

We hold each other, shadowed  
by limbs and bedsheets - darkness  
falling only on the softest parts of me -  
sunlight stubborn with forgetting.  
When you wake thirsty for dewdrops,  
wordless whispers synching sighs  
to clockwork, my mornings dissolve  
into a teaspoon of honey - a lifetime's  
worth of work for 12 bees. Little details  
bloom into moments ripe with your laughter,  
and for that second, we are wasteful only  
of gratitude that drips like nectar. Today  
I learned, bees, spotting a silhouette  
in sunlight, don't buzz during an eclipse.  
Imagine this - the diamond ring perfection  
of the sun. Cosmic anticipation. Silence sticky  
like pollen on skin - yet another collateral  
damage of beauty. I want to mould my face  
under your cheekbone, a ripple on a moon  
hit horizon. On nights we spend peeling  
the skyline from our legs, even the stars  
feel like craters. There is so much to hate  
if we try hard enough. Maybe, this too  
could be a metaphor for the moon.

## Here Comes the Sun

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