

An Evening to Spare

Amit¹

A few fair words might tear down the feelings I'd convey,
The cover of my book I'll let you see, the book, other day.
What exquisite can't I afford nor accept but she's all I need;
And so I invited her for an evening and she agreed.
Certainly, my plans were to turn that evening into an eve,
Turns out she too was excited for the meeting, would you believe?

Then came the day when sunset had packed a surprise,
Though happiness has faces while some come in disguise.
Holding my smiles over her hands she seemed prepared,
Fantasies leaves me fainted while some stories that scared.
This realm of mine where me and she reside, feels vivid;
Amused was I and the dream left lined up beyond limit.

I witnessed her apart from in but still she deserves there;
With sensations from within, I felt my eyes saw the mere.
Reality, I realized is more relevant or far much fairer,
The pink coloured outfit, so common, yet so pretty on her.
With greetings, she began endless talks of her short stories
Her world, so far I could imagine, carry naive worries.

And there was me who didn't saw the dusk turning to night,
Her eyes should be blamed for my nuisance that I missed a sight.
Those pair of eyes never have I seen or heard, tell the tales;
Snapping of her fingers brought me back from where my soul had sail.
I spent like ages in a moment but a moment wasn't fair,
The unforgettable evening I spent, that evening was rare.

This, the longest of my poems till, but shortest in subject;
An epic I dare to write while writing of her, that too I meant.
By making her part of my story, I tell you, she fits in perfect,
It's the uncertainty of mine that asks which lane wrong I went.
Conversations ended with conclusion that one has to care
That was the last time when I had an evening to spare.

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