

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

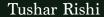
into the crimson sky. It rained yesterday.

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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