**Pretty Lies**

Ruchka Ghulati

The table is set for two

The lies laid amid silvered cutlery

The vase of dreamy flowers is a farce

I am waiting

Awaiting your arrival

I can serve you red wine

Chilled to its bones

We can bring in laughter

And some amiable flow of syllables

Like before

Bite into finger food

While I feel the taste of your lies

On my tongue

And pretend that I don’t know

Let you think that I don’t know

But today I will not burn myself

I am too pretty to be burned

I have a lovely heart

Oh, don’t you know

I am coated now with pretty lies

With honeyed words dripping

Spicy flavours have encrusted the truth

Built by your callous hands

I make a good dish to devour

For you thought you have layered it all

But come sit down

Take a chair

Let’s toast to truth

Take a bite of my words

I will play some music

But I can’t dance to your tune today

For I have

The playlist for the dead