**Lahore evenings**

Only there    evenings can have sounds
and when I stare back adjusting my hood
in Jinnah Bagh\* an old tree stoops over me
in a blessed posture   a vendor slinks past

on the Charing Cross I see colonial structures
oddly brushed by five o’clock faces
let my cycle waddle on pavements
in their noise   invent    an obscurity

in a t-shaped alley a beggar throws his patience
I sneak through a gap in the broken wall
edged by autumn grass lonely a brown silence
evokes scraps my knuckles

I know it is irritating the way decrepit houses
draw subtle shadows from dusty light    bushes
let out a foul smell to my nostrils
I gulp spit under my grown tongue

*Too smart* says a skeletal woman with a trunk
of her arm poking with sticks of her fingers
clueless and coiled in stares a primitive snort
falls from her grating gutturals

I keep her words all the way home see children

scattered in a strange harmony all over the city

time hisses from the November twilight

yip, yip, yip.