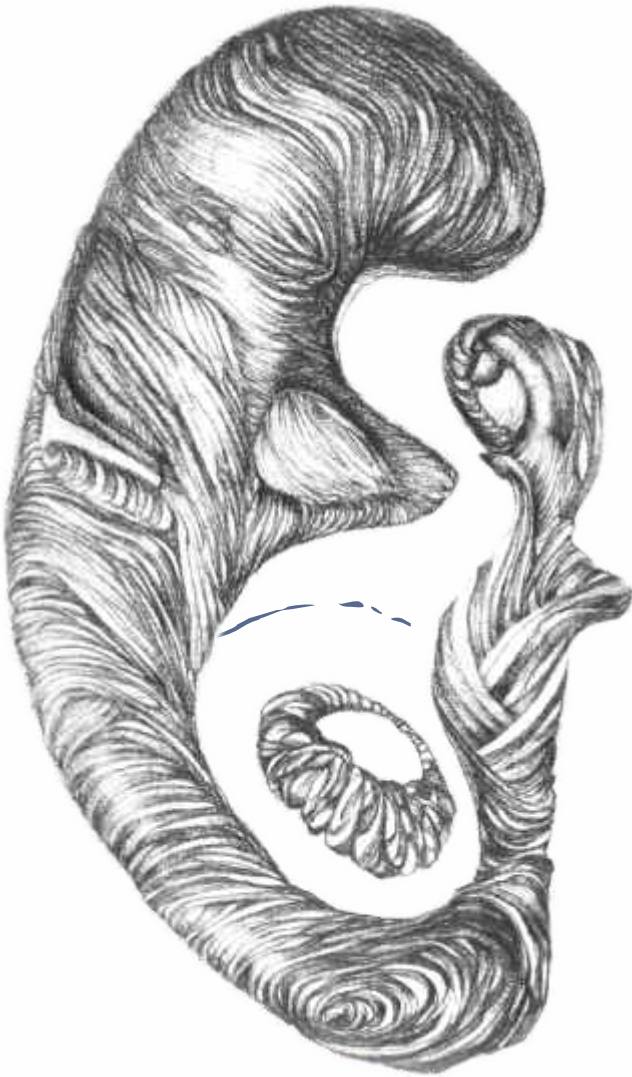


Fine Tangled Strands

poems by

Utsa Seth



Fine Tangled Strands

Fine Tangled Strands is a riveting collection of poems observing the world with uncanny precision and unrushed ease, all at the same time. The book speaks to you, transporting you to a rather quiet, inner realm, for a candid moment with your own self.

Coming from a young adult, with unyielding honesty towards her vulnerabilities, this book is a timeless poetic fabric woven with the threads of Utsa Seth's perception of her generation in the world today.

“*Is there room for waves
in this world?
Room for their
certain uncertainty?
Room for their
cresting and crashing
constantly,
and cresting again.
Room for their
chatter that perpetuates
coastline after coastline
only unheard on the inside,
distanced.
Room for their
meek withdrawals,
though bold returns.
Their majestic power,
the pounding persistence,
the relentlessness,
the flux,
the movement,
the vastness,
the transcendence.*”

From -

Is There Room For A Flood?



Utsa Seth often muses over her being raised by a village. Living in an extended family and studying at the Rishi Valley School where J. Krishnamurti's philosophies and a non-competitive holistic education have helped her form a fearless and empathetic worldview for herself.

Utsa deeply connects with nature, people, and animals, all forming her ever evolving community. She is often found atop her favourite tamarind tree, reading a book, writing, singing, or just observing.

She has a keen interest in fundamental sciences, gender issues, alternative economics, environment, law, and human behaviour. She is fond of deep listening and conversations with people of all ages.

She likes to divide her time meaningfully between academics and on-ground projects, allowing her to expand her horizon.

Well, the village child is out finding her own world village, and offering glimpses of her journey through her writings.



*To Lemon, my first and most beloved cat, and to the village,
the diversity that made me who I am.*



Fine Tangled Strands

Poems by

Utsa Seth

Design and Illustrations
Manas Arvind

All poems by Utsa Seth

Cover, Design, and Illustrations by Manas Arvind

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Foreword

by Kiran Khalap

Apparently, the word ‘creativity’ did not exist in ancient civilisations. It was coined by the English mathematician and philosopher Alfred White Northhead as recently as 1927!

To the ancient civilisations, the ability to create was a gift.

When you encounter, Utsa Seth’s poems, you start accepting the older definition of creativity! Because her gift allows her to tackle serious themes even at a relatively young age.

For instance, when you begin with “Hey, Look at the Cookie” even as you read you are filing it away as an adolescent memory of romance, until you are stopped dead in your tracks by,

*“What sounds inside
takes me to task,
asks,
with every silver lining
don't tell me
you don't see the clouds?
To which I say,
I do,
but that isn't
what the sky is about.”*

That’s a surprising ability to see the ground over which all illusion rests, like the TV screen with pixels acting as actors.

Utsa's poems are permanently embedded in her own reactions to events, which points to a self-aware mind.

In 'Consensually Weird' you can see this quality of play between one thought stream and the second overlapping one.

*"Everything I want to find can be found
but I don't want to find,
my mind,
is too busy being weird"*

Sometimes, Utsa returns to tender moments unfurled by quiet insights. Hence in the poignant "I Want to be Three Again",

*"I want to wake up to clothes ironed and folded,
emboldened by prints
that I didn't choose"*

We can safely predict that Utsa will grow from craftswoman to master craftswoman, delighting us with visits to the past and to the future...on paths woven out of a twisting turn of phrase and lyrics of surprise.

Date: 25th September 2021

Kiran Khalap won the Asian Age Indo-UK Short Story writing award in 1995; is the published author of three books of literary fiction (Halfway Up the Mountain, Two Pronouns and a Verb and Black River Run); TEDx speaker on creativity; brand consultant by day and rock climber over weekends

Foreword

by **Natasha Badhwar**

Utsa Seth's poems are bold and exploratory. They seek newer worlds and navigate delicately between doubt and certainty, beauty and longing, joy and isolation. Utsa has a confident, mature voice that belies her youth. Her poems are a space for healing, for sorting out the knots in the fine tangled strands of our emotions.

These are poems that are alive and breathing. The voice of the poet speaks directly to the reader, helping them get in touch with their own unsorted feelings.

Utsa's expression is unpretentious and direct. She doesn't write to impress and therein lies the quiet power of these poems.

Date: 25th September 2021

Natasha Badhwar is the author of 'My Daughters' Mum' and 'Immortal For A Moment'.

A Note of Gratitude

This book of poems would have never materialized without the love and support of my parents, family, friends, teachers, and the Rishi Valley School. They have grown me up and given me the space to think freely.

I'd like to thank Rebecca Levi, an excellent poet herself, who managed to change my approach to poetry. I'd like to thank Bharati Challa for being an incredible friend and doing the grammar check for this book. Finally, I'd like to thank my father, Manas Arvind, whose apt illustrations and design gave life to the pages and without whom the poems in this book would still exist as a scattered collection of documents.



A handwritten signature in dark ink, featuring a large, stylized capital 'Q' followed by a smaller 'u' and a long, horizontal, slightly wavy line extending to the right.

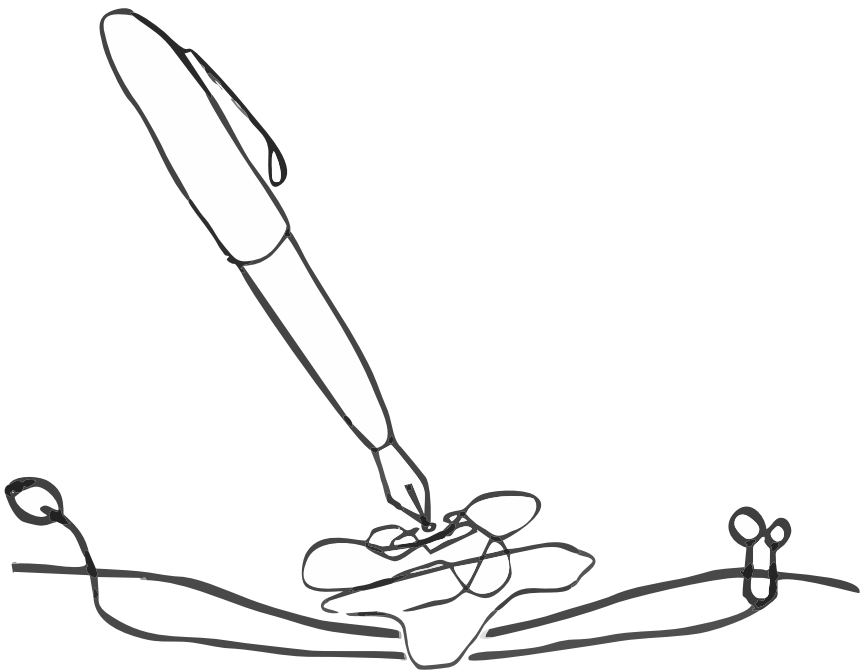
Author's Note

For me, the birth of a poem is both undeniably random and incredibly beautiful. How does it happen? Most often they are born out of my observations; sometimes of things and people and other times of my thoughts. Each poem has a story, besides the one it chooses to tell. The story of an epiphany, a walk underneath the trees, or a night on which I couldn't sleep. Sometimes they start off as a few lines that show up at my doorstep, and as I play with them for weeks or months, they slowly give way to verse.

