

Dreams these days

by Sneha Krishnan

I am a simple girl with simpler dreams.
Yet they seem so difficult to achieve.
I feel you sometimes in my dreams,
listening to me, your eyes elsewhere.
I sense your hands, touching my fingers.
We have walked up your street several times,
but you never invited me inside your home.
And then years pass.

I move continents, and then some more.
Home is now in a country which doesn't have you.

I dream of meeting you at the airport one day,
kissing you passionately
when you stroll along with your bags at arrivals.

You find your way back to me in reality,
distances and years seem to have brought us closer than ever. We watch sunsets together in my
dreams,
you have shattered,
my anxiety-ridden monologues
with your silences.

I heard you in my dreams,
and I stayed back for you.
You called me once, and
I climbed mountains with you,
taking long trips on busy buses and
holding hands,
my dreams have spread their wings wide.

In my dreams I am not afraid of falling, but I fear not being held by you.

