

GIRLHOOD

By Linda Ashok

I was chasing
a bicycle tyre
my breasts came along
chasing the autumn breeze

At the foxtail bend
of our village path,
I stopped at men
shining idols
for the village festival
I wanted
to dig my hands
into the thick silt of river
I was waiting
with appreciation
on my face
Just then, the chief
walked out with rice on his lips
lifted me up
to measure against the goddess
cupped his hands on hers
and compared mine

all I remember is a furious
guilt that he planted in my mud

this time, the tyre chased me
the breeze chased my breasts

***WE'LL GO BIKING THE REVOLTING LAND
WE'LL DIG FACES FOR STORIES
AIR FOR LUNGS
AND US FOR OURSELVES...***

(a poem for Devi Lockwood)

I don't feel love anymore, I feel
as right as rain. Now is the time
to throw caution to the wind
and go biking up the Appalachia
with boots of liquor, jellies
and pastured pork; and we can
be famous to leaving, also to
the roads and climate that
will continue tailgating. Let's
lock this; we'll play thanks-giving
and giving away from our maximum
nothing; at Franconia Notch, we'll
check with the Old Man of the Mountain

if he's young enough to not let us go
and confirm as Wiki says, spring snow
had eaten up his face, exactly, how on earth?
While, I intend to take break at Lafayette
andsavour some owl nuts, I'll urge you
to peruse the remaining range
and read 'Famous' to your wheels
One last round, before we ignore
the Echo Lake, because boats
still resting in the culm of woods

SQUATTER TO AN ARKANSAS MAN

Tonight you can sleep on the dry spot
This leaking won't get over until
monsoon is done bereaving our sleep
said the squatter to an Arkansas man
Meantime let me cut a hunk of my life
you can enjoy the tune with cane-juice
Don't bother yourself with baby's teeth
of snow-drop light. The last traveller
left it on the saddle of my old mare
Soon, the vale will be dead and dignitary
with a wolf or two unpacking/ making
the most of us. So, go clean your feet
and have your ears seated in front
whiskey will do the remaining errands

EPIPHANY

how every molecule
takes a dive down the sea of light...
and be visible to the naked eye
prancing like jolly mirrors
how once, I lost
my grandfather while
washing his wound by the farm
of loose hanging stars
he who built the city of absence
is now looking out for company
to share his remaining cup of evening tea

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Linda Ashok's poems appeared on the blog of Murphy Institute- CUNY, Poetry Kanto, Hark Magazine, The Lake, Visual Verse, Haiku News, The Linnet's Wings, Thumbprint Magazine, Bones Journal and other print anthologies including the prestigious Bhasanagar 2014. Linda is the Founder & Managing Trustee of RædLeaf Foundation for Poetry & Allied Arts

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