

we could talk for hours under the darkened,  
rose-scented sky. at dusk, feathers fall, and  
you lift your dupatta so it covers both of us.

it slips from your hands and we watch as it rises,  
drifting bone-white in the breeze. wordlessly, i pray  
the weather calms so i can teach you how to

make a kite again, and how to fly it this time. they say  
repetition is the language of love. so stay here  
forever, make a home on my granite counter and

promise not to speak of next year. sip chai like  
moonlight while i stir in lust with a wooden spoon.  
but do not trace either of our steps. we have lost

nothing. keep quiet, use your voice only when  
you have to, rhythmic and secretive as  
the kettle boils over in tongues. is it wrong to

want you from a different city. what  
is it that i want if i want you from  
a different time. you'll layover twice,

03:10 in miami and 21:15 in doha,  
but do not shut your eyes on the  
flight back home. do not dream.

let visions of next year dance through  
your mind, hold you hostage as  
cement frames my body, rose-scented

and raw, darkened and cold. let rain fall  
like feathers, let silent streams of  
ash drift bone-white in the breeze.