

## Smoke Screen

The yellowed pages have burnt marks  
Slithering through the spine  
A blot of ink  
Rorschach test

A caravan of people walk through  
A forest that opens into a river  
The moon has a crab as its friend  
The path decides to smudge.

A rolling stone  
Sisyphus decides to let go  
The arrival of a lost memory

The eyes decide to close.

- Semeen Ali, PhD scholar

## Before I leave

Et tu?  
Facing a mirror  
The cell phone flashes

It is a goodbye gift  
“We will meet again,  
Hopefully in better times.”

Et tu?

The eucalyptus tree folds itself in my dream  
The crushed leaves – buried in the palm of my hand  
Dark clouds  
We exchanged photographs of the evening sky

Years have passed  
The house leads a desolate life  
There was a laugh somewhere  
Hidden behind that book  
which I gave you...

The cell phone flashes  
A new name

Et tu ?

- Semeen Ali, PhD scholar