

Kala Ramesh the unseen arc



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as father prays
circling the sacred basil
we imitate
placing our tiny feet
against his wet footprints

a sudden spurt
of warm feeling . . .
my blood
from a womb
I knew nothing about

in the hands of an ordinary craftsman the cotton loom becomes the beautiful *khadi* mother laments
being old and bent
I see her
as a curved branch
laden with fruit

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the word kal
in Hindi means both
what's to come
and what's gone . . .
like wearing my six-yard sari
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a visit
to our childhood home
I feel stripped
when those old trees
see me without my dreams

the city hung
with Diwali lamps
a whore
swings her curves
from left to right

I find ways to cushion the walls of my mind . . . else the shock of thoughts would echo for days a woman to woman talk exposing all . . . I hold back the one thing that hurts me most

I stand before god my slippers outside the temple gate along with my ego of everything I cherish would surely carry me away like a feather

if I could let go

the winds

Just when
I think where I am
is nowhere
the cranes once again
colour the sky

a palmist predicts bad days ahead I offer the other saying, no two hands are ever quite the same the night
all to myself
I imagine
the unseen arc
of the crescent moon

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