

Poems by Walter Saraf

Land of Harmony

In the white mountains, the echo of human desires wanders,
The well of wisdom looks for its voice,
The flower looks for a warm tear,
The shadow for its master,
The heart for a heart,
The soul for a soul,
Imprisoned water for freedom,
For the blue moon to caress its face
The land of harmony is our home,
The spiritual road has no crossroads,
No traces of human feet,
Just a wonderful splice of mother Nature's hands,
For a stream to find the river,
And the river to find its sea,
To fondle the rocks with its salty tears,
While stubborn pride is its centennial guard;
The land of harmony is our home,
When warm tears are shed by the sun,
A new flower shall spring in the land of harmony,
A heart shall find a heart,
A soul shall find the soul,
The shadow shall stop looking for its master,
Water shall be free again,
And the well of wisdom shall once again
Tell men about men

Green Valley

How wonderful it is to watch the wind
Timidly travelling
Along the face of that vibrant, moist green valley now;
How wonderful it is to watch the wind
Lowering a raindrop on her virgin cheeks
With brotherly gentleness
To shine like a pearly tear

A moment before, I wanted to leave her,
Travel to the big city,
So my vivid imagination would have room to spread,
But something inside,
At the bottom of my heart,
Echoes like a warning against the silent chest:
Can you imagine a bird without wind,
Looking sadly at a flock of birds from its cage,
Birds that fly towards freedom on the soft sweet back of the wind?
Can you imagine a caged bird,
While its pearly tears line the darkness of its sad home,
While waiting on the wind's brotherly call?
Can you imagine a caged bird,
Singing a sad ballad about lost freedom
With its head held low?

My Mother's Diary

I am walking the same road I used to walk in my childhood
Lord, poverty had already plunged its hand into the body of man
back then,
And branded his life's path forever
Oh, Lord, You know how piously I prayed for others
As I did for myself, I wanted to take a few shallow breaths first,
To have something of my own
for once
But my mother already said: "My son,
The seal of your poverty
Shall disappear
The moment you find your road of dreams
In the wealth of spirit" Shall I ever forget
that blissful smile when she said those

words? How it lured people to be kind
and humble I shall always live with the memory
of that street, where careless joy blossomed
I lived for her laughter, and I swallowed so much
bitter anger for its sake Oh, Lord, if that
laughter would only still echo down the street of my childhood
But since then, that laughter cut into the
Impenetrable night, and she still stood
In the same place where she was
When she pensively watched me leave the street of my childhood
I only lived to hear her easygoing laughter again,
I've spent long nights travelling for it
In third class. And then I saw her, she was singing
The same sad song from the golden-blue diary
Shut close by white curtains
Lord, what kind of power is it that brings forth the memories
From the depths of the soul,
To once again give rise to that sad song from the heart?
And when the final verse of that song withered, with hand on diary
And a song on her lips, she succumbed. The reverberating laughter
Died down for good, like the turquoise butterfly
That found its crimson catafalque
On my dead mother's diary

Old Homeless Man

I am looking at the funerary procession
like a thief,
like I'm afraid someone might notice my gaze,
I should be down there, along with that silent little procession,
but I am treacherously hiding from their eyes
and their poverty
Their dry, wrinkled, gray faces look so damn much
like the old wooden crosses of the nameless cemetery,
so much that even the crows have found their homes on their heads,
and the clothes, full of patches, mud and dried blood
speaks tomes of their class
if homeless people can be called a class at all
I am looking at the funerary procession and their trembling,
cracked thin hands,
carrying an old homeless man in a humble and quickly made coffin,
an old homeless man whose lifeless eyes

are looking for my living eyes,
and I am stealing the silky treads of the old spider,
trapping my own spirit,
as if my spirit was but a simple fly
instead of a lighthouse of conscience
While darkness surrounds the funerary procession
(wealthy people say that poor people do not need light,
since everything in their lives is black anyway),
the wind is stealing rays of light from the luxurious and wealthy 42nd street,
gilding the dark street of my childhood,
but the strangest thing in this game of light and dark,
hope and hopelessness,
is the dignity of the funerary procession
that proudly and honorably bids the old homeless man farewell,
as if he were the gates keeper of heaven and he shall await them up there
like genuine members of the noble progeny of angels,
and I am still escaping the lifeless gaze of the old homeless man,
I have just betrayed the old homeless man, that nice guy,
this torch-bearer, this minister of words,
I have just betrayed my brother in arms,
I have just betrayed our old poet

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