

## **Re: Membrance**

A glassy glimpse and familiar lanes  
Tug the strings of my sad-stung heart;  
The thought of you is the buzzing signal  
My teacher said signified the longing of your coffin;  
Not that my capillary cages long to lock the air out  
Of your mouth in mine in memoriam-  
I do not wish upon myself Somebody  
Else's blessedness baselessly but  
Unfinished business always baffles me.  
The memory of you thematically plots  
The points of my living and your living  
In different axes that yet did meet at some intersection;  
So is My blessedness! The memory of you is the pungency  
Of a melancholy-cologne sprayed against petrichor. The memory  
Of you is a mewling black cat spewing good-bad omen.  
The memory of you plays  
A mischief on my mouth and tears my eyes;  
My favourite tune on my first music box,  
Always winding the winds and alleys back to you,  
A perpetual presence in an amnesic mind  
And when I remember forgetting you,  
I forge the keys to my memories  
And forgetfulness is all forgiven.

## **Whiskers of Catastrophe**

Don't feed the cats, my love,  
As they scare our children away.

These kittens of nigrescence  
You fondled in my fear,  
Did you not know they scarred my memory?

Don't feed the cats, my love,  
They're sitting on the ledge.  
These kittens of indulgence  
You flaunted with fanaticism,  
Did you not know they'll take it to heart?

Don't feed the cats, my love,  
They'll keep coming back again and again.  
These kittens of conscience  
You filled with fidelity,  
Did you not know they'll alienate our abdicated son?

Don't feed the cats, my love,  
For they'll stay long enough to see you're dead.  
These kittens of omniscience  
You'll feed with your flesh,  
Did you not know they could reveal my witchcraft?

Don't feed the cats, my love,  
If you do, you'll last feed me.

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