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A Deadly Evening

Malavika S Udayan

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

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