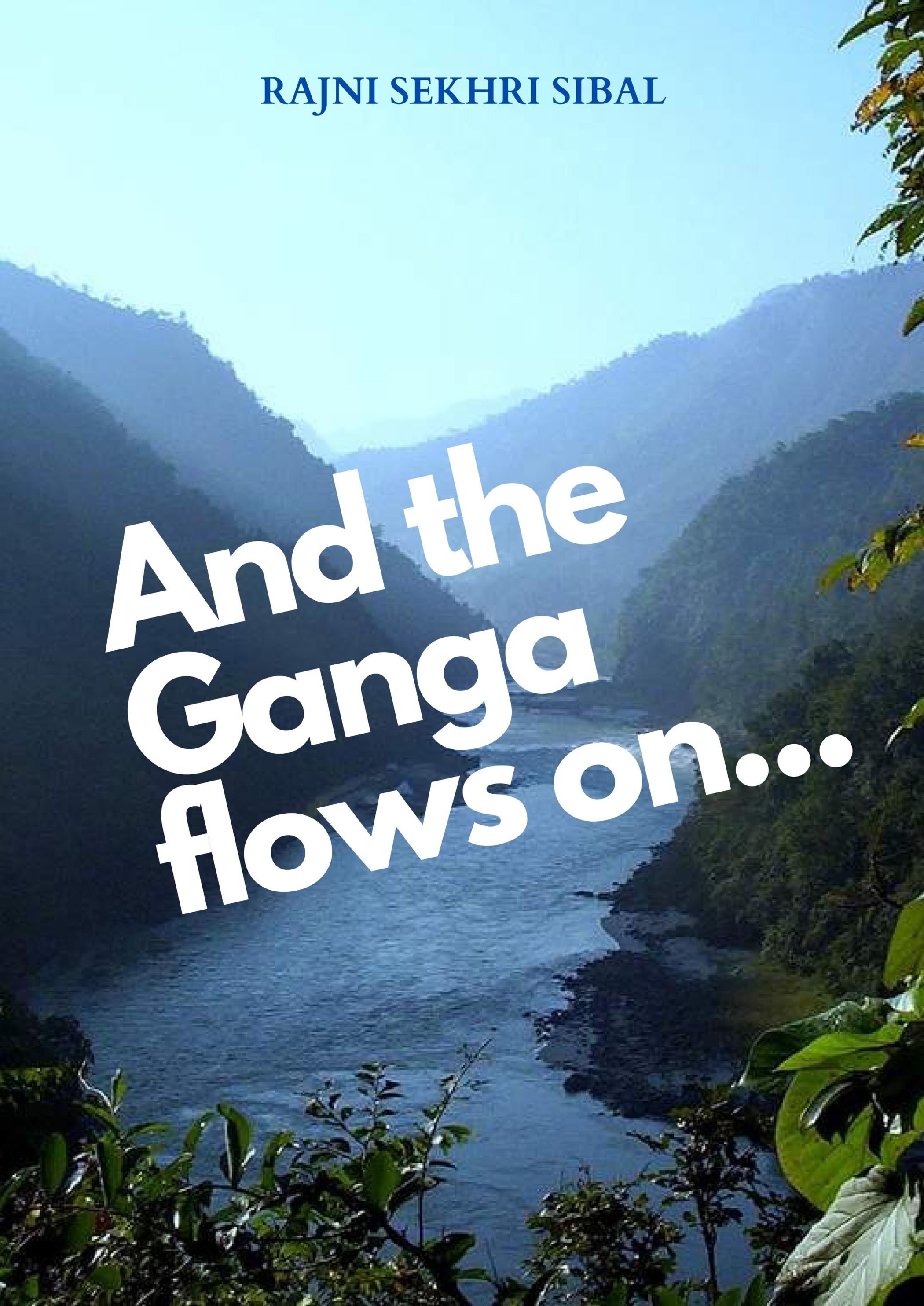


RAJNI SEKHRI SIBAL

And the Ganga flows on....





