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The Strands of Love

Balkaran Singh Sidhu

In her eyes tonight
I saw so much love
Anticipations, expectations
Snoring from her mind

Her smile whispers to me

Her speech

That accent of vast blue

Swallowing my pride

She is fire

Like I am water

We need each other to be relevant

Your words taste like wine to me

Time is a memory

Of who we are

What we have been

There is no perfect tomorrow but a thousand perfect yesterdays we should rejoice, cackle for we have been tied together with the same strands of life.