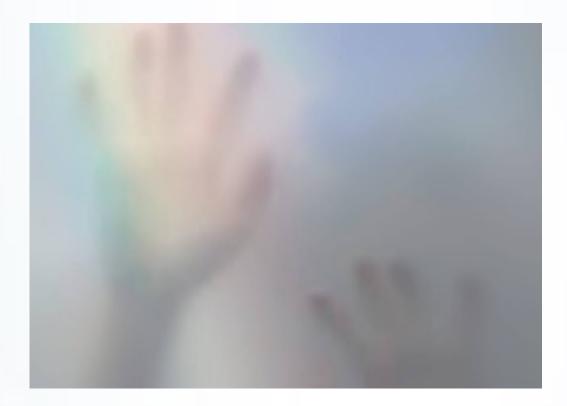


UN: (a.numwvnjqrpy)



Reetun Roy

Black and White Rainbows



Watching from a window-sill
Or from a cabin by the hills
the sky that once was painted blue
looks all white and grey

Watching with a cup of coffee

Book in sight or maybe a keyboard

the pages that once were all filled with words

look like the end, a void

Rain that once went like a playful chime

Arc in the sky flashing every colour to exist

Now the water from the heavens seem oh so sombre

While the monochrome rainbow weeps

.

Stars Fall

Footsteps echo

So does the rain,
they echo into nothingness
I wonder as I listen,
do the stars hear them too?

I hear water drip down the ceiling, hear the turn of a page, hear a sigh of exasperation, the sound of turning away.

I wonder, do the stars do too?

In their never-ending constance
in their infinite existence
I wonder if they see
hear
feel
feel the cold, empty handshakes
or a warm hug or two

Now I know they did they always did, they always do. The stars, they have eyes and ears they just don't show

They're watchers
observers
a pin-drop silent audience

Now I know
how?
I just watched the stars fall

https://www.ipatrika.com/public/ebook/a.numwvnjqrpy?key=4cb002bcdce54a8aa6ca8e80dbc60fe8&source=+Reetun+Roy ;