Alive, I will walk through life; meet new people and see new places. These experiences could even turn all I've ever known upside down. With my first book, I invite you on my writing journey, and it would be most true to say, there is no journey I look forward to more than this one.

Utsa Seth

26th September, 2021.



Smudged Ink

The story begins
with a cold draft
interwoven in the
soft whispers of a hand
that stutters out its
first words.

As the blue fingers
tighten their grip,
utterances solidify.

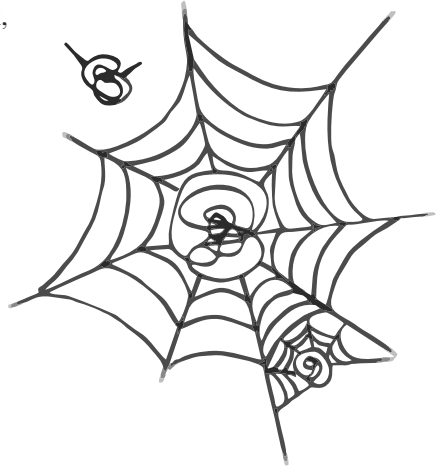
They harden and sharpen
as the prose is chiselled
to an effigy of thought.

Words rise from the depths
where glistening thought bubbles
fallen between cracks ambled, aloof,
until the pinpricks of reality
burst their taut surfaces.

They form sullen puddles,
deepened by barred affection
and endless struggles;
but smudged ink is not weakness,
it is to be treasured.

Fine Tangled Strands

I walk right into it,
feather-light neglect
thriving at vision's edge,
the cobweb.
It lives loftily,
but sinks on landing
and sticks,
tickling
its inner twin
the thought counterpart,
my brain signals: *laugh*
so I do,
but my stomach hurts.
In the absence of articulation,
and the passing of time
marked solely by the hands of the clock,
my thoughts spun differently.
Some primal spider instinct
wove a web,
and I watched them ebb,
watched them trickle out
from whence they came,
saw them change.
They were stretched,
thin enough to almost disappear
but still remain



fine,

*I brush them every morning,
align my intentions,
smile at my reflections,
live the affirmations.*

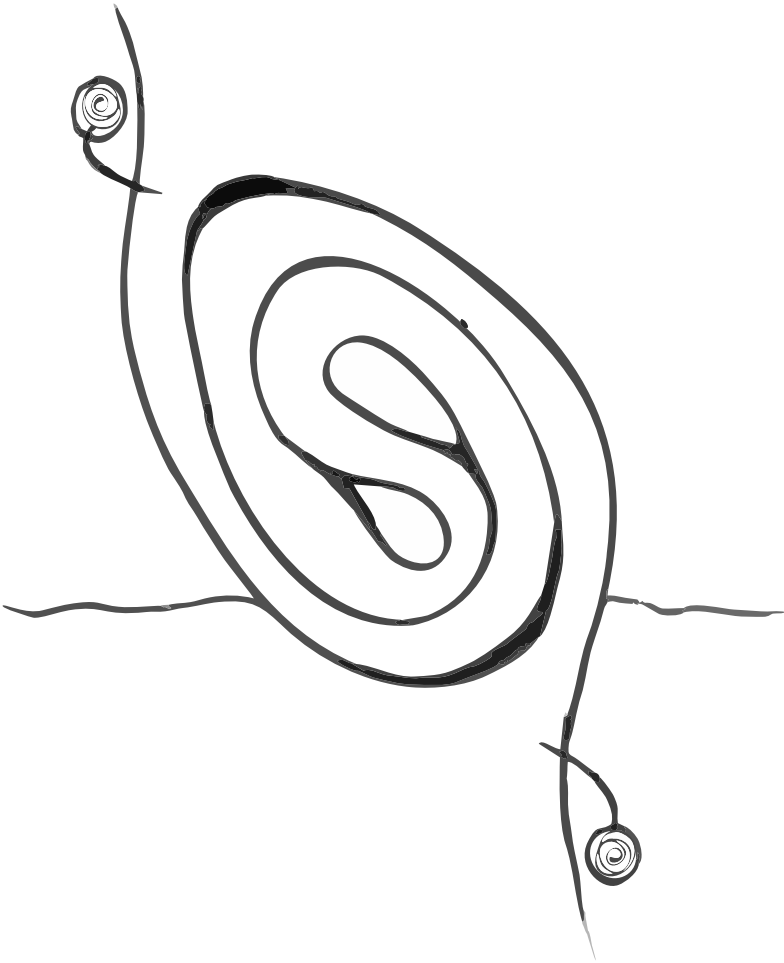
tangled,

*And then I forget,
passing words and feelings
are caught,
— a myriad of muscle motions, emotions,
and they hang in the air,
waiting to be carefully picked,
but there is nothing nimble about this.
So when I reach out
my limbs clunky,
they pile and mix,
nearing an impossible fix.
The exhaustion is exhausting,
strange sleep is costing me,
the calm is violent,
it's actually the silence...*

strands.

*Eating food is a feeling I want to feel more often than I should.
Sometimes I am sunshine.
Other times, I am an eternally cocooned caterpillar.
I turn my nose up at melancholy, but it's seeped under my fingernails and
now I keep tasting it on my tongue instead.
I think I know my own skin but I moult with the weather.
I see lives and I see choices.
Decisions pierce like sharp notes in the artificial mellow spontaneity I've
synthesised.
It happens to be, that I have caught the conductor of my complexity:
“How can I let anything, be everything?”*







Acknowledgement

Sitting amidst familiar,
I feel alien.
The white tubelight,
lively, life,
shines on everyone,
yet I feel shadowed.
A gap to be filled
remains empty
for days,
neglected, ignored,
but persistent, resurfacing
again and again.

I need space to be,
but sometimes the space
is suffocating.
Fullness,
like flatness
in a saturated colour
feels empty,
and I crave for more,
more than just a duality,
for something
that deep breaths let in,

it fills me up,
acknowledgement.



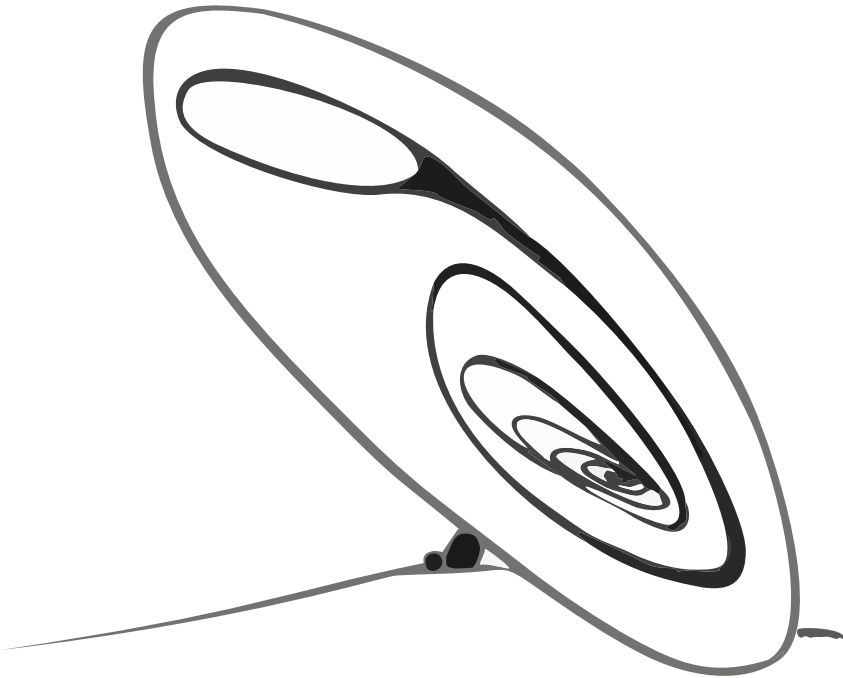
Symphony

I know that harmony.
It defines the song
I hear in the pandemonium
of accusations and salt water.
Their deposits,
icicles that press lightly
below my lips,
barricade my sleep.

As the melody solidifies
into a shoulder,
I rest,
letting it all drain out,
feel my toes leave
the ground.



