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My Monsoon Full Moon

Tonight
Outside Monsoon extreme
Sun's gone, light's dim
Lightning, thunders loud
Layers of rain and cloud
Covered the full moon night.

Although covered and gone
I knew, until the dawn
That you were still there
Precious, and so rare
Hidden yet glowing bright.

You, my Monsoon
Full Moon,
Remained in hiding tonight.

Author's note: The last short stanza was inspired by a song by Nobel Laureate Tagore.

Is It Real?

I stop to hear
Whispers in the grass.
Is it real?

I stop to listen
To the music ringing
Inside my every limb.
Is it real?

I stop to hear
Laughter of a child
I stop to hear
Whistle of a bird

I stop to hear
Screams of colours
In the sunset.
Is it real?

I stop to see
Fireflies over the bushes
Blanket of darkness
Covers the dusk horizon

Sound of footsteps
Ceases outside my door.

I stop to hear
The familiar steps
Seems I've known
Them for centuries,
For many past lives
On another world.

I stop to think
Is it real?

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A graduate of England's oldest writing institute (The Writing School), **Rume Haque** has worked as contributing editor with a foreign language weekly *Ekush*, published from Hollywood. Apart from poetry, she does translation work, writes short stories, articles, and is working on a screenplay for her brother who is an award-winning film-maker. Her poetry has been published at Poetry.com and Poets.com and won two Editor's Choice Awards from Poetry.com.