



# 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.

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