

## Ode to Harjinder

You are tepid tea in a stained mug with two saccharine  
though sometimes pose as a half empty whiskey bottle.  
You are the no frills Aldi shopper  
with my emergency cigarette stash in your herb cupboard.  
You are non-reasoning because you exist with your heart only;  
black and white movies, preferably westerns,  
the news, football (much to my annoyance) and plain yogurt.  
Unlabelled, you are tattoo-less, all bills paid on time  
and rainy day back up fund.  
Your poetry is blunt and often cruel  
with tendrils of honesty that smell of bacon.

I am the Western Wind that ruffles your hair the wrong way.  
I am the student yet to trust her teacher.  
I am your friend, not the lover you desire  
but without you I am like a lost tourist in Moscow.