Voyaging at Ten

Between awesome expanses of deep blue oceans and the greying sky I stood a speck in God’s creation leaning on the rails of the deck sailing from Mombasa to Bombay . . . a journey with a beginning and an end and no middle

A storm a swarm of sharks or whales

failure of the engines of Amra or a mere giving way of the railing

Blue death;

Anything, a trivial something or a grave lapse

I cannot swim The shores are not in sight . . .

SUKRITA PAUL KUMAR