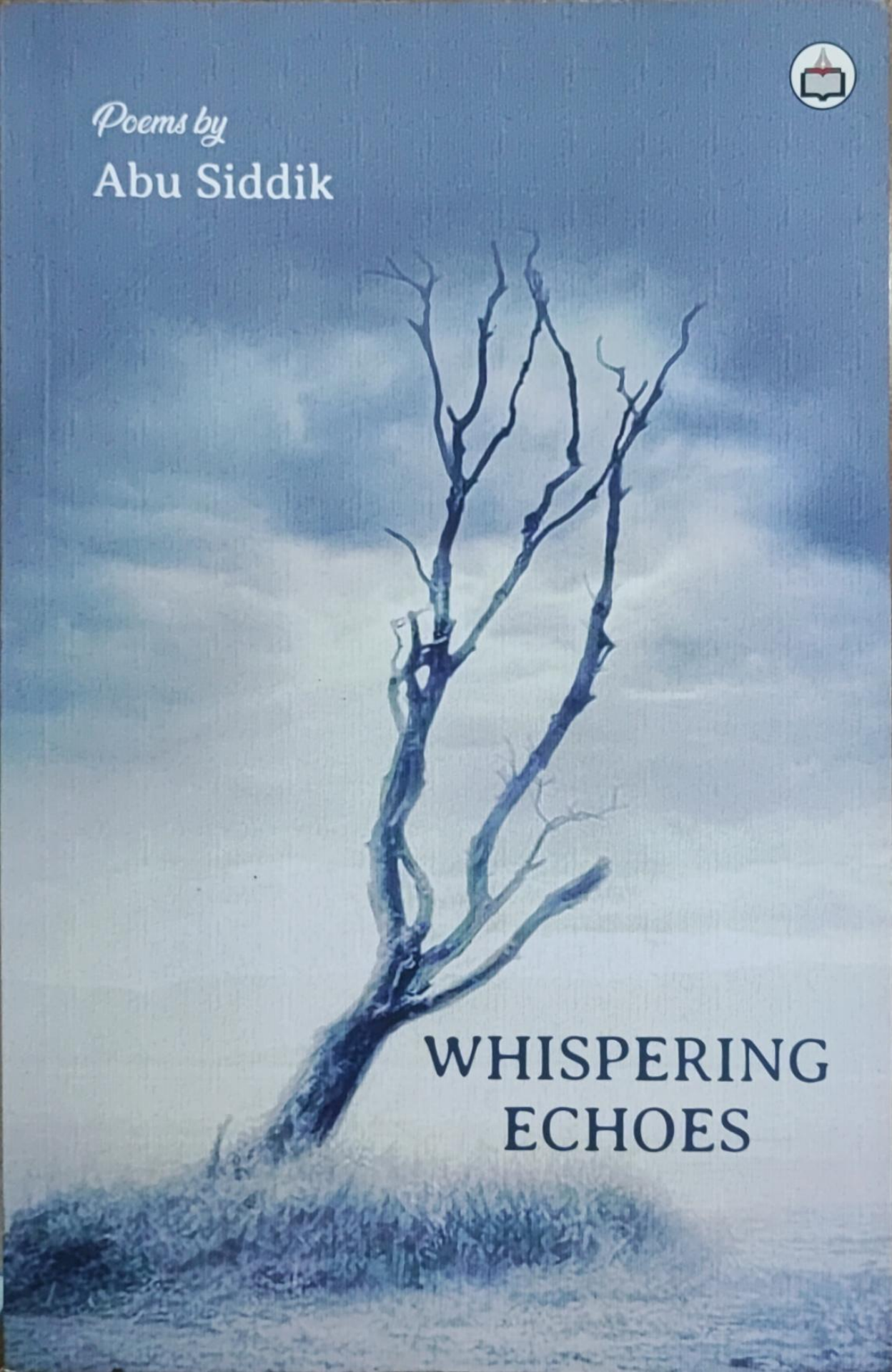




Poems by
Abu Siddik



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ECHOES**

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Those were the Days

Those were our days
Of milk and honey.

Those were our days,
When moon never pales
And sun never dims.

And no flowers wither
No birds mourn.

Days were balmy
Nights, cool and coal.
Dewy-eyed
You whisper
And I nibble your lobes.

