
JULY

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M.A- I

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july—

is a star too distant to touch,
trapped in the plains of future,
but in my dreams
i am an icarus astronaut —
diving head first into the ocean

breaking the surface in heat,
the vastness is tape-measured
with light and time —
“we are running short on both, captain!”
this tapestry weaves us apart

in all the timelines, distance creeps in
butterfly effect is the work of gods —
july is uncharted territory
riddled with monsoon on my skin,
finally at home

Delhi glitters like brown eyes
reflecting the sun, i haven't seen you,
and i believe in your existence, and in mine —
watercolours bleed into each other,
laughing, crying, trying

concrete hearts transformed
feather filled pillows we sleep
on, after all our long calls —
this month was a labyrinth
of restless energy