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Tailored Moments

Deeya Bhattacharya

Hours willow up
bending, unbending columns of smoke
through silver clouds

The dove, sonorous in its rhapsody
while crows medium paced, in perfect
decorum fly west-bound
the sky bathed in showers, a dull blue

A bulbul hopped in, peek –a-boo

Water-god has lapped up His tongue
paces to and fro
the fizzled out clouds wearing an ominous grey
piled up linen all soiled
a pair of denim limp from the wash then
misses its owner flouting the missing bones and the skull
therefore blends into a neat patchwork
a perfect embroidery of abstractness and form.