

Poems. Written in Dec 2002.

The sky is robed in soft clouds  
That hugs the moon, jewelled by stars  
Bathing in the diffused white softness of moonlight  
All in utmost silent reverence.

Moon rises over the bridge  
Over the flowing lights  
Non-stop, honking  
Only reflection lacking

Old woman in Clarke quay  
Shuffle her feet along the river  
Golden haired bosomy revellers look on  
The river flows like time passes  
Old woman walks along the quay.

The sky opens and it rains  
In blinding white sheets of pain  
For it rains no less in my heart  
The loneliness haunts my soul  
Lightning strikes, thunder rumbles  
Rain washes away all of our  
Memories of a far away place  
Seems so distant and indifferent  
When darkness comes and ends everything