

Crimson Red

As dusk conquers the cloudy canvas,
Stained by twilight's craft,
Neither by the brightest blue it once was,
Nor by the daunting darkness, it will be,
But somewhere in between,
Where their burning love ignites with crimson red!

Of all the dusk, just one managed to flow through my ink,
So the question remains: why?
Is it the calming coffee coddled in sugar?
Or the charming company whom I wish I had kissed?
Is it the melody from the roads this city bears?
Or the harmony in their laughter?
Is it the eloquence in his words,
Or beauty in those left unspoken.

Nevertheless, it's safe to say
That we both were lost in more than one way,
To meet a stranger from miles away,
Yet feel not so strange,
But to find another me in them.

Everything that burns must cease to smoke,
So the sky awaits morrow's twilight,
Just to share another dusk with the crimson red,
And so did we, parted not from each other,
But what has become a part of each other!!!

-PK :)