

# **The Death of a Jackal**

By Ritwik Temburni

*A jackal crosses a currentless river,  
And ignores, lying there, a flirting bone.  
The forest's crisp air makes him shiver,  
But renders him stubborn as stone.*

*Each stride was as brisk as the last.  
The towering trees stood at half-mast.  
Their bark was akin to the jackal's fate.  
Their roots guided him, steadfast.*

*Rubies; the jackal's eyes.  
Red as the moon when the Devil cries.  
When the Devil cries,  
The ground splits.  
Then the jackal dies,  
A found bliss.*