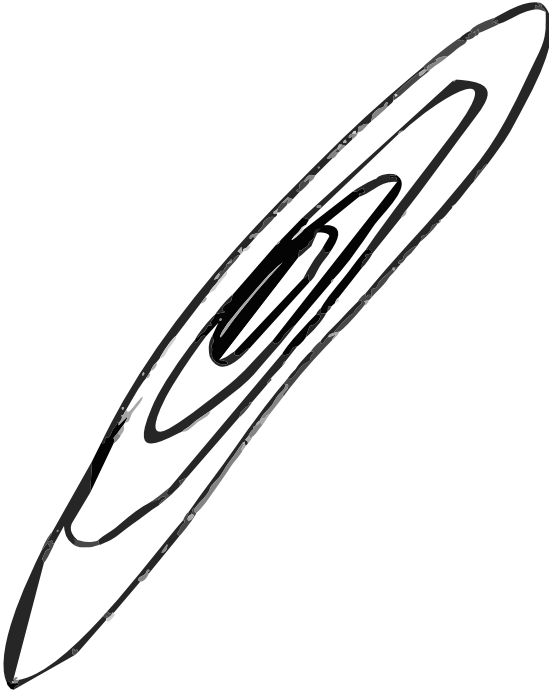
The cold menacing pressure
gradually lessens,
warms to the strains
of the mellow lullaby
that creates a cocoon
where I now lay,
our embrace radiating
heartfelt love.



Warm Nights

We sit, silent,
enveloped in the arms of Nyx.
She's warm today,
and her stars shine,
illuminating the finer lines
of life.
There are no words
to fill up the space
but we
comprehend the quiet.
So when a tear,
content,
meekly rolls down her cheek,
I don't speak,
but I smile.
Thoughts move along
conveyor belts in my head
and the street lamp, bright,
causes the tear to glisten,
as I listen
to its tiny reflections
on her face.





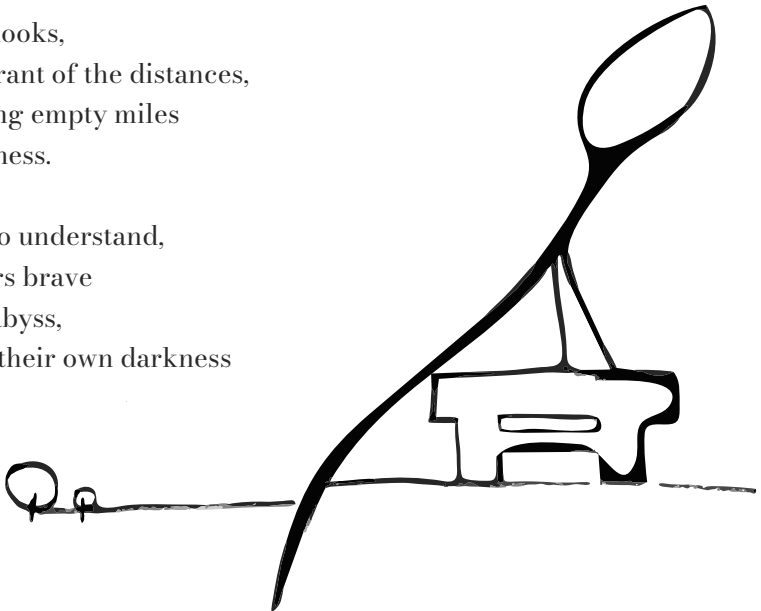
A Singular Multitude

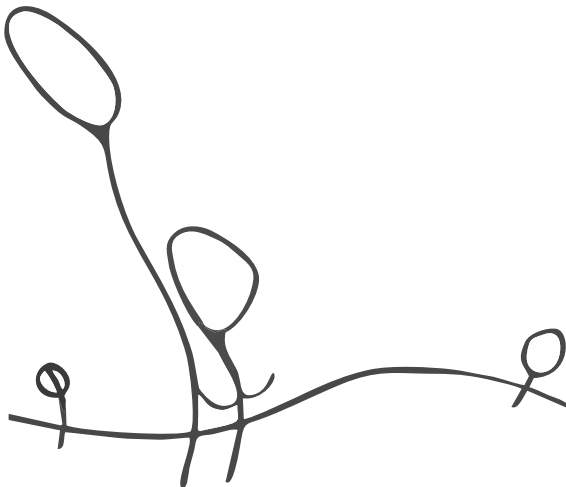
She looks up,
gazing,
her eyes travel, they move
over the specks
of a white spray.

The unified dome
holds within it
a play,
of starlight and
space,
a singular multitude—
a family, together
because of their place
in the sky.

When she looks,
she is ignorant of the distances,
the enduring empty miles
of nothingness.

She is yet to understand,
that all stars brave
their own abyss,
illuminate their own darkness
to shine.





I Want To Be Three Again

When I cross the road,
I want to slip my hand into another
and let them guide me
through the blundering traffic.
When I finally start school,
I want to wake up to clothes ironed and folded,
emboldened by prints
that I didn't choose.
I want to meet new people,
and tell them everything
in exactly my way,
never wonder if they'll stay.
I'll go the places they take me,
see the faces I've always seen,
and believe me,
I'll be keen,
I mean,
at least I'll be happy.
I have as many homes as I have fingers,
family, all equally mine,
so don't tell me which is more important,
because without my fists
how will I punch the bad away?
I want to be scared of the thunder
and wonder why the sky is so angry,
then marvel at the beauty of lightning
and accept the storm.
And for that,
I want to be three again.

Dear XX/XY

You are a variable,
and it may be hard
to come to terms with,
but your number will come.

You will have good times, bad times,
happy times, sad times,
you will change.

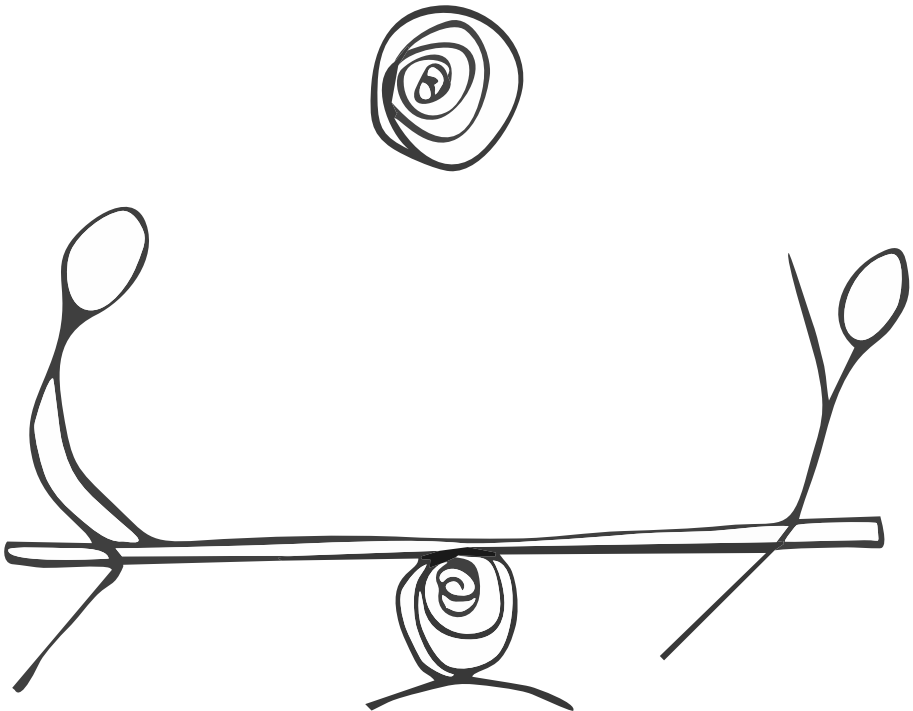
There will be additions
and subtractions
but your values can be infinite,
both rational and irrational,
while your smile
will go on like pi.

Sometimes your coefficients
will make you big, sometimes small,
but know that
you'll still be you
on the inside.

There may be other factors too
that will tip your equation
but don't worry,
they are always mistakes, inevitable,
it is the learning that matters.

So learn,
find new angles
of looking at boring circles
and never give up,
especially when
the problem is difficult.

