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**THE PEACOCK**

*Dr. Smitha T. G.*

*Assistant Professor in English  
Kannur, Kerala, India*

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Another morning's music  
Its icy stream flows along  
Drags me into the time behind  
Memories prick  
Recalling my adolescent solitude  
Under a tree beside gurgling stream  
Where I pelted pebbles  
Rippling water,  
Watching small fish seek food.  
Who else should I wait for anymore ?  
A peacock comes closer  
Squawks a greeting, comforts me  
Dancing with the silk green plumage  
For me alone instead of its love.  
The sincere movements of its regard.  
Then sat beside as a companion  
Lowered head touching shoulders  
Whispered a song from the lost time.  
Softly then I touched feathers  
Making him happier than before.



Later he stood and parted alone  
Into the woods, paining my heart  
Crying from afar in the woods.



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