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# Harvests of New Millennium

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### The Wait

Like the bridesmaids  
with their fully developed breasts,  
the chaste flowers on the Champa tree  
await their suitors.

At every chance, they sneak out  
through the leaves  
to show off their curves  
and weave their fragrance  
into the passing air.

But men and women  
pass them by in a hurry,  
like comets go past earth  
without even saying hello.

As the rain falls on and off,  
the flowers, tired of waiting  
to be carried off by their suitors  
take matters in their own hands  
and jump off towards the little puddle  
created under the tree.

As the flowers twirl  
and fall into the puddle  
to be carried away  
by the rain water  
in the direction of  
half naked children creating ruckus  
the petrified tree watches  
the path they are taking.