

## love song

text messages are too cheap to carry the weight of deep affections  
and a thousand selfies may never mirror the sadness in your eyes  
but, beloved, this is not yet a goodbye

i am that love song that refused to die  
a million remixes and a deejay's caprices  
cannot erode the memories that i stoke

i'm the soundtrack humming in the background to the rhythm of  
lovemaking

frame me on facebook and watch the 'likes' multiply  
and take a life of their own, and search for a space in the 'other room'

look into my eyes, beloved  
this love is beyond doom  
beyond the razor bite of poisonous gossips  
beyond the envious hiss of serpentine friends

and the limiting boundaries of skin and culture  
beyond suffocating stereotypes  
beyond time and space

for this love is not an instagram picture  
that gleams with gloss at high noon  
but elopes with a dozen likes at sunset  
behind the clouds never to be worshiped again