

## A Surprise Rendezvous with the Moon

Tonight  
I rediscover  
A long lost friend.

Her fleeting gaze  
Envelopes me  
And weaves a pale shawl  
Around my soul.

We share Scattered snippets  
Of our lives.

Our mundane masks  
Fall threadbare  
And alter the ambiguities  
Of our lonely  
Languid journeys

Then...  
Swathed  
And engulfed  
In a flood  
Of luminous stars...  
I cling on  
To time  
This nebulous moment.

A little while flower blooms  
And wafts its amnesic fragrance.

**Vanita Nayak Mukherjee**

## Rehearsal

My father doesn't smile.  
If at all he does,  
he does so with his teeth.  
And they too are false.

There was a time when  
I saw him smile with his eyes.  
But now they are behind thick  
glasses.  
And they took mangled.

There was a time when  
he smiled by moving his cheek  
muscles.  
But now his cheek is reduced to  
a grey stubble.

I know his withered lips  
will bury his dentures one day.  
And he will stop smiling forever.  
Is he rehearsing for that day?

**P. Raja**