

Remembering Gita Under the Willow Tree by Anisha Kaul

Having lost all that I once had, my shadow moved towards the willow
At each step, leaving traces of unburdened baggage, light and swift

There, each passerby seeking a lasting solace halts
Under one such healer, I too close my eyes
Wisdom of Gita resounding in the breeze softly reach me
Reassuring eternity to the soul, after I cast my mortal clothing

Revival is the grounding philosophy of life,
Each dying leaf leaves its essence still hanging at the branch
For the newly born to quickly warm itself into,
More such secrets are murmured in willing ears
Under the selfsame willow, I await my turn