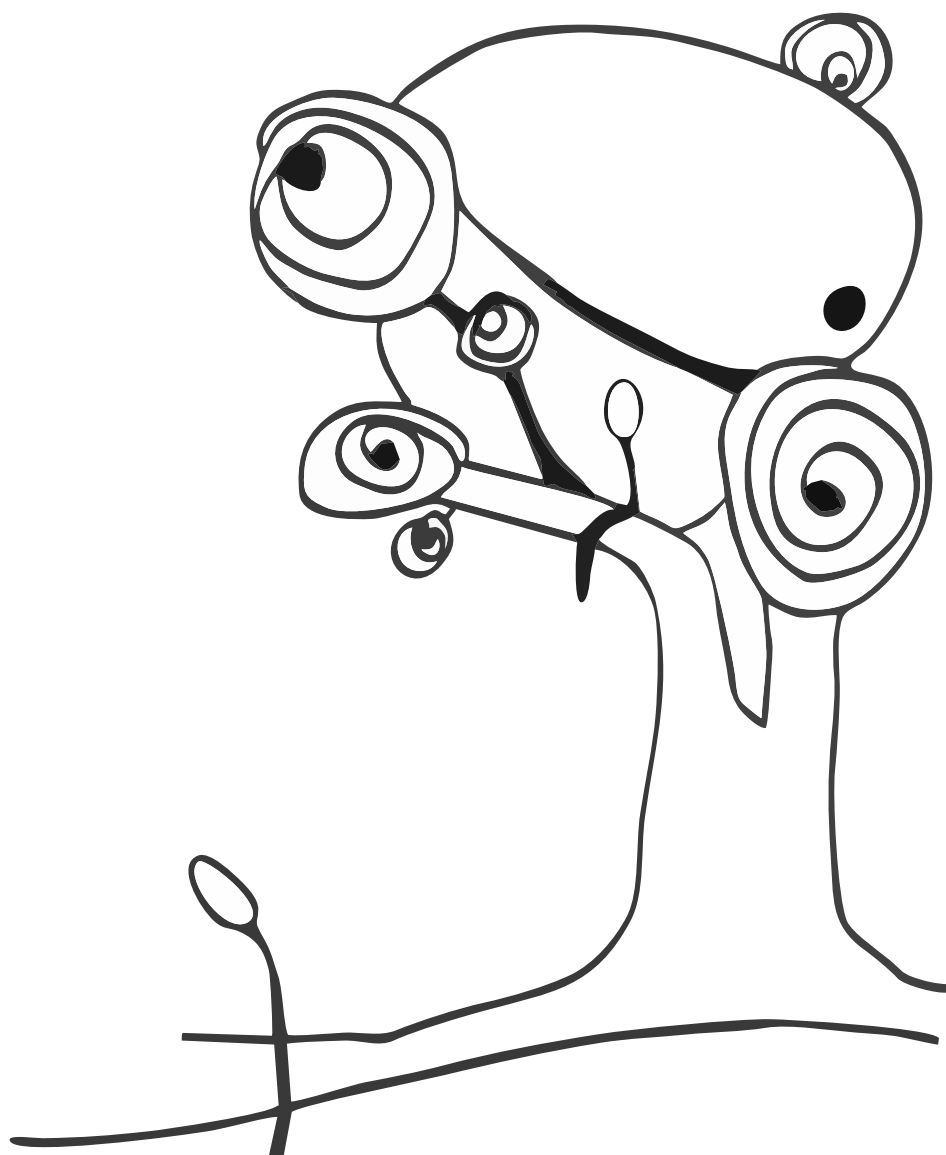
And they will be,
so when you lose heart
just remember
that I'll always be around
to make it easier,
a constant,
in the equation of your life.



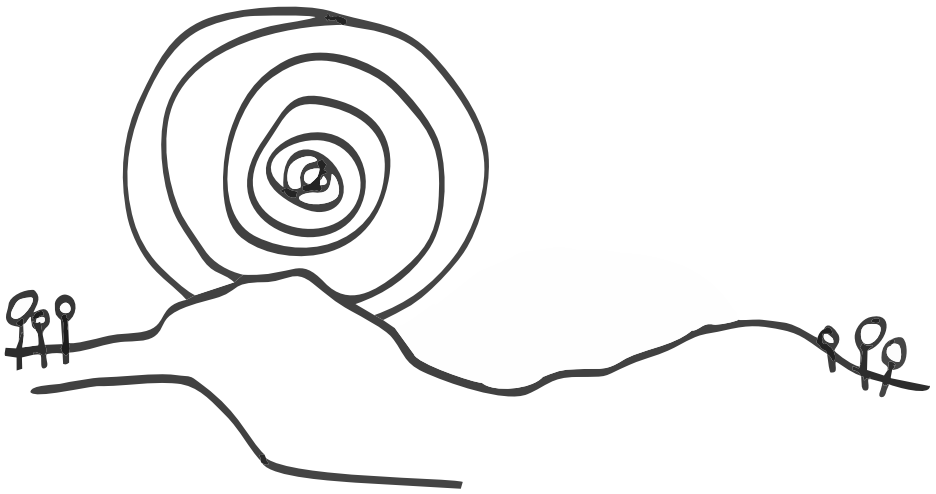
On The Tamarind Tree

She stands beneath me,
as I sit on the tree,
and sends up demands
for sweet and sour tamarinds.

Unfortunately, every single one
is raw and green,
so I look down and shake my head.
She,
then shakes her head at me,
and walks away pouting.



Astachal*



**Astachal - The hill at sunset. It is also the name for the evening quiet time held on a hill at my school, Rishi Valley.*

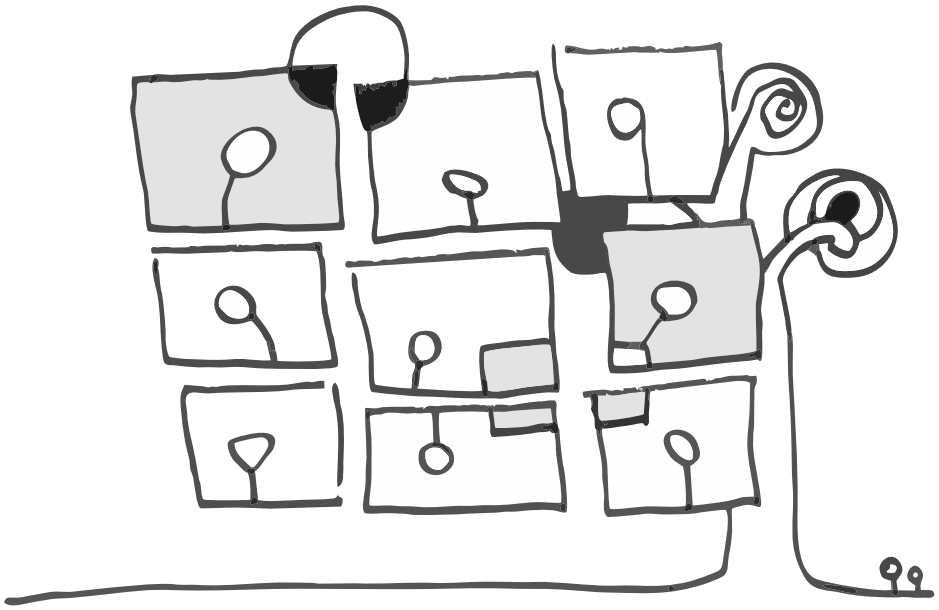
The sun's rays
flatter the clouds
into a bright blush pink
that yellows as his radiance spreads
outwards, makes me giggle
as I stare,
unaware he's watching too.

The branches of the trees
inch towards the skyline
and reach towards the cosmos,
lazy, like the breeze that
lifts the leaves.

The people are quiet
on the outside,
while their toes wiggling,
feet tapping, fingers snapping,
knuckles cracking, brains racking,
suggest otherwise
to me.

So I sit at the platform,
an aimless wanderer,
a poet,
and listen to the announcements
on the silent speakers, intently,
watching carefully
as their trains of thought
turn the bend
and disappear,

sweet-smelling wisps
of smoke
from the Sambrani.



Talking Through The Day

It was in the afternoon today.
My retrograde nostalgia played
for me
the chatter, the banter
that once lounged with us
in classrooms that felt full,
that felt alive,
with the
breathing-coughing,
looking-feeling-thinking,
loving-upsetting
of physical presence,
now sounding
abbreviated,
broken,
new,
since fifty people
were reduced to a group chat,
and their friendships
to WhatsApp.

Sometimes,
I can hear the music
in these words we type,
like in a language
I don't speak.
It's in their virtual dullness,
in that feeling of detachment,
in the lack of commitment,
absence of tangible warmth—
the tunes of texting are melancholic.

They take to the air
like birds at twilight,
loud, but escaping to horizons,
when vibrant verditers
and cacophonous crows
all become the vagrant Vs
we drew as children,
unidentifiable.

The warmth of these evenings
only exists in the bright
but brief
pinks and oranges.
They are too soft for whole days,
too short, too little,
easy to miss
and even easier to dismiss,
yet they leave me wanting
for just another glimpse
of the silver lining.
It doesn't return.

I watch the seconds ticking,
afternoon turn to evening
and evening turn to night
as I finally find,
our primal communication,
the same space speech song.
It sings like the harmony of the night sky,
its pitch and its light.

The non-words are the firmament,
abundantly filled with sighs and smiles,
beating hearts and rolling eyes.



The grunts and groans
become the grounding
for the words,
they are stark,
and in the dark
their light shines, guides
like the dipper once did.

Time, sown into the fabric of space,
is accompanied by words
interwoven
through them both.
That is the cloth we used
to dress our relationships,
hold them firm.

Still, new days dawn,
and the world moves on.
We will renew, replace, create,
and perhaps find other ways
to sate our need for
these common spaces.
But a lifetime taste
of what that sky can mean
has been
both perpetuating,
and subtly devastating
in these lock-down mornings.



Dahlias in love



On a soft
misty morning I saw
dew,
on the fifty odd petals
of the dahlia,
found my mind resting on
the three odd ones
that were left
dew-less,

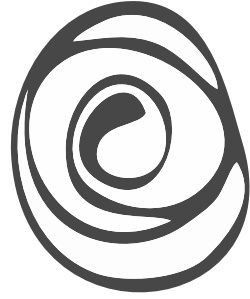
wondered about love,
love unrequited, and
about chance.

Some gentle pressure,
perhaps wind, or wing looking
for food,
was responsible
for the rivulet that then formed.

The water trickled
away, together,
earthed without thought.

