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CREATIVE CORNER

**Gulmohar**

The trees bleed red with  
the blossoms of dawn,  
scattered, clinging as a bunch of clusters.  
As the wind swoops in  
they sway and hold,  
tightly with the tips of their petular digits.  
I swoon, write poetry on the distant specks of red,  
Ones survival another's romance.  
Unkind and unforgiving we think our world,  
As they grasp one another to postpone their inevitable doom.  
The sliding windows, the ghastly roads, the delectable skies and the howling wind,  
Words are all we have, hooked as anchors to the withering present,  
And somewhere along the way, lamentation of the trees became so alien to us.  
Down by the pavement they gently crash, to be forgotten, a memory of fallen flowers,  
And a washed down man etch their history at the dusk in the dark.



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