



My Friend the Accountant

Spread across the balance sheet of your life
I see the numbers you squeezed upon a page
Configure a sequence surmounting the odds.

With the income of your beauty endowed in governance
And the expenditure of your duties made transparent
It is easy to note just how neatly the ledger works.

Given the sum total of the exigencies we live by
And the exquisite graphs by which we chart our dreams
The only accountability we can measure, my friend,
Remains this criss-crossing of line and mood.

KIRPAL SINGH