ACROSS THE FIELDS

Description

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Last Sunday I planned to go over to the farthest front of Krishna River carrying a fertile stretch of land known for its cash crops. I drove on a well-laid embankment road running parallel to the river. Earlier I spent time amidst river bunds, hill ranges, woods, lakes, but I never explored how early morning fields smell and swing.

I drove slowly to take in the wide expanse of fields floating in the morning sun. Swaying leisurely to the fresh river breeze; the green charm of fields temptingly stretched before me as far as my eyes could grasp.

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Getting off the road, I carefully maneuvered moving down a slight slope. I expected that this badly potholed kutcha road led to the bank of the river. The road seemed a patchy five-kilometer stretch.

I no longer focused on the road; my eyes started surveying the banana plantations in hundreds of acres, and a couple of farm hands working. On this slightly sunny day, I have been presented a special bonus: a flock of white cranes picking grains in a freshly plowed earth.




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1. Uncategorized

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