

Bondage, to the rivers that bind

by Jamal H. Iqbal

Fissures in the memory-eraser they call
time.

Seeping in, not quite sepia but desaturated,
grey.

I hear soft laughs, left stage right.

 Nails — vivid, crimson;

Mascara — bright white.

 Wafting wisps of fondness twinkling
in time

with fairy lights pointing out lawns in cities

that when viewed from high above through gaps in marble slats lin-
ing partially quarried hills

seldom speak back.

 Except in the dead of night.

