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“Afterimages of a silent affair.”

Bhanu Pratap Khajuria
Jammu, J&K

It's been a while since we met,
me and you, but not like today,
nor yesterday or the day before.
Come. Meet me. It's been a while.

The sun burned out, and I in;
in the warmth of your arms,
like water dries on a burning slab,
my lips were on your skin.

In the Adam's den,
where grass pressed hard,
against your bum,
and sky against my back.

A soul to soul naked talk,
where silence whispers loud
on a window pane the sun shines
your gaze burns through my eyes.

In a wintery night
where the moon is black
and white sheets stained red,
your lips smeared like ice.

In the village haunts,
and coots and ferns,
where shallow waters weep
we dry over the leaves.

In the summer breeze,
birds chirp, leaves chime
the field is yellow and gay,
Oh, it's been a while since we met.