

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/4

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Marriage

As the evening sun slides below the hills of Churia
I imagine him returning home with wet armpits
and the taste of salt on his body.

While she throws her hair like a waterfall
down by the side of her neck, its strands wet with coconut oil,
she unfastens his grey shirt, one button after the other,
while the rosewood window creaks,
lazily, with the wind coming in from the mustard field.
She licks the tip of his nipple while he slowly throws her clothes
towards the edge of their bed.

They touch each other on the same spots. Silently.
As if all these years of togetherness
have frozen the words they shared
at the tip of their tongues
and what remains now is the need of the body
the hunger that leaps like a wave every few days
and quietly settles down.