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Dark Circles

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Dark circles are
But the remnant of the night
In your eyes.
When night has to say goodbye
And doesn't want to,
It kisses your eyes, and some
Part of evenings descend, near your eyes!

They are but sticky notes
In that book called time,
Guiding you to the pages where
Memory becomes sandwiched
Between the black of your kohl
And the darkness of your circles.

Dark circles only
Re-confirm my view,
Of your divinity,
Of your considerate humanity
For they are the Halo's
Of your eyes...

Those dark circles
Make me happy,
For they are an envelope
With a blank cheque
Saying, "You can kiss my eyes"
And I exist, to kiss your eyes...