



HAIKU

Neetu Kumari Gupta

The Salty Sweet

Salt on every word,
My love wears a clever mask,
Read between the lines.

The Playful Jab

I tease because I care,
Spiky truth in every jest,
Love in every string.

Five chairs once in trust
Whispers now trail down the halls
Walls listen in shame.

Round table of five
One shadow bends toward the crown
Roots loosen, hearts part.