## (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
l'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 insteadall 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.

