A Deadly Evening

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Something dissimilar in shaking hands,
in watching skies
and sitting near a stream.
The same water, the same pulp,
and the same spread above your heads.
Us, the similar people who couldn’t revenge.
The sweetness lies in the eyes of the beholder-
A bad attempt to undo its beauty,
and blum! The world is gone.

On a good evening when your lover leaves
for an other country-
what do you do?
Sit near the streams, indulge in monsoons,
cook some fish, pat the leaves, see a flower
wait near the puddles to pop.
A deadly evening, but you can still listen