

Ananya S Guha

Dusk

There is in dusk plenitude.
People, lovers, and table talk.
The fish with beady eyes
slung on drooping shoulders.
Dusk is importunate.
Wants closure.
Dusk is scatter, roads lined,
pedestrians in moody home-going.

I love dusk, when it is lonely.
Not peopled with thoughts.
Clamour of voices turns down
as dusk descends into a beast.
Colours change.

I love dusk.
I love the beast,
the chameleon of changing colours.
Roads suddenly become a rush,
as dusk intervenes into cloudy maze.
I wait for the next day.
And dusk.