Dearest Vasantha,

The Well

A well at the far edge
of my childhood village
comes to my mind
as the restless night agonises
my squandering thoughts.

Lying down on my back
in my dingy prison cell,
I think of our friendship.

Vivid memories flow
like the watersprings
from the crevices
of the earth’s layered soil.

I used to peep into the well
of my maternal grandma
holding the top rim
of its round wall.
The water would look
Crystal-like, deep and calm.

In the morning
the sun’s warm and thin rays
would mirror on the surface
turning it transparently radiant.

In the afternoon
I could see the silvery
white sand at the bottom.

Cellpage
under the sheet of the quiet water.

In the evening
I would witness my face
and the tossing heads
of the tall coconut trees.
Still the sand would be visible.

Sitting on a mound of sand
and watching me play with the well,
grandma would say,
"It has a thousand springs beneath."
Sprinkling a few drops on my face
she would carelessly chant,
"This is sweet and pleasantly cold;
tastes like tender coconut water."
She would pause for a while
looking into my inquisitive eyes
and then say again,
"Whatever amount of water
you draw, the level remains
the same everlastingly."

The well's column
would speak to me
in tantalising serenity.

I would speak back
into the mouth,
my heartbeats would echo
in gentle crests and troughs.
Grandma had gone, 
her well stays. 
And the well's ripples in my mind. 
Our friendship and love of our companions 
flow in the years that would come alive. 

The restless solitary cell falls 
quiet for the rest of the night. 

(5 November, 2018).