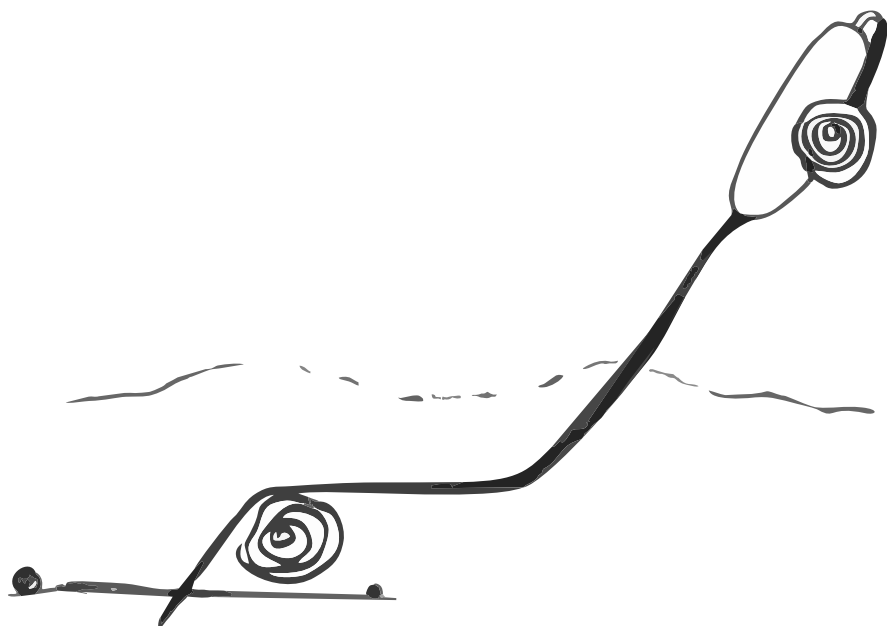
In the fading mist
warmed away
by the turning earth
I saw,
a sunlit magenta hue,
on the fifty odd petals
of the dahlia,

wondered about rebirth,
the vibrancy of youth, and
about choice.



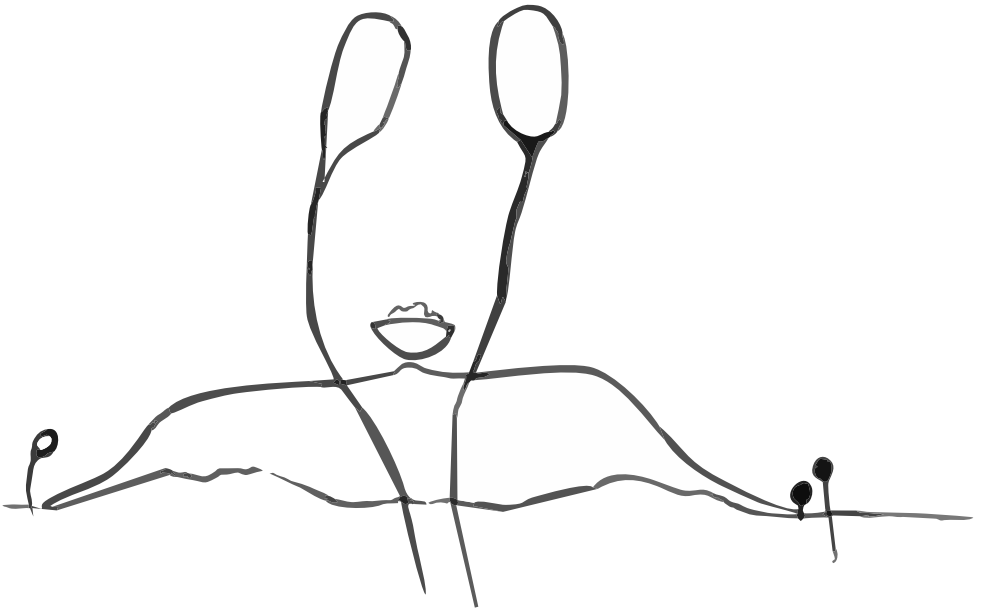
Perfect Pace

My lethargy starts off transparent,
hidden and invisible,
but with every poke,
every persistent peek,
it begins to possess a prominence
that is impossible to ignore.
Over time it portrays
its true colours,
staining my personality
with a stubborn permanence.
With every push
it only pulls me in deeper
until it peaks, prevails,
it triumphs the periphery
and penetrates the core.
No matter is pressing enough
to pursue,
so I place myself
in a comfortable position
and press play,
because sometimes
that's okay.





Movie Night Hand-holding



*Painted in crimson,
he has pale skin and dark hair,
stuck in the wicked monster's lair,
he is hurt,
will his princess dare?*

We stare.

Eyes glued to the television screen, and
Ah!
a jump scare.
Both catch on
to a hand there.

Silence.

A pair,
getting comfortable comforting,
attentions diverting,
horror converting to something else,
it's working—

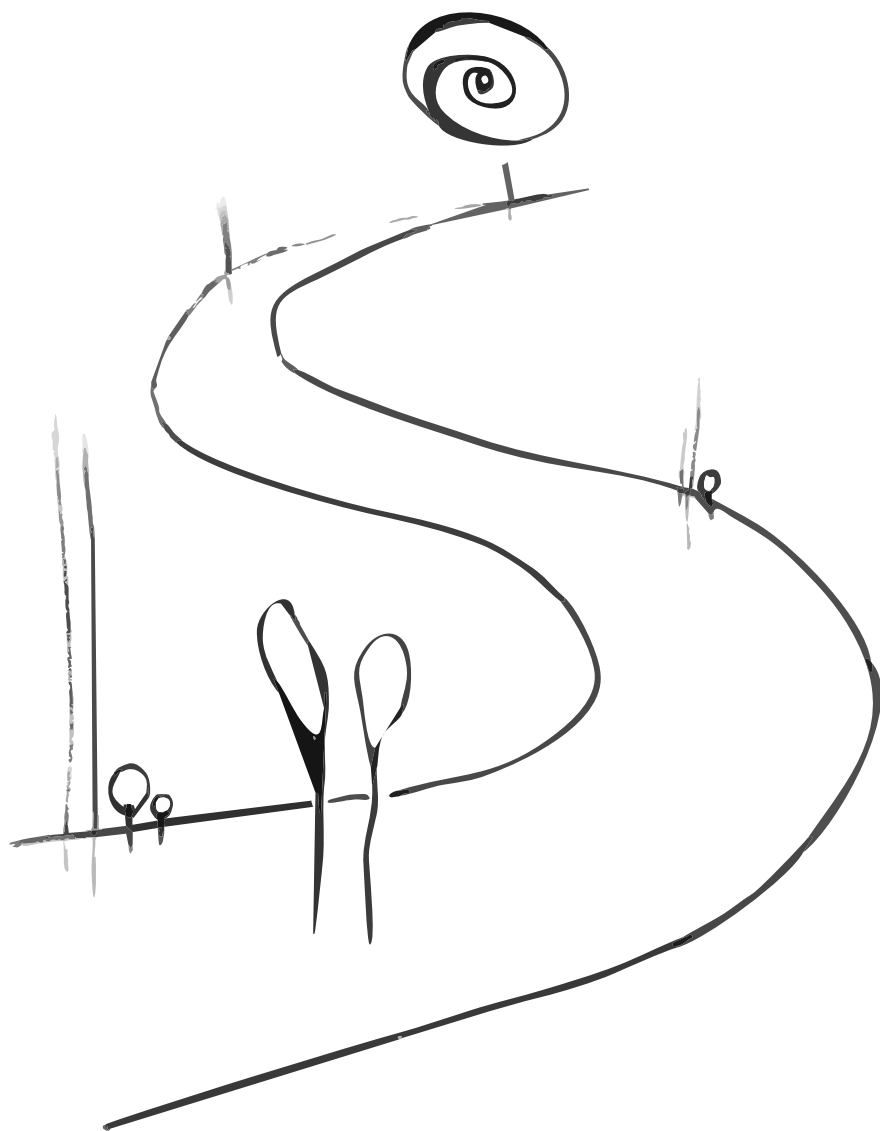
yet,
uncertainty taints
for there are fears at play,
*the princess must keep the devil at bay,
but it is difficult to say,
walls could crumble,*
so we mumble,
but on this trip,
we know,
our grip
is all that matters.

Light Years Apart

Seated across a table
from you,
I sit at another end
of the universe.

Separated by light-years
of conversations never had,
times not spent together,
hearts not held together,
what we never tried to
make well together,
I stare into the darkness.
Its opacity deludes me
into thinking I knew you.

But today I space travel,
as we bond
over buttermilk.



Plain Words



I threw a testament at you.
Words in a sack
that you had no need for.
I entered on Christmas night,
dropped them down your chimney,
in the stealth of night
you were gifted.

They landed sooty,
they landed old,
they'd travelled so far.
Their origins
in a room where
shelves brim
with ideas, stowed away
untrimmed,
brain tight,
invisible.

A priceless clutter,
a warehouse,
messy and full
but frequented,
if only by me,
so all surfaces dust-free,
singularly touched,
unless,
you can mind read.

