**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.