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Horae

Insha Mattoo

As winter moves,
Moves silently...
Like a mother to a sleeping baby,
They say February is harbinger...
The first traces of early spring...
Icicles that hang over the rooftops!
Like an unwanted memory;
A sudden sense of comfort.
That dawns upon a restless soul.
On hearing first call of muezzin!
On cold December day !
From minarets...
Where hope is all eternal!
The siesta;
Rejuvenates the memory!
Of a evening time in June!
Juicy mangoes and melons;
The Pamukh's Nine Snowy Nights..!
Glances
On cold late December day!
As I have the midsummer night's dream
About Elliot's
April is the "cruellest" month!
After an evening tea!
I dreamt...