

Old Men on a Bench

Of the ability we still have of walking on slippery ground
to where the boats are moored; of levitating,
not in cultivated gardens but, against all advice,
on the fishing dock itself, its smells more uplifting than yoga;
of imagining our children helpless in foreign cities—
our excuse, through subterfuges of anger, to ruffle
travel agents, hurry the issuing of visas—we speak,
carefully, pressing another's hands should the need arise,
counselling patience, as though drawing up plans
for a new building we're certain, one day, to share.

Our words may seem to you, eavesdropper, to skip over surfaces,
like today's last dragonfly before it's absorbed by shadow,
and some things may be clearer to you later,
much later, like, as every evening darkened, we imagined
we'd lift off the bench without effort
and sail home as steady as herons.

ADIL JUSSAWALLA