

“The Bewitching Hour”

,Poetry - ریزہ خنُسد - Snippets



Deep in the dark of night
lying awake
your image burned into my imagination
eyes closed as dreams of you descend like warmth deep in the cold of
winter
as the bewitching hour approaches thoughts flash back to our first
meeting
when universes collided that fateful day

recalling the mysteriousness of it all
I smile

then hearing a whisper
urging me to write a poem
honoring the great gift of generosity given to me
a gratuitous offering made by the heavens

let a million twinkling stars bear witness to our joy
our gratitude to a kind universe

As sunlight rises over the horizon
thoughts turn to love's enigmatic nature
suddenly I experience a compelling urge to dance
with my back to the wind
serenade clouds
hiding smiling angels
listening closely hearing their joyful sound
harmonizing the last note of your name

then I pray my urgent prayer that angels sing my name to you
sweet melodious music lifting you to the mountain top
where I impatiently wait your coming

my beating heart speaks only to your eyes
your love is my buoy
let my name be yours
I am the poet who lives in you
and you
my love
the constant inspiration alive in me..

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