

A Modest Leaf(Love) Story

Meerub Tariq

I raised my eyes to the heavens.
The wind's opus of us
reached my ears.
I blushed.

We both wore green
My dupatta, the color of
my cheeks,
frolicked along the
wind's orchestra.
It ushered me.

The clouds hung low
To witness our opera

Our hands met
You bowed to me
Gallant Masculinity
Showering me in
remnant diamonds of rain
I laughed and swayed.

The HOWL

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The wind loosened a
few strands of hair
from my braid
and composed a veil. I
am your bride.

With fluttering eyes
I held your face
and brought it
 close to my lips
 clouds huddled close
wind's beat dropped
I taste
my name
 on
 you.