

Sargam Garg

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My Window as a Painting

On the black canvas,
sunlight paints every

morning. Outside my
window the picture

changes into a russet
fall. I feel like a visitor

in an art gallery. Staring
till stars come with a

veil. Wondering when will
the brush dipped in gold,

ripen my window into
a picture of spring.

Pull to Push

It takes skill to lie still.
Ask the gator held up by

gravity. Roses open their
parasols and the birds trace

a rainbow. Sometimes the force
that pulls you down pushes you

with a force you needed. Ask the
gator who just jumped to catch a

prey.