

The Breakfast

Anirbit

Touched, I had woken up beside you.
The soft white slushy quilts.
Its cold and its warm. Its us?
Caressed by the mellow dew sunshine,
Cleaned by the water crystals.
That window pane would have been so ordinary,
Except for the mountain peaks of molten gold,
Longing from far away, refracting through the frost.

I wish I could tell you.
I wish you would listen.
Tales from far away lands,
Stories from the islands of hope.
That quaint morning wail that meanders,
From the archipelagos of solitude.

In between the folds of the shimmering satin,
There lies asleep with you,
Memories.
Memories of a lonesome night, of ours together.

"Let us not again soak those bland cornflakes"
"You will cook a barbeque?"
"Hmm..why not fry a sandwich?"
"Who will cook the filling? You?"
"Sure. I can try. What do you want to eat?"
"Who will clean the kitchen?"

I will make a steaming cup of coffee.
Or may be a golden sunshine tea.
Or should I bake a cake?
How much will you scream?
Seeing that lovingly burnt and artistic soot? :D

The "Drafts" are full of unwritten emails,
Things you couldn't hear. Things I couldn't tell.
When the forests flamed at end of February,
I wished to the blinding blues.
Half way down the November rains,
It would have washed away.
Those tears of mine that you shall never see.

The dinner is cold in the hall.
Your unread sms during lunch.
Will this breakfast break all ice?
While the sunshine melts those crystals.
I can't sing the ballad that my words are looking for.

Did you just say a "sorry"?
I thought you are asleep!

Did this morning make you hear,
The unsung echoes inside your self,
Those melodies lilting through the aeons.
Were you listening, to the chorus of the lights?

Is this space too hungry, for both of us?
Is time too short to help?

I am not the captain,
Who loves his sinking ship.
Are you the troubled sailor,
Who is looking for a compass?
(The one by Jack Sparrow?)
"Land Ahoy!"
A few more miles.
Will you swim with me?
These oceans are not larger,
Than the universe waiting to be lost.

To live within. To live without.
Yet to live on.
Two moments merged in the endless.
This infinite is not beyond.