

Abundance in simplicity

By Chitra Gopalakrishnan

The cowherd all of ten
Flicks his wandering cattle
Clicks his tongue in a hum
He smiles, his dark face lights up
The river turns golden, the hills are aglow with the setting sun

A simple boy with no education
He knows how to be alone
Though he does not know he is alone
And to be content
Not with something or someone, just content

The next day, dust is washed off trees, grass sparkles
He plays naked by the stream with wet cattle
Frogs' throats are swollen with pleasure
They all smile their joy
In simple things as one