

Sudha Srivatsan

**That morning**

The dawn yawned

Lazily it arose, instructing the night fog

To bid adieu now and return

Hither at nightfall

The fog snuggled close to large oaks

Turning them into white oaks

Gently caressing their barks

Leaving them looking like birch barks

The fog thereon rested on daisies fulgent

Waking them up from their chill sleep

Drawing sheets, ashen of their petals

Revealing their insides, heather and pearly

Leaves stirred slightly

Their silver dust a tad too heavy

Their color cinerous, at times hoary

Occasionally a tinge of greige glowing

Dapple-grey legs of mine hopping

On wet grass liard that morning

The grayling swam in the somber pond

Everyone taking on the color of fog

**And in the early hours**

And in the early hours

Thoughts

Like dew drops

On fine bone china

A waltzing pachyderm rolls over

Their crackle like pressure

Gasping in a soda can

Her footwork drowning

Brethren

From surfacing like fizz

Which no more erupt

Tired and weary

Lodged now

In sunken sediments

Of life bygone