

THE SHADE OF MY TREE

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I planted a seed
Of hatred, of enmity
Fed it with waters snatched from eyes of adversaries.
Nursing it with wicked care
I held it close to my heart.
Watching it grow
I preened in pleasure,
Unaware that the roots,
Imperceptibly, quietly,
Had reached my feet,
And soon I shall be
A part of the tree!
Attached to the ground, unable to move,
I realized too late
A prisoner I was
Of my self-created obsession,
My own self in the mirror. I failed to perceive,
For I had grown branches upon my face,
And my senses were covered with impregnable mud
'Set me free,' I cried.
My silence could not shout.
I admit I was wrong____
In creating a cacophony, I had lost my song.
In the fading light, with a shock, I can see
My adversary relaxing
Under the shade of my tree!