

## Orionids

October 22, 3 a.m. at night,

The entire lane was sleeping tight.

Only two silly pairs of eyes,

Looked up at the cloudy sky

From two neighbouring rooftops

Waited for the meteor drops.

Clouds took off their orionids view,

Yet they waited to see a few.

Exchanged glances, smiled a bit

Both wanted the other to sit

Till they saw a shooting star

None said a word, just waited there.

She looked again, he smiled again

Both went down, 4 a.m. then.

Not a single meteor was seen

A cloudy night, no twinkling.

Yet they sparkled something there

That pierced the murk with a glare.

The lane was sleeping, had no sense

Only two neighbours became friends.