

Summer dusk

Still summer sky,

shimmering gold.

All is cloaked in silence.

The sun does not squint,

it is a giant candle, ablaze with flaming yellow

setting the horizon on fire.

Its scintillating colors melt into the shallow lake waters,

that stretches like a glimmering sheet.

The horizon hemmed by a low-line of hills, silent as nuns.

Far out into the west,

plumes of smoke arise from a mill,

its slated roof and chimneys silhouetted in gold.

Dusk lingers.

- Kamal Parmar