



The tree standing firm with branches spread skyward, Bore fiery, coral flowers, as if inviting

one and all,

To come, sit on its branches and feast On fruit, flower and nector and stay the day long!

The finches, swifts and bulbuls, Perched atop the scaly branches, thick and thin,

Either danced and hopped to each other's notes,

Or flew by, even weaved themselves grassy forts!

A wanderer walking the hills, looked up at the tree,

Stopped a moment, and watched in glee:

The unfettered wings taking flight,

gone for a while,

But returning to the sanctuary of the tree,

even from a mile!

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**Crafting Peace and Justice Politics Today** 25-27 January 2023, Darjeeling, India CRG & Institute for Human Sciences (IWM), Vienna