

You Who Always Eluded Me

Poetry by Saima Afreen

You are not erased yet
I saw you again this evening
in the shop-window below Kaficko
dressed in your smile. Bougainvillea pink
On its satin petals, a fake dew-drop
catches light – lonely in a snowstorm
aglow on a sad handsome old man's face
unthreading Nietzsche from a faded baseball jersey.

Neruda never made sense to him, but a piano
on rooftop garden was always home. Dreams
were bitter coffee. But you always lived in one.

Unloved, uncared – years sweep the feet
of your table like birds coming back
to trees once there, now emerald dust
Eaten by moths
Dead like stars.

Note: Kaficko – A coffee shop in Hyderabad