

Zunairah Qureshi

THE SEAFARER

It begins with once upon a time

When the children by the sea were nine

He was chubby sun-kissed cheeks,

Seaweeds entangled in gold locks

She was red waves caressing the moon,

Dainty dandelion from beyond the docks

The pier their stage; they played Queen and King

Castles of sand, glittering, battles of salty sprays, sparkling

He dreamt with her, she feigned with him

He was her sandbox, she was his sun

Until the sunset, the sky an orange hue

She went without saying 'I love you too'

They parted with fleeting kisses, rushed goodbyes

Like the thwarted melody of an unfinished lullaby

She left him by the pier with a rose in his hand

Plucking petals, counting love me

Love me not.

Red leaves falling and rippling away from land

Just like she did and he did not

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Love me, fluttered the last petal

Raised hopes and hoisted anchor

He sailed after her with renewed mettle

An endless voyage to the dipping sun

And that's how it ends without laughter

In a happily ever after