An icy stream trickles down
A dark mass of snow
The hoary mountains echo
Timeless tales untold



Each drop an enigma
As primal sagas unfold

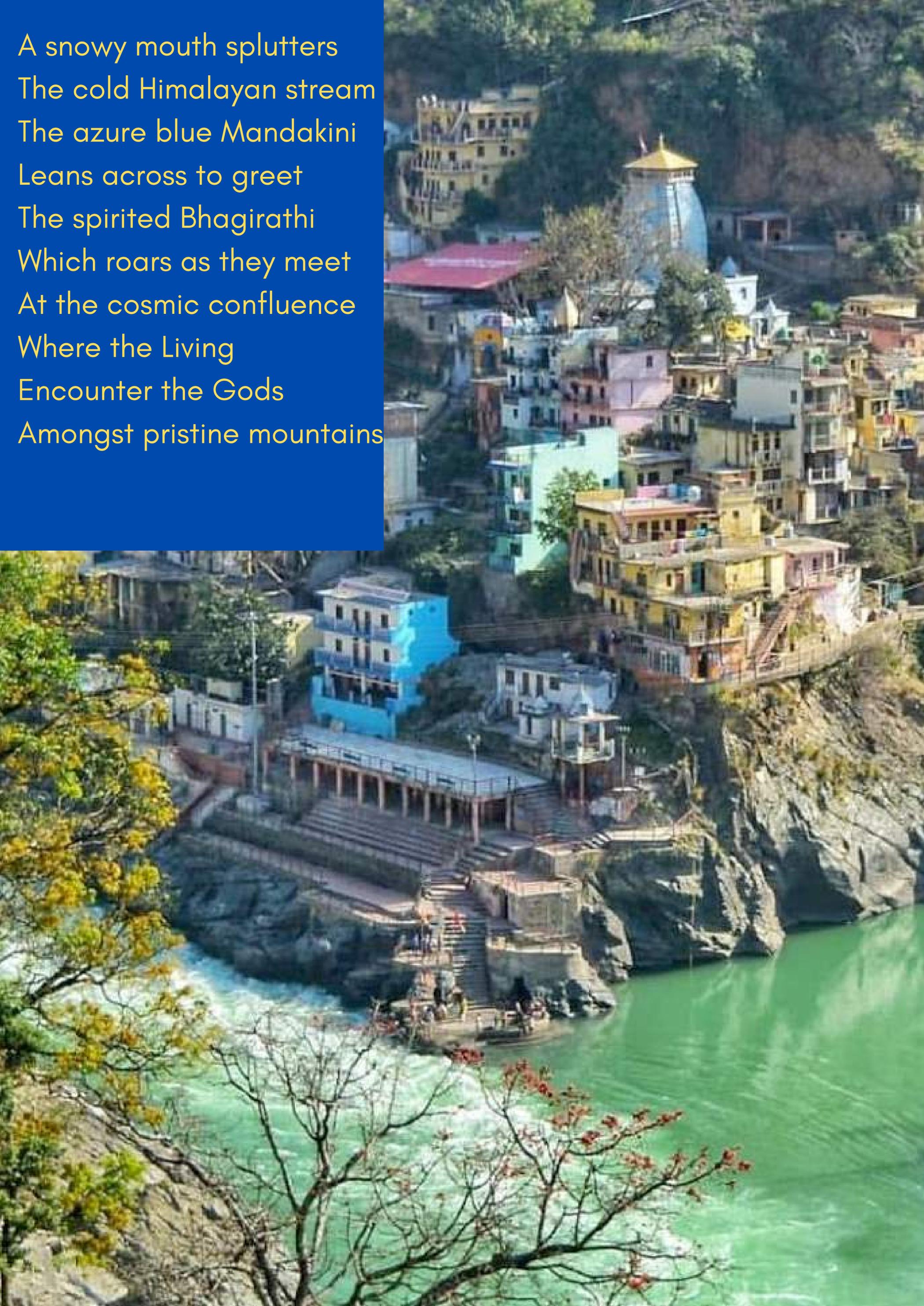


And on a cold winter night
The mighty Ganga is born.

And the Ganga flows on...

