

Ail

If I say
 tomorrow never comes
I will not be
 stopping
my future
 my ears
would still split
 for all
my tongues
 even the ones
I never learnt
 sitting
in front
 of a wall
all I can see
 is separation
at union square
 I stare
at gandhi
 and believe
he is close
 enough
to be mine
 a white man
wears orange
 flings
flags
 jingles
and says
 namaste
maybe
 he also believes
I am close
 enough
to be his
 now the spring
showers
 have flooded us
my yellowing

shoes
go
quench
quench
his bare feet
goes
nothing
the silence
floats
between
the puddle
ripples
on the pavements
where once
my mouth
marked
my shadow
into cement
where once
I phoned
my mother
only to end
in my own
assurance
I say
I am in no need
of shelter
I am not made up
of salt
my body won't just
dissolve
but every morning
I wake up
as her
and her
and her
and her
every morning
I find drench

in my lungs