

POETRY

Continuum

by Seher Hashmi



"In Waiting" by Fabrice B. Poussin

This Valentine don't bring me that same old heart shaped box, a stock character, human condition in 3D, hackneyed joke trailing off with sarcastic grin that rings hollow in tin, a cynic's pet dream, in company of a lanky, long-faced rose you pay for while sitting in your car and checking out share prices on stock market, from a roadside one-bucket seller making extra cash on his loveless eve, selling wilted dreams to save your forgetful, sorry being nestling faded, sullen red in the name of dear love or whatever is reminiscent of it because not only the limp stem, tedious since morning like house maid at a bus stop, can't stand, recline, bend over or lean forward, it doesn't bring in even a faint whiff, a sliver of a stretch, a tiniest quiver, a bit of parting, on my spotted crab-shell lips sealed shut with jagged naivety of an unpaved beach pasted on top.