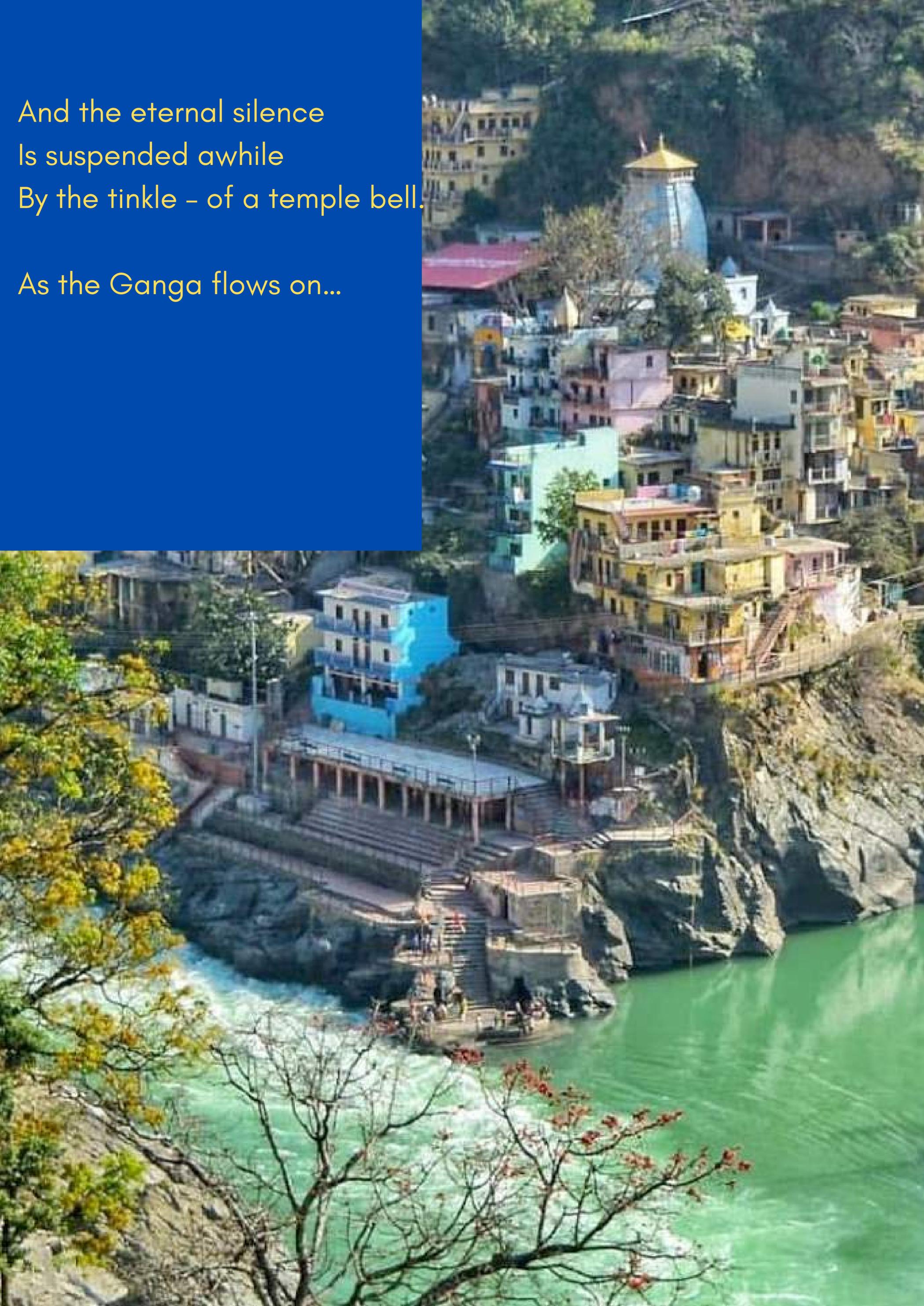


A snowy mouth splutters
The cold Himalayan stream
The azure blue Mandakini
Leans across to greet
The spirited Bhagirathi
Which roars as they meet
At the cosmic confluence
Where the Living
Encounter the Gods
Amongst pristine mountains



And the eternal silence
Is suspended awhile
By the tinkle - of a temple bell.

As the Ganga flows on...



She follows a path she's often trod
She doesn't rest, nor cease, nor stops
But slows awhile for those who wait
To cleanse the foul and rinse the hate
She takes on a burden so immense
Of human bondage and ignorance.

Still, the Ganga flows on...





