

A Surprise Rendezvous with the Moon

Tonight
I rediscover
A long lost friend.

Her fleeting gaze
Envelopes me
And weaves a pale shawl
Around my soul.

We share Scattered snippets
Of our lives.

Our mundane masks
Fall threadbare
And alter the ambiguities
Of our lonely
Languid journeys

Then...
Swathed
And engulfed
In a flood
Of luminous stars...
I cling on
To time
This nebulous moment.

A little while flower blooms
And wafts its amnesic fragrance.

Rehearsal

My father doesn't smile.
If at all he does,
he does so with his teeth.
And they too are false.

There was a time when
I saw him smile with his eyes.
But now they are behind thick
glasses.
And they took mangled.

There was a time when
he smiled by moving his cheek
muscles.
But now his cheek is reduced to
a grey stubble.

I know his withered lips
will bury his dentures one day.
And he will stop smiling forever.
Is he rehearsing for that day?

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