

THIEF

What's more gratifying than pilfering a book of poetry since Mirza lacks the cash to get it home lawfully. No high can match that blood rush if the author of the book is a *naẖẖaara-e-jamaal* and she looks at Mirza's eyes straight from the cover, as if urging him to take her home urgently and particularly when she is such *feresta*-looking.

In between, Mirza browsed through pages and discovered a lotus pond, martens rippling among the marsh grass, chromium-eyed eel lung in the spillway, humming birds kiss water lilies, also author's soft feet blazing the star moss beside a water well.

The poet's restlessness, like a winter wren, to cross over a meadow, her heavy breathing in the night of intense rain, her fear of hearing the drums of lightning, her craving to speak to someone so desperately and especially she appears *muẖmabil* being locked up in an aisle with so many dead people.

There is nothing Mirza can do but to hide her under the undershirt, holding her close to his throbbing heart and quietly carry her through the door. Then read her sad heart all night under the candlelight.

naẖẖaara-e-jamaal = a beautiful face

feresta = heavenly ghost/ angel

muẖmabil = exhausted/idle