

Rahan Nazeer

Café oh late

Doze on my arm while it fades,
Sodium light slit sliding through part-drawn shades,
Liquid time daubed on air's pale vellum,
Us in the warm, in the yellow,
The outside plumbing blues and blacks.
Damp limestone humming and spectral,
The absence, eerie, of mountains, of people.
Just you, steady tread and glinted eyes,
Holding and held by darling thoughts,
Smile's phantom echoing inchoate affections,
A tongue, dark and delicate, from a peak dangling,
A curled query around a new gaze,
Your palm pressed flat to my sole,
Your nightbed briefly vacated.
My arm fading back now, rocking with wheels' folly,
Gliding over crystalline tarmac.
The limestone's awake, the vestibules are glowing,
The Sun, gentle, is rising in my wake.