

Liquefying my love assets

I crave for the credits before “The End”

To put bubbles of dialogue over your picture

To make stills into motion as if you were but a cartoon strip!

Now not mine or yours, dear, ours

a world with exaggerated motions...

frames ringing with over-blown clichés...

emotions—running amok, animated to fit.

I hinge your imaginings on chaste words

as you break the door to my bookish figments

and seep through my non-porous air of calm.

Inside that door you find my feelings on a platter—

looking exposed, weighing naïve, running risks of infection—

all for the convenience of your scrutiny.

And now I just want to pierce the drama before “The End”...

to thwart your ill-fated voyage

I check your buoyancy for flaws—holes made because of standards

Meandering is futile just as is my ignorance

of the wake left by your prodding

We’ll drown despite ourselves—unleashing the wills of destiny,

unburdened by glaciers of the past...