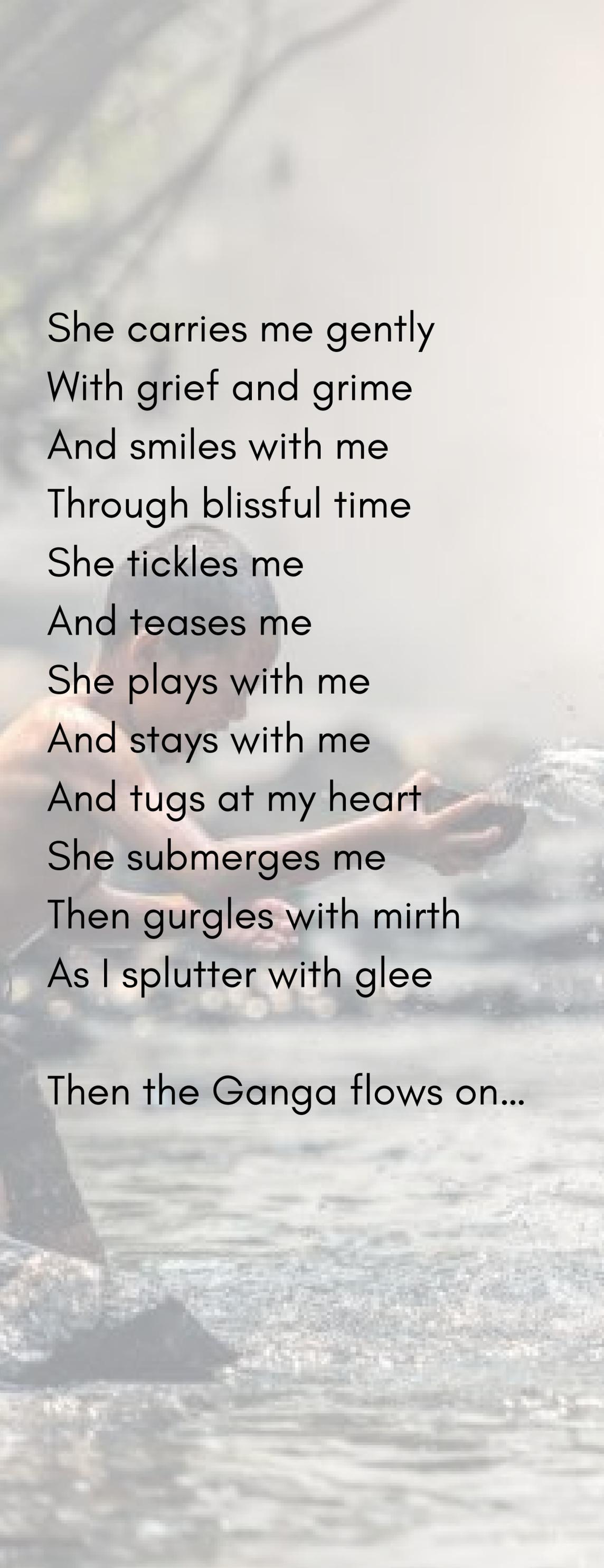
We use her, abuse her and call her names
And politicize her for personal gains
She forgives and she forgets even as we violate
Her untainted waters with scandal and haste
Like a mother she suffers silently the incessant indignity
She bathes my soul and cleanses my being.

And then the Ganga flows on...



I do not know
Where she's taking me
But I go with the flow
For the Ganga, she knows
In every bend and every turn
She knows where she goes
From the beginning of Time
She flows along the course - she chose.

And the Ganga flows on...

A young boy is shown from the chest up, splashing water in his hands. The water is captured in mid-air, creating a misty, white spray around his hands. The background is a soft, out-of-focus natural setting, possibly a riverbank or a stream. The lighting is bright and natural, suggesting an outdoor setting during the day.

She carries me gently
With grief and grime
And smiles with me
Through blissful time
She tickles me
And teases me
She plays with me
And stays with me
And tugs at my heart
She submerges me
Then gurgles with mirth
As I splutter with glee

Then the Ganga flows on...



We tumble through life
Together - forever
An unknown journey
Through - uncharted weather
Till time is rife
For friends to part
A sentient life
And I - finally depart...





-To perhaps
Someday
Meet again
Someplace
Somewhere
Together again...

And the Ganga still flows on...

-Rajni Sekhri Sibal



ALOK PRAKASHAN

Sathyaraj Iyer