

*MY MUSE*

By Waseem A Malla

You might be tired now,  
Fatigued to death,  
By inventing for yourself-  
Names-  
Unique, Strange and Beautiful.

Tonight,  
Let the job be mine.  
I will caress your thoughts,  
Sing them an old lullaby,  
Pacific and Somnolent.

Let me call you ` Wine ` ,  
But you intoxicate me better.

Let me call you ` Sleep',  
But thou art more Pacific.

Let me christen you 'Death',  
But death isn't so violent,  
As you are.

Let 'Fragrance' be your name,

But you perfume my breath

Better than any scent.

What about calling you 'Smile'?

Albeit it's not as crooked as you!

Should you be named 'Life'?

Or is there anything more grievous,

Of its likeness?

I would have named you 'Grief',

But you can't be that loyal.

Had you been 'My Love',

You would have been consistent.

But you are not -

Nay, you're none of them,

But just a musing-

A stray chain of my thoughts.

You are a poem,

A thousand emotions embedded in one.

A Rosary will be your name,

Every adjective carved,

Into a grain each.

I recite you upon each grain,

Till my fingers lose their flesh.

*WE & OUR SHADOWS*

We will sit by the moonlight:  
Your shadow & me by the midnight.

We'll talk of the good old days,  
When you were with me always,  
During the darkest nights like this,  
And I used to undo your tresses.

I'll tell your shadow about you,  
That relieving touch,  
The intoxicating fragrance,  
Elixir-laden eyes,  
Everything in between  
And beyond.

Years later,  
I'll sit by the moonlight,  
My shadow & me by the midnight.

We'd have forgotten what went past,  
When you would be  
Nowhere to be found;  
Not even your shadow.

I'll search the robes of my shadow,  
For the lost moments,  
For everything it possesses of you,

In the darkest depths of its eye,  
From its heart up to moon,  
Everything in between  
And beyond.

**Bio:**

Dr Waseem A Malla, a Veterinarian by qualification and a Molecular Biologist by specialisation, belongs to a small hamlet in the Paradise on Earth - Kashmir. He is a 23 year old trilingual writer of prose and poems, a blogger and an occasional book reviewer. He began writing a few years ago in English, but now dedicates most of his time to Urdu poetry that has always been his first love and his only inspiration, in addition to his mother tongue, Kashmiri. His poems have been published in a number of anthologies in India and abroad alongside literary stalwarts. One of his poems is a part of a novel by a Canadian author. He is the Founding Editor of quarterly eMagazine 'Fragrance' (<http://efragrance.weebly.com>). His favourites include Mirza Asadullah Khan Ghalib, Ahmad Faraaz, Agha Shahid Ali, Parveen Shakir and Fyodor Dotoevsky.