

ZISHAN SAHIL

BOOKWORMS

They do not  
take long to go  
from one poem to the next.

The river—  
if it be written over somewhere  
and there be no bridge thereafter—but  
no one can stop them.

Pacing,  
they get to the last leaf  
falling  
with the names of evergreen flowers.

If the writer of our poems  
in some story  
meets his beloved  
the last time,  
or sees her in some play  
for the first time,  
it does not take them long  
to chew up the curtain,  
finish off the love.

—*Translated by Alamgir Hashmi*