

Filling our hearts in summer

On being called *mere dilbaro* (*my beloved*), you should say *dil bharo* (fill my heart).

The winter has scooped out our hearts while we were in slumber, it has inverted pine trees into our arteries and the trembles of our existence wriggle on its branches.

When someone calls us in reference to their hearts, you should know that it is the time to wake up, replace your nails with apricots and fill your hearts with rows of tulips.

Bhar do mera dil (fill my heart for once) with fodder gnawing on cream wool

gum bubbles passed off
through dream catchers

This season is for filling hearts and melting knives into sun bowls – fill your heart *badam ke pedo se leke apni khatti si saans tak* (from almond trees to your sour breath).

