

I Think of All the Things I'll Miss

The cool breeze through the rustling leaves,
The cuckoo's call.
The polar bear I've never seen –
Spring changing to fall.

I miss the cheetahs.
I saw the last one in Delhi zoo
A scant few weeks before it died;
I miss orangutans, the jaguars too
As their homes are razed mile by mile.

I miss the buzzing of the bees, the wasps
who from paper make their nests.
I miss the flowers, I miss the ants, the
butterflies whose wings I pressed
in the pages of a book I read; about Nature –
I loved Her best.

To my daughter I miss pointing out
The shadow of rainclouds far beyond,
Watching them race towards our roof,
Swelling, darkening, rumbling loud.

I miss water, I miss the sun
That kissed me gently on my neck
Now it burns, oh how it burns,
I miss the life I never led.

Poem & image by Nina Subramani