Sumbul
(Bombax ceiba)
The leaves nearer ground come out
While the red flaming spread of sumbul
Still printed upon the April sky
Loses luster daily

Arms arched, ends raised in supplication
From where I stand nearly touch
My hands raised in prayer
Cupped to catch some falling red lotus
from the now scraggly dry top branches
still firmly studded refusing leaf
arching strong upon the ones below
begging to let go of flower for leaf
as the Lahore sun threatens
and demands to be appeased

my prayer added the scales may tip
in favour of the young supplicants
and the grandeur of our fall-spring
relent to green.

Majestic now it stands
stenciled against white
printing the midday sky to June.

- Ayesha Fatima
ayesha166@yahoo.com