

## **A Troubadour**

I'm a travelling minstrel—  
a troubadour with wrapped emotions.

I spray my steps with colours of diverse muse  
cherishing every moment in grandeur.

I melt with the air to see the heights of life  
hidden in cities I have dreamed of.

Now, I stand still in God's awe pondering in amazement –  
God is all in One! People are diverse, but one!

We think alike!  
We feel alike!

We act alike!  
We walk alike!

We yearn alike!  
We are only humans bubbling in a space.

We are humanity spraying colours on our cloned zones.  
We move up and down

We move forward and backward  
We move in circles

We just move—a continuous shift from directions.  
Our energy spin and spin with bubbling strength not certain.  
We gloat over things we can see and yet lose without any firm grasp.

In subtle pondering, I grasped my thoughts  
sieving them moments after moments.

Sipping and sipping through my ponderings— I have stretched my heart to exclaim—  
I am clipped on one source—God, the Almighty!

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