

SLOWLY

By Vinita Agarwal

This diamond cut spring,

I am inconsolable

My dying held in shape

with metal sutures

The post office is sixteen breaths away

but never brings good news

Your lapses hurt a thousand-fold more

than the indifference of Manhattan

What lies in stock after festive spring has gone?

What lies in stock?

A blue-uniformed carer perhaps

transmuting the sorcerer of my pain

This non-surgical tumor is an immortal sestina

that my body has created from its polished dangers

My heart is restless

and the cuisine of winds bitter

I will leave sweet poems

for the shrine of your heart

So what if life is no longer in stock

So what if rain fills my pen

SUICIDE FOR SALE

Hearing Swiss knife as Suicide on an In-flight products video.

Sharp blades

with attachments stowed inside the
handle through a pivot point mechanism.

Useful around the house

Or outdoors

One swish of its metallic blade

and your troubles disappear.

Red in color,

it has a "cross" logo

like those on the coat arms of Switzerland

Or like the formation of important stars in the night sky

Or like pathways that come back to each other
collide, when they have nowhere to go.

Originating in Ibach, Switzerland,

Suicide was first produced in the year
pain became Emperor.

Every country won the contract

to produce its own model

from the previous German manufacturer.

The design and versatility

of Suicide have both led to its worldwide recognition.
Peasant Suicide here reeks of pesticide
Dry, cracked earth and the free flowing dry salt of tears
Also of the stench of unrepayable loans
rotting like corpses in a killing field.

Don't ever give Suicide into the hands
of seven-eight year olds
Heavy, it sinks in bathtubs
Is a dangerous temptation for the kids
because children are haunted too much, by too little.
Made of steel, it acts like a mirror to your
failure at parenting.

Some Suicides feature a locking mechanism for hurts.
The locking systems make an accidental closure
during lonely moments.
Such practical uses, yes. Plus it can be re sharpened.
Watch out for too much wear and tear of your Suicides
else you'll regret the purchase
when its dull blade saws against wrists of escape
and draws no blood.

BAGS AND LEAVING

Her bags are packed. Some empty but packed.
Belonging to her the way horses always belong to someone.
The reins of her bags are in her hand

even though the deer she bought from her honeymoon city
is at the bottom of the ocean, facing a small solitary fish.

Soon she will leave

God knows how...perhaps wrapped in a newspaper

Perhaps like a wild deer tamed, tethered to a dead tree

Or like a docile goat, captured for years, now set free.

She will know of her release first, so she keeps her bags ready.

In this world liars are believed

Truth dies panting at thresholds

too pale to be allowed to enter

Too like a disease to be trusted

Too skinny to warrant the effort of fattening

So she will leave this world of fat lies

She, a skinny waif...

If only she could ring herself into a tree stump,

She'd rejoice

It would be good to live as a spectator to your own life.

Bio:

Vinita is an award winning poet from Mumbai. Her poems have been published in Asiancha, RaedleafPoetry, Wordweavers, OpenRoad Review, Constellations, The Fox Chase Review, Spark, Mandala and many other journals. She is the author of Words Not Spoken - an anthology of poems published by Sampark/Brown Critique in November 2013. She can be reached at www.vinitawords.com.