

Golden Orange Dots

by Raheel Tajuddin Lakhani

Oh Gilgit city

I will miss the nights

the sky full of stars

mountains not so far

seizing new heights

stop over, take off!

I've departed, true

melancolies du voyage

grounded, in my carriage

I've my eyes on you

at base, streams of electrons

energy, movement, connections

I can hear them speak

once you were part of our clique

wings brought new directions

I see a sea of golden dots

a synthetic galaxy

regulated by Divine

a small atom sipping wine

chalice of cosmos, his majesty

Over the cloud nine

I can see the moon shining

beneath me, shine a million stars

I lay amid, with healed scars

that evening I found new meaning

What is life but escaping the death
own a lively moment and its death
at base, streams of electrons again
I can hear them speak
Didn't this flight take away your breath

*We have landed safely. Keep your seatbelt fastened until the aircraft has come to a complete standstill.
If you feel like strutting a pose before we leave the runway, we don't mind ;)*