(r)andom.(a)ccess.(m)emories

maybe the meanings of lanka lie in the stories

unveiled

along the way

when hanuman moved the mountain, I too,

crossed

the same seas,

searching for sanjeevani.

the story starts above a burning lanka, lit

by the

tip

of hanuman's tail

as his sweat dripped into the ocean,

there I was,

conceived as his son,

Makardhwaja,

the fish-god heir.

lifetimes later

(in Mecca's deserts)

I was the

spouting

shout

of

zam!

zam!

springing to life

as a surge

of mountainous faith,

quenching Hajjar's sacred dream.

could it be? that Bajrangbali's trek across the seas, mirror good wife Hajjar's alpine journey?

both primates in search

of

life-preservers,

guided by

gilded flight?

maybe

paradise

should

balance

on the wings of angel Gabriel and the vulture Jatayu alike!

Kabir once proclaimed:

neither am I Hindu,

nor a Muslim,

am I!

I am the drama

of salt and soil,

the primordial matinee.

who could never believe quite hard enough

to try,

but could surely

never try

not believing.

maybe the true meanings of lanka are the spiels

I'll write

along the way.

I'll keep crossing

mountains,

and braving

dead seas,

living in these

random.

access.

memories.

Hers

```
fondness is
cardamom
only lively
once
      crushed.
grind stones instead -
           all the spices are hers.
brew tea with salt
never milk.
nor black
      pepper
souse reeds instead-
              all the tinctures are hers.
let cloves grow stale
swathed in dust mites
and
     plastic
extract teeth instead-
           all infusions are hers.
if feelings are ailments,
make nutmeg the culprit!
sentence me to a lifetime,
of
     bad
           breath
sans spearmint
make wagyu
the sidepiece
to pine cones
and
      bhajis
roast me instead-
           all my vices are hers.
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