



DUSK

The garden hose, like a black
serpent, retches, spent

after a day of work.
Water, like a dream

without hope, trickles out.
Slowly, I take roots

in the sodden soil.
Ants take me

for a steep climb.
Two amla trees, beheaded

in December, now
dig hair-thin leaves

into the crimson sky.
It rained yesterday.

I waited for you.
It's August. The metal cot

takes refuge in a corner,
sleeps on its side,

gathers rust. Come home,
it's not night yet

only dusk.

Tushar Rishi

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