

insecurities

a cat knows the best

consumption of biscuit
with inferior critter
such cats are sensible,
and make dangerous glue
can you think of a day
without smile or glue?

you have only two cats,
pity,
no pity

you don't know
when they make love,
but see them play dangerously
with each other's asses

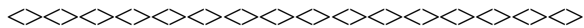
you love to watch them
leave you never
and walk to you as if old scant species
cats know in a house where
the dark seems like a skeleton of goddess

I enquired about cats
if they like cookies with gainz

twirling in murk

alert like a gnome

pass through a shadow
as I start opening your strap



Caribbean

I had first heard this word when I was seven
a word its head undulates and becomes close
to the cranium of a boy
you can dive into such word and find a blue mermaid
gold in her shells, platinum flows out of
her eyes as she flutters glassy lids

all these errors in folktales not bonded worldwide
Not two such trees entwined like destiny with

destiny

I was once a tree for my friend Jay
together we had heads, – certain words fell
in love with our heads, and became tattoos
on the inner sides of skin
if I were a man like mermaid,
Jay would have liked a word like bromance

In our thicket city, a word suddenly a plaything
more animating than a boy or a girl,
when I'd heard one other name sounding like
Caribbean can't recall anymore
what if it was no land?

Where does smoke go when
words burn words for us?

***Jayanta Bhaumik** is currently based in Kolkata, India. Basically from the field of Metaphysics and Astrology, Jayanta also finds time for literature. Poetry is his passion, experiment and quest. A Research Member of American Federation of Astrologers, he has recently self-published a book that is available on Amazon.com (Remodel Your Soothsayer). He spends long periods in Singapore and other south-east Asian countries for professional assignments every year.*

The Pangolin Review, Issue 11, 8 July 2019