

OVERTURE

By Sanjeev Sethi

This revue of rain
on my wrist reminds
me of our riff.
Don't be angry tonight.
I will dial down
the ugly parts.

Can't we prepare
for some playfulness?
Allow me to seek
asylum in your arms.
Permit me to tickle
your tresses.

So much has been lost
in emotional litigation.
Come, spring me a surprise.

CONSCIOUSNESS

In company a cabal of ciphers
call on us. Unwittingly, reaction
to residue molds our response.
When an eolian of ache lies within
we are short and sharp,
otherwise calm and cordial.
It's purportless to crack this code.

PROPULSION

Unshared pain stinks, stench of pain

that cannot be shared smells even more.
Sharing a failing doesn't make one feeble.
Or does it? Who are we to exculpate the other?
Siroccos will do what is ordained of them.
Just swab the face and continue the march,
cantillating to shut the eye to the squall.
This makes it seem so easy.
Follow it a few times. It will be.

LANGUAGE

Transaction of tongues are created to soothe incompletions.
Articulation suggests emptiness. More we convey, farther
we're from our fulcrum. Songs of silence need no trigger.
The opioid of minds are their orchestra. More settled
the strain mellower is the music. When cacophonies
sweep inscapes, kiones carry us.

Bio:

Author of two well-received books of poetry, **Suddenly for Someone** (Atma Ram & Sons, Delhi 1988) and **Nine Summers Later** (Har-Anand, New Delhi 1997), **SANJEEV SETHI** is a media person who at different phases of his career has written for newspapers, magazines and journals. He has produced radio and television programs.

His poems have found a home in The London Magazine, The Fortnightly Review, Solstice Literary Magazine, 3 Quarks Daily, Lemon Hound, Poetry Australia, Eastlit, Indian Literature, Journal of the Poetry Society (India), The Indian P.E.N., Literature Alive, journal of the British Council (India), Delhi Gymkhana Club Ltd. Centenary Souvenir, The Statesman, The Hindu, and elsewhere. He lives in Mumbai.