

A THOUSAND PRODIGAL SONS

Jay Krishnan

My memories have become nomads,
And they come back all at once,
Like strangers from myriad surreal lands,
Or a thousand prodigal sons.
How far from home we have strayed mother!
From that sunny dreaming hearth,
So my memories seem of some other,
Some other distant obscure birth.
I must gather them like fallen flowers,
When their lives are all but done,
And wish after each like shooting stars,
Embrace each prodigal son.

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