

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

Kushal Poddar

Blooming A Proper Bomb

The baby bomb meets
the boy searching
for his red balls in debris.
They know how to feel
the loss without losing a thing.
They discuss about the failure
to find some common scale
for measuring the point
where one's explosion
matches the other's implosion.

Do you remember the fall,
one asks the other.
All vague,
the parents fidget over the head
and tail of a wholesome boy,
and some sharp metal lid slides underneath.
The blue and gravity.
The dizziness, one says,
means you get both high and low at once.

The debris holds other treasures too,
we know as burnt out truths.
An album and some shrapnel.
A treaty and some silicon nipples.
And the baby bomb waits for a flash of flesh
all these many dreamless years in silence.
It innocence kills us.
Its restraint weakens our knees.

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

Paper, Paper, Ash

A paper boat wobbles
down the rainwater stream
between two close
and hovering buildings.
I unfold it and see
my third grade arithmetic's story.
I think the water nullified the signature
above the dotted line for the guardians.
Water, I whisper, nothing else.

Muddy Aisles

My father keeps his grief outside
inside a tall dead tree
and spreads his laughter amongst us.

My mother, prone to tilt the other way,
leaves her laughter in her rosebush
and thrusts her sorrows into a jar

with six golden brushstrokes on its belly.
Together they remind us of the harvest
when the serpents too wake up

and wiggle down the muddy aisles.

Sleepless Needs

The coffee one flew above the clouds.
The wind dies down.
A fly I lost in the balcony now hums in my head.

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Newsreel Of Underbelly

A man, woman and two children
amble down the ridge of fields
from the place of cheap fruits
to the place of fruits for the rich.
A snake pursues them
until they hit the highway
where it meets its sleep
while watching them waiting for the ride.
The cold wind wanders for some listeners,
its belly swelling with the news of flood.