

On a Full Moon Night (A Poem)

One full moon night
The breeze, bathed in the moonlight,
played with the little flowers,
sat on my side with all rights.
So close enough, like a bride-to-be
Curling its hands around my shoulders.

I was -
On top of the rooftop, but
under the shade of a cloud.

Consumed by the night's silence
But, Engulfed by the sweet smell of roses.

Enchanted by her reminiscence
But indulging that ravishing smile
she carelessly threw it at me last time.

I sank deep into her memories
Infatuated, as a drunkard,
as if the moon glided
Into the sea of clouds.

My quietude irritated.
Weary breeze,
to get me back,
It twined me like vines
with its tender cold fingers.

It sat at the doors of my ears
And asked of my aches
Like a good old friend.

It then turned
my book of poems,
that lied on my lap.

The pages flapped
like a bird's wing.
When the book swung opened
As it turned,
Moon and the breeze relished
My unadulterated romantic lines,

Nonchalantly.

Unforgettable night it was.

Another full moon night
I was -
On top of the rooftop, but
under the shade of a cloud
But not all alone.

She and I
Now husband and wife
Clenching our own fists,
Not each other's.

Between us in the gap
Sat my old book of poems,
Wide opened,
Now it served the purpose
Of a ledger,
A mountain of bills and debts.

As the moon witnessed
As the breeze listened in
We spoke for hours.

About soaring costs
And dwindling incomes.

Azard Jaleel

Sri Lankan by Nationality,
Self-Expression Poet presently working as Admin in Qatar.
jaleelazard@yahoo.com