten like many of our
fellows?”

Who knows how long the tune would last?
Or how long the heart would beat?

All we can do is cherish it,
Soak in its pureness before it fleets.

Until then she continues to listen to,
A tune that marks either,

An oncoming storm or a peaceful spring,
Or sometimes maybe neither.

-DIKSHA SINGH XI-D

