

A dialogue between a ghost and my loneliness

There a flame of seizures burn,
Of mosaic screams, so silent and pure.
I see a mirage of a floating spot.
Dark. Dark as my tongue.

I am confused now,
What to name it?
Anxious eye of Saturn,
Or a baked sunset spreading like the moon.

Loneliness - it hears a forlorn grief stuck on my foot.
Watching the footsteps of heavy breath.
I carry particles of sickness home,
Everywhere I move, I become a sticker of loss.

And death visits me like Winters.
In mist and cold forms,
Circling my toes and thumbs.
Thumbs swollen like dipped in water for hours.
It's the ghost. Ghost of fears and trauma.
The white night of everything,
Everything of everything.

I watch it performing operation on my body,
Each day like a lady plucking tea leaves
Or plucking twigs & twigs.

Loneliness does that to you.
It wraps a cauldron of wrecked wrist,
Shrinking & shrieking.
And all you can do is
Sink patiently.

Devika Mathur is a published poet and a writer residing in India. Her works have been published in magazines like Visual Verse, Indian Periodicals, Blue Ink Poetry, Sudden Denouement, Vita Brevis, among various others. She has been the part of the amazing anthology All the lonely people and is a contributor/ writer for Whisper and the roar and blood into ink. Recently, she started her own online magazine olive skins for surreal writers.

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