

In Misty Day

Poems

Posted by: sathishverma

Posted on : 2019/4/14 2:17:32

Moment of truth.
Bougainvilleas
on grass.

A visible absence.
I was searching-
you in poems.

Your fluid eyes.
My moon-clouds
ready to crash on the land.

In my cupped hands
I collect the tears
of the sky.