

Sky

Above in the shining dark above.

The sea is held in by a line.

The sky extends forever.

No shores to bound the night.

And the heavens move

Like heaving brine

Forever

Just like

Love.



Mute Inglorious Milton

I

The laurel, the glory, the strong and the bold,
Let mine be the story of wonders untold,
The harp 'neath my fingers awakens a theme,
That, wakening, lingers, like living a dream.

I kindle these fires to burn through the years:
The sum of desires, the substance of fears.
I stand at the portal of destiny's flame,
And though I am mortal, undying my name.

II

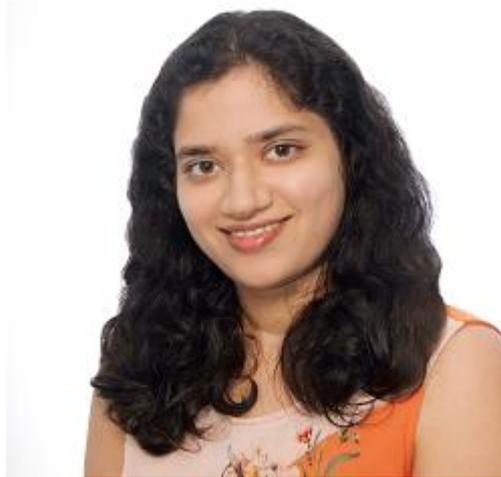
The laurel, the glory, they lead to this prize.
Let mine be the story I read in your eyes.
The light of your laughter gives life to my song;
Let dreams dally after, my joy to prolong.

For honour is hollow and empty and vain.
But you I will follow and worlds I will gain.
My verses, my pages I lay at your shrine;
I give you the ages, if you will be mine.

III

This mirror to the world:
The mysteries of creation
With a careless flick,
And the gentlest caress
For the furthest horizon.

There is order
In the disarray of colours
But only if
You step away.



Aditi Krishnakumar is a writer whose first book, *A Whole Summer Long*, was published in 2012. She has written two more since then, *The Magicians of Madh*, and *Codex: The Lost Treasure of the Indus*, which won the Scholastic Asian Book Award.



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