Musings

I imagine words – long, lean, hungry --
filling your emptiness,
like so many desert blooms with outstretched arms.
They cast a shadow where your lips move
in nonchalant monologues.
Only walls can hear
and shake invisible hands.

Am I to make something of your silence?
This threadbare blanket
hardly veils your thoughts.
They trip over the dark skeins;
run in the blanks like silver

blinded by night.
Silence may only be a false wall
where screams crumble
into a gathering storm.

Something survives,
sketched in meaningless gestures.
Your fingers work their unseen magic.
Walls listen to the moist shadows
of your mouth.

November, 2003
Quiet

Sometimes whole mornings pass by.  
Unspoken words flutter between us,  
rustle under dry hedges,  
fanned by the swaying casurinas.

Conversations, unlived, relived,  
carry themselves across imaginary fences,  
while our eyes remain shaded  
beneath burdens from the past.

They do not remain quiet and heavy for long;  
they speak, mainly in whispers,  
shift blame, engage with forces --  
that once born, never die.

June 2000
The Believers

The prairie sky exuded more than just picturesque sunsets that summer. In the middle of August night clouds parted a sudden inlet lit with stars.

Staking our claims too fast we flew above the earth. The future was ours to chart; never mind the amateur strokes of a mixed couple in love.

Buoyantly unmindful, we prepared to leap from one world to another, in the space of only one life and seven hasty rounds around the holy fire.

Mid air it snapped. The voice spoke and you believed so easily – in another difficult odyssey through separate worlds and time.

January 1995

Abha Prakash