

Her Thighs Still Smell of Milk

The woman who walked past her home,
with expectations in her womb,
returned elsewhere with a pail of trials.
Her steps must have fallen softly
on leaves once red with youth
for now they are a blazing canopy
of yellow addresses and compensations,
written in an awkward hand
on the other side of a divided sky.
She must have stopped short
to gain breath at the corner
where trees and everything turn black
against a dying sun.
Those silhouettes she must have passed,
settling the dust raised on streets, late noons,
dousing fire with the swell of tides,
until they stopped spilling from age's curve,
the container at her hip.
Her Krishna must have travelled to that distant haze,
on her lips;
he outlived her in a song cast through evenings.

Her thighs still smell of milk
and her bosom, of blood.
Why do I want to dredge the music
out of her fluids?
Now when she has seeped down
the stony cracks of my story

A Map of Ruins

with a limp map half-flying
from a shock-stiffened hand,
waiting for the last ceremonial rite
my memory can afford.

For when they killed her at the border
a child was still tugging at her dead nipple.