I had so many things to say.
So I parcelled
and pampered
and prepared.
Conjuring these compulsions,
decorating, dressing them
in necessity,
smudging unseen corners,
implications,
I drained everything
into you.

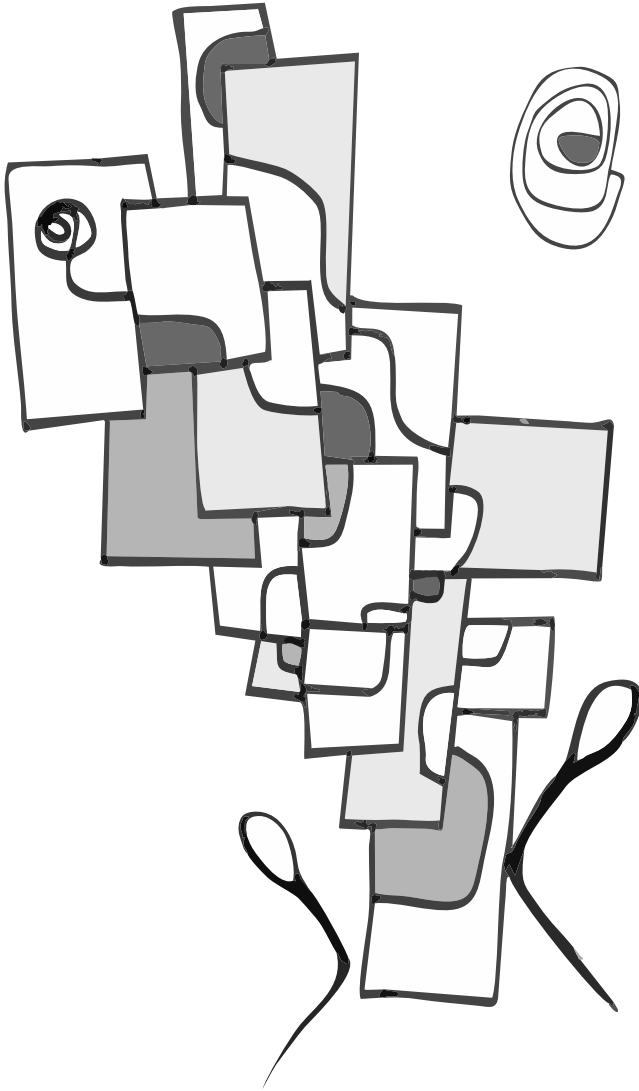
Can't help wondering
what you'll do with my words.
If you'd
eat them
seat them
seed them
need them
or anything
at all.

The phone separates
and dims realities,
I don't wait for your reply.

Yet, with my closing eyes
as I lay there tired,
in the growing divide between
my projections and life,
my ideas become bare.

I search but find
nothing else,

plain words.



I Had Two Things To Say

Honesty?

Honesty.

— *I want you*

to know

that I deal

myself a new hand

from a deck

with some cards

— *missing. You*

don't see them

but I call them

— *yours.*

Stare at

fate,

face

— *tired of asking*

where they went.

If there was a thief,

if there was another me,

— *my love,*

love lost.

But mostly

— *I ask again*

so we don't have

to play

with my incomplete...

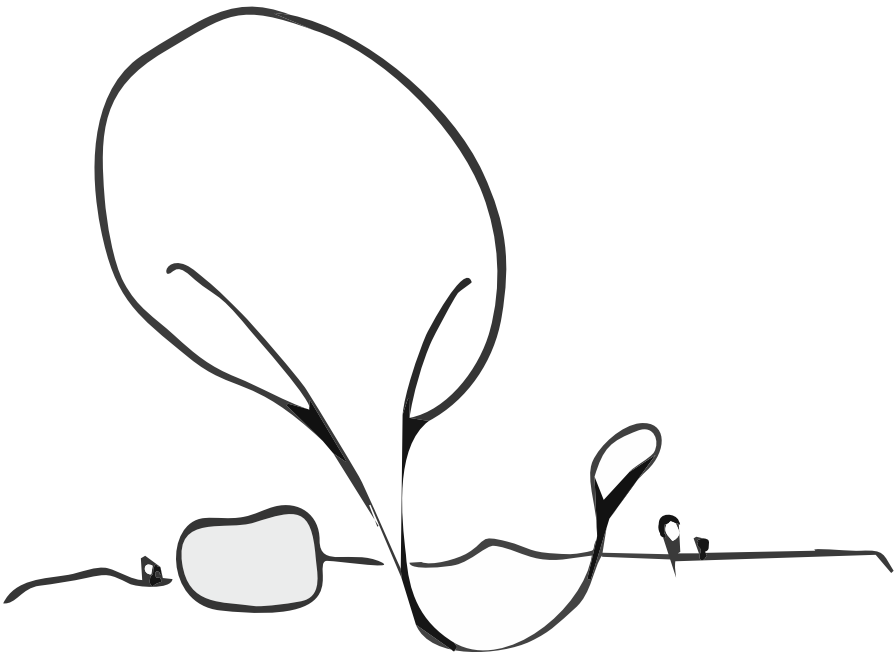
— *Every time?*

— *Every time.*

Visionary

With the help of the light
that you emanate,
your blood and muscle
turned glass,
and I,
a visionary.

Your construct,
as detailed as a tree's
has been studied diligently,
alike to the carefully painted strokes
of a practised perfectionist.





The soil you grow on,
fertile today,
is profiled
by sweat filled days,
characterized,
by the rich ebony of mud
that supports.

Cultured, nurtured
from a minuscule seed,
by branch and leaf
you have grown.

Still,
a past frame lingers.
Its carried in the faint smell of hard work
on your persona
and in your story:
the soil epic.
Demons digested,
frustrations fermented,
and malice manured
to productive compost.

You bear sweet fruit,
enchanted,
but there is no magic in its sugar,
only traces
of dedicated parentage,
and wine-like aging.

Years slip by
in peering through
your glistening transparencies
before I reach
the meaningless rock,
the mere possibility,
your essence
that lay hiding
a master sculpture,
unsculpted and
unappreciated
from the world.

Hey, Look at the Cookie



I sat down slowly.
Pencil in hand
and
love on a platter,
and thought about how
I may reach you
beyond, and deeper
than mere chatter,
convince you,
that the intricacies,
the struggle, the ache
you feel,
I feel,
is just as temporary
as full stomached satisfaction
and the hearts that melt in our hugs.

We're always turning
our heads away
in the wrong direction,
looking 'neath the flowers
at thorny torment,
glancing above the cookies
to see more space in the jar,
only growing
to get over.

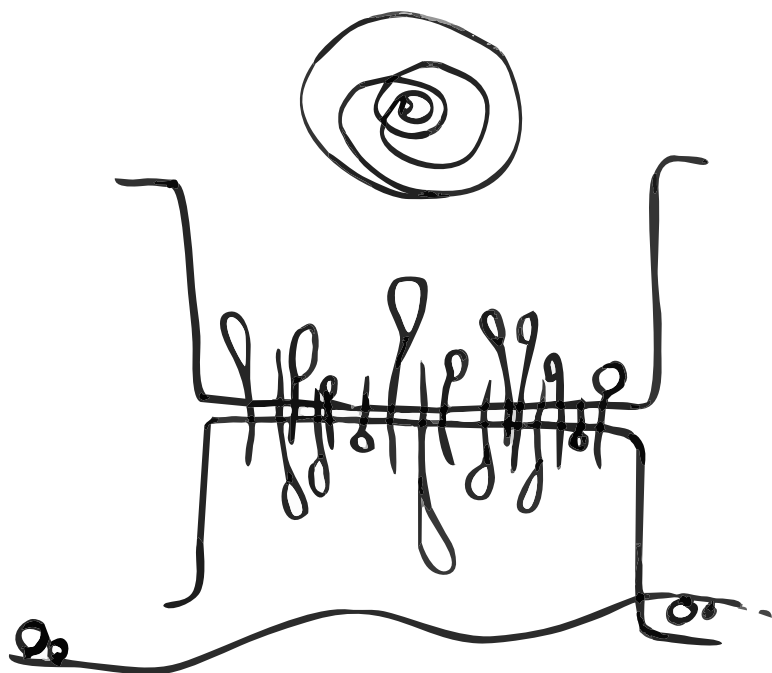
What sounds inside
takes me to task,
asks,
with every silver lining
don't tell me
you don't see the clouds?
To which I say,
I do,
but that isn't
what the sky is about.

I wonder then,
that when I say,
the world is a tad sweeter
with you in it,
and that you live
in someone's smile,
and mine,
will you believe it?
If only for a short while,
that you're a gift
worth every dime
and life has wanted you,
and waited a long,
long time to love you.

