

a making of ghosts

lotuses in a pond or wombs on the ocean the earth
always looking to reinvent on a base of water here lies
the most unglamorous fact:

one part land is gestating three parts water
& so in our deepest recesses we're always arching down
a wave's spine to suckle million teats of blue frothed sea

to see if that leads us to the dimmed chamber in our brains
where dark things sediment where memory stages brief
interludes where cobwebs link dusting images

the weight of such a place affirms knowing
& knowledge might be blessed with tongue but they lack teeth
so they lap & lap & lap but never chew look I say this

because once my teeth wanted to run away & now I have them
on a leash I'm afraid my bones are leaving behind a trail of ash
& I don't see any beauty in contrast

forgive me, I'm tired of comparisons
I don't know if it's just me but when I work on a thing, I think
about something else consider the time we studied a chapter

on Indian agriculture in high school geography & when rapeseed
came up how the heart started beating faster clasping terror
of unacknowledged shame when I looked

at other faces in the class yellow crops growing
in north India's hinterland not aware of their English name
I imagined they would be too busy with the rain, sun and soil

the clarity of my reminiscing today makes me want to weep
these bowls of thought soaring in space capping our foggy
heads oh, the dark magic of involution

maybe the shadow of all blood is ink maybe
the words we read, hear and eventually spill sculpt the bodies
of our beloved ghosts those guarding our beds when we drift