

Shoo Away

Meerub Tariq

A shadow swept over my head,
then anchored to the far end of the wall.
I halted, closing the distance
behind its back.
It did not flinch.
Its pupils moved in a frantic clockwork,
without settling on a point for long.

The sun hung low, a piece of gold.
Azan drifted from the distance.
It should have been in its nest by now,
So I threw a stone.

Sending it away at the speed it came.
Go live falsely,
This ender of the tryst uttered,
The beloved did arrive, indeed.

Later, the blue-light of the phone revealed
The identity of that wanderer:
Zenaida macroura.
Mourning Dove.