

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
and the vulture

of angel Gabriel
Jatayu alike!

Kabir once proclaimed:

neither
nor a Muslim,

am I Hindu,

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.