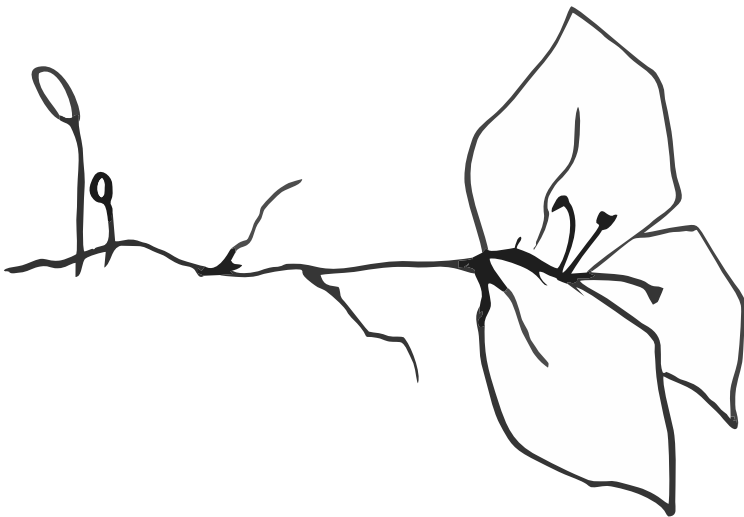
Bewitched

In the stewing pot
love bubbles,
frothing roses with
strains of yesterday's conversation and
tinkling laughter,
mingling in the cheery company
of my own satisfactions,
my inward grins
and childish whims.

Eventually though,
it all boils down
to traces of faces
lining the Pensieve.



The White Bougainvillea



It fell.
Appearing suddenly,
a surprise,
a blessing,
a small papery thing.

I needed a standstill,
a tangible silence,
I needed time to procrastinate.

A longer elongated second,
a moment starting here
and moving to
the next without pause
but very slowly.

Instants like droplets in a wave,
inseparable, continuous, infinite,
to create a reception.

I needed it to flutter down...

It fell.
In the Prussian embrace
of a full moon night,
from amidst a past of emerald leaves,
to a ground existence.

A white bougainvillea,
like life,
a passing wonder.

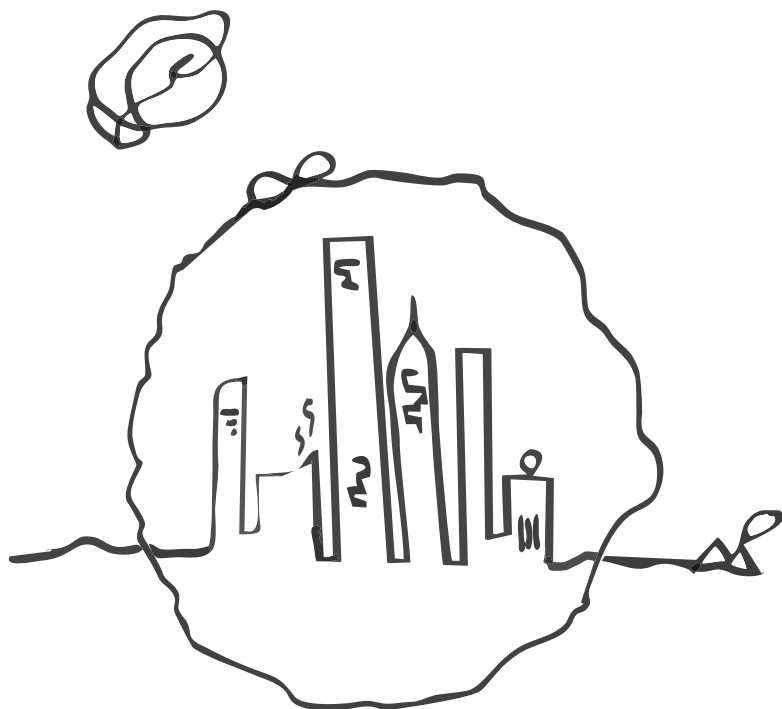
Bubble Wrap

It's a ravenous hunger,
an all-consuming claw,
in its tight trap
I writhe and groan
a hunted animal,
a prey captured, ensnared
without a chase, without a chance,
I had no choice.

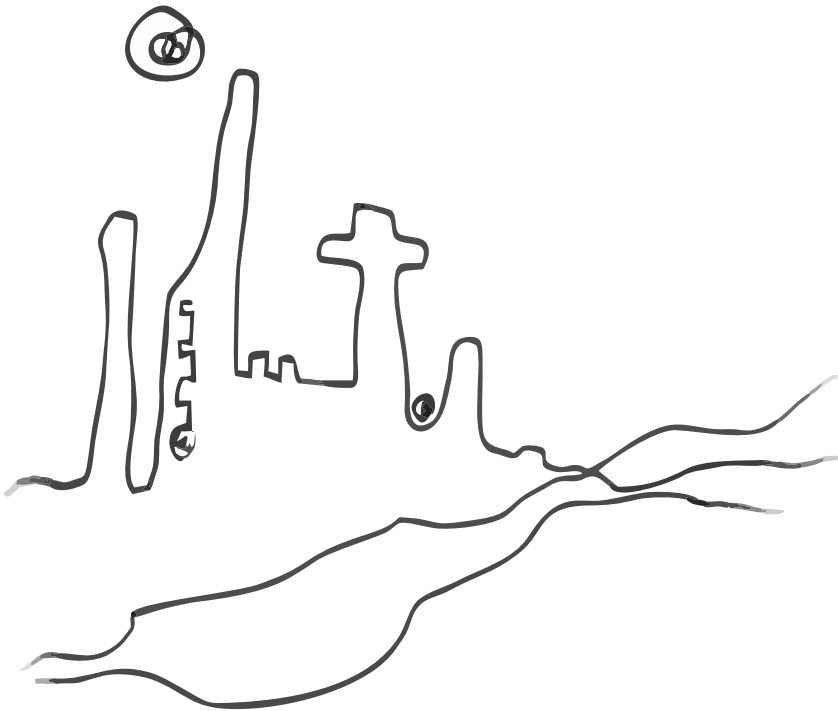
My voice, sat on
by the magic of 99
now 9999999999,
is small,
and whispers travel
but ears are shut.

Agony roars and misery engulfs,
but money
is found in the bubble
where vibrant reflections
catch eyes,
and civilization floats
on thin ice.

The brink,
seemingly at horizon
is advancing light speed,
and it will split
to show what it is made of.



Consensually Weird



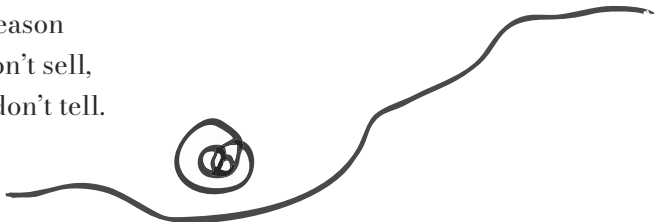
The surreal is more real
than the stats they feed us
to seed the trees
on which the money grows,
who even knows.
There's a dead cockroach,
upside down, brown,
with its six flailing legs.
It rests in a corner of the room
I haven't broomed
for a while.
But my headphone cables
are orderly and wound,
each thing knows
what it's doing around,
everything I want to find can be found,
but I don't want to find,
my mind,
is too busy being weird.

I will the keys on my keyboard
to clack out thoughts,
but they lack
being anything more
then just another thing I jotted down,
just another thing going round
and round again,
swirling,
my words,
I breathe them out
instant after instant,
existent,

but they just sit in my mouth,
everything I want to find can be found
but I don't want to find;
my mind,
is too busy being weird.

I had accepted,
it's eight hours of shut-eye
or I,
I am angrier,
more easily annoyed,
buoying on this
mild sleeplessness.
Lashes tired and down, breeze loud,
when they talk they shout,
when I look I kill.
How do I fill? How do I fix?
This six-hour sleep pattern
I'm out of tricks,
so I give in,
lean in,
sleep in,
accept the din
that drags me through sundown
pulls me to morning
and leaves me
at the feet of my own expectations
looking around,
everything I want to find can be found
but I don't want to find;
my mind,
is too busy being weird.

The chair turns below me,
the backrest is too small,
not that I'm tall,
but I'm still appalled,
and stiff.
I don't want to stretch though,
don't want to fetch anything,
doing the necessary and nothing more
makes me sore—
ly content.
Alas, it's a temporary end.
I haven't yet pressed send
on that message I wrote thrice,
my thoughts are a vice,
they won't stop, they won't size,
so it's my size fits all
but I'm not even tall,
and I'm likely to fall
because of thinking and not telling,
thinking, thinking, thinking,
and not telling;
I'm so tired
but still yelling
in the privacy of my own head
at the things that are just thought
and not said,
but there is a reason
some stories don't sell,
so I think and don't tell.



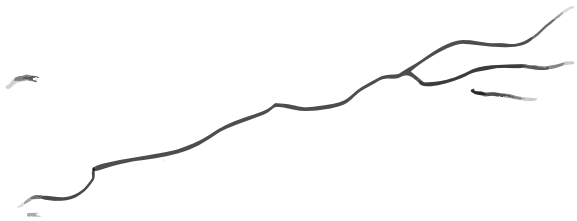


Created and destroyed
they live phoenix lives,
living, burning, resurfacing,
keep catching them in the wrong stage,
can't even let them age,
they just return to the same page
and I can not, shall not
just throw fire out to hear,
it will seer and still,
they'll just jeer.

