

Whitman once said,
“The day what belongs to the day”
Yet I say, the night what belongs to its ever-exhausted self
The night, where one reminisces
And the other loves
And strangers meet
And old friends bond
The night, where one falls asleep soundly in bed
And the other on the ground
And Samaritans help
And bystanders do not
The night, where one dream exists
And the other completely folds
And some humans sleep
And bats are wide awake

The Night
India Chahar