

Rendezvous At The Mall

She came to the mall late
And my frustration showed up,
Which was exacerbated by her too short a mini skirt,
But her eyes remained timidly serene
And a mischievous smile was trying to sneak on her face.

We unloaded our barrel of inquiries,
Then walked on to a more mundane business of what we should do next,
Ideas were tossed out like tissues till we settled on shopping -
She needed to buy clothes - the women's shopping I cannot stand.

I went through the torture of her trying out an endless parade of dresses,
Until I fell asleep standing outside the fitting room,
Then she woke me up with a thud by her bag,
And yanked me out of the store.

Next we went to a toy store,
even though we were still single,
She hugged the dolls and I tried out the police cars,
When our eyes met accidentally we felt we had known each other since our
childhoods,
We left the store empty handed but a lot younger.

While walking past a jewelry shop she abruptly jetted into it,
After skimming the ornaments,
she intensely zeroed on the rings,
Breaking herself from the reverie, she coyly locked her eyes into mine,
I wondered why a ring was needed when we had already become two spirits living
in a unity.

Then we merged into the gushing throng of the people in the mall,
Soaking in the anonymity it provided -
Love needs its space to breathe,
Otherwise, it grows by itself.

Finally we slumped into supper,

She gleaned into our future,
I listened without venturing anything –
Not wanting to snip the contours of her dream.

On the way home we saw the stars twinkling,
It seemed they knew what was happening to us,
At the end, not venturing more, I kissed her neck pendant,
She shot back and asked, “Is that all?”
Then we said good bye to each other,
But knowing well they were a waste of words,
As we are never away from each other.

Suffern, New York, 10.5.10