I don't want to explain everything
when it's all just paper
on its predictable projectile
of crumpled and thrown.
I don't want to own this
if I'll just get shown this
both in telling and not,
it's not even safe underground,
yet everything I want to find can be found
but I don't want to find;
my mind,
is too busy being weird.

My exit gates are warring,
my mind is cataloguing,
my thoughts are printing
like bills in a mint,
and I am done squinting
because I'm getting no hints,
again,
but that is the chain,
so I snap it.

It happens as soon as I see
that the peace treaty
isn't held
by the all-knowing.
We've been assigned this confusion,
it's not an intrusion,
so I pick up my pen and sign
for not knowing,
and slowly count to ten.
I wait to be astounded,
I wait to be grounded
till I realise what I've founded:
home is on the sands
and the waves,
they keep coming.
With change our only constant
we arrange,
and rearrange
and rearrange
and rearrange...
That's life.
Differently spiced,
but still life,
and now,
at least I've signed up for it.

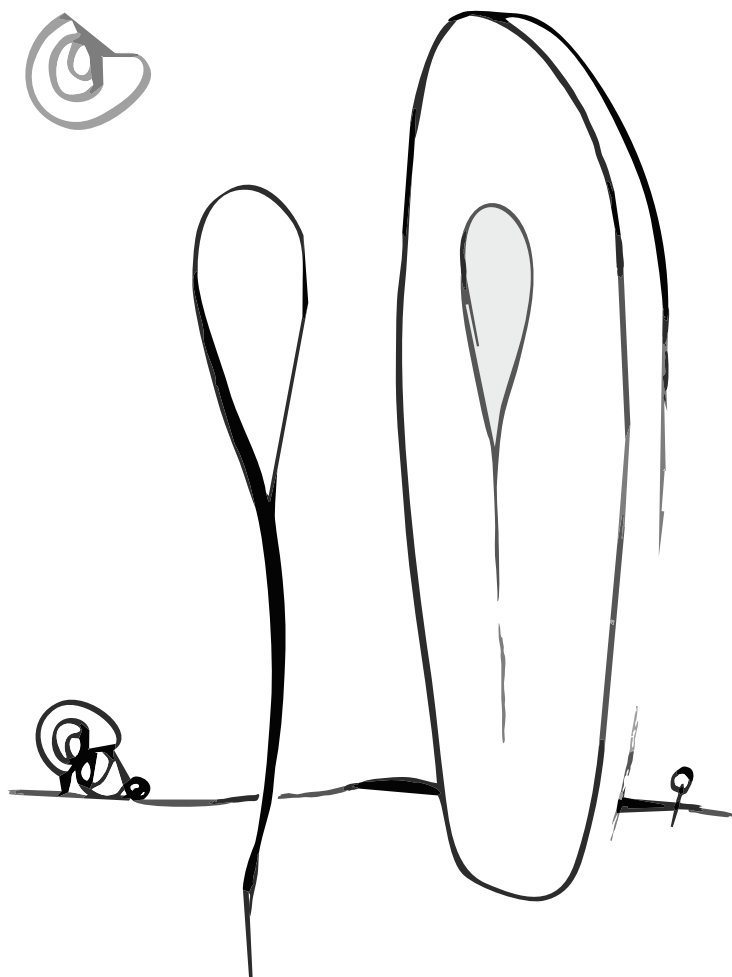


Existence

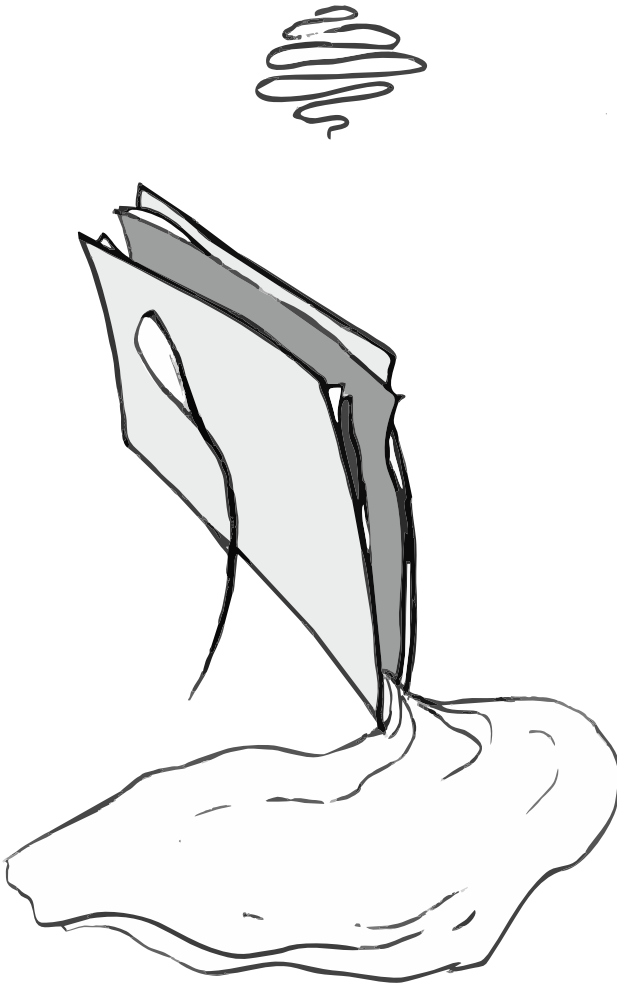
Once in the zero
the one is amplified,
I see it separate.

The one I ignored,
the one that hoped,
the one who never left,
the one who wins,
the many ones— wins,
they desert me.

In the quiet
with nothing to hide behind,
I look my zero in the eye.
The tears,
always threaten to spill.



Is There Room For A Flood?



Seeing 02:23 in your
24-hour system
daily,
pinches in strange places,
upsets 'real'-time.

The notepad
can not process
what you tell it now.
Not because it is foolish
but because
it is always late.

~

Lying here today
I wonder
how honest I really am,
I wonder
how candid is too candid,
I wonder
how plain truth, may bring
plane boundaries
that are overly defined
but vaguely understood,
paving
stern glinting metalled roads
in place of
randomly romantic,
unstructured undulating,
content
goat paths.

Should heads bow down shamed
when they are
illuminated by confusions?
Should fingers hesitate
to share words
unknowing,
unformed?
Should we not tell
that we are fuelled
by the sharp tastes
of uncertainty,
drunk on the magical
dancing spontaneity,
the absurd sudden loveliness
almost a deity
—we pray variably, of course.

Is there room for waves
in this world?
Room for their
certain uncertainty?
Room for their
cresting and crashing
constantly,
and cresting again.
Room for their
chatter that perpetuates
coastline after coastline
only unheard on the inside,
distanced.

Room for their
meek withdrawals,
though bold returns.
Their majestic power,
the pounding persistence,
the relentlessness,
the flux,
the movement,
the vastness,
the transcendence.

Is there room for a flood?

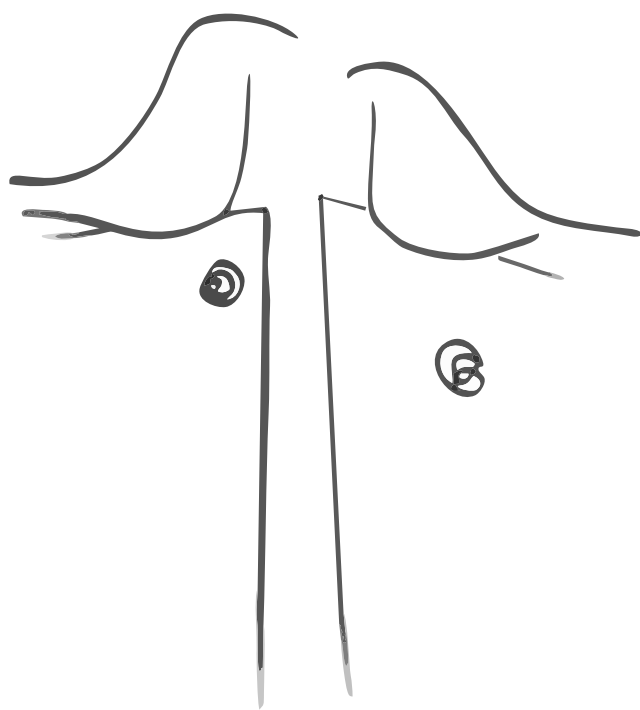
~

But they're late thoughts.
Blurry by means of
less light,
less mind,
surreal time,
no?
Dismissible.



Shall I Talk To The Birds Then?

Shall I talk to the birds then?
Tell them my tepidly tragic tales of trauma?
Murmur my mellow maladies?
Whisper my weak woes?
Sing out the sorrow I feel in being sorrowful?
They will see what's holding me down,
and it'll change nothing.
They'll harmonise,
they'll listen,
and they'll keep sitting on the rusty rails,
and I'll keep my stasis,
sit very still,
we'll leave no trails.



A handwritten signature in dark ink, consisting of a long horizontal stroke followed by a small loop and a larger circular flourish.