

GREENS GROUNDED, GREYS GRAVITATE

A Conversation in Haikus

PANTHO & PROMA

Wild, boundless sky to the east
 Star-cursed lovers 'tween
 Wall of green trees guards the west.

Sky turns variegated grey.
 The monsoon winds creep.
 When did we get in so deep?

I am jealous of the breeze,
 Rain's foreboding sigh.
 When I can't, it blows you by.

Midsummer rain touches down.
 Reprieved from routine,
 Thoughts of you weave in and out.

Present crushes past's squalor.
 A desolate port:
 "Welcome, my weary sailor."

Where did your soul get colour?
 Mine has a pallor.
 Share yours, paint my heart's jailor.

But love, we are out of time,
 Farewell's at dawn's chime.
 We were never meant to rhyme.

We've a lifetime ahead, dear.
 So I'll wait right here.
 We've still the curs'd stars to share.



Manic Pixie Dream Boy

ARUBA ADIL

So manic pixie dream boy's back again
 And you can't refuse cause he's a total ten
 He's breaking hearts and turning heads
 In faded tees and worn-out keds.

His heart's the same as yours -- all ragged
 And his teeth and shiny and jagged,
 But don't forget how he used them
 To draw blood and drag your hopes --
 Straight into the mud.

See, there's a reason you've felt uneasy
 In your own skin --
 Ever since you let the butterflies in.
 They were diseased moths all along.
 So stop pretending to like it
 When he quotes that disgusting love song.

