Chasing Butterflies

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I wait for a poem
As a child waits for rainbows
In the skies
And the lakes
I wait for a poem
To arrive
And unveil its melodies
In my eyes
Eyes, thirsty, since it rained last
In the presence of sunlight
Blithe leaves of grass rustle
As warm sunflowers wriggle
And cobwebs of dew glisten
In ephemeral dreams
And memories of days past
A chain of doves
Flies past the skies
And the lakes
Tracing a comet
In the firmament
Of verisimilar mirrors
Thirsty and tired
The doves are led astray
Once more
Into a familiar abyss
Lined with scarlet feathers
Of fleeting mirth
And irony
I wait for a poem
As a child waits for rainbows
In the skies
And lakes
I wait for a poem
To arrive
And unveil its melodies
In my hungry ears
Melodies, unheard, since it rained last
In the presence of sunlight