

In March...

In March when dry winds
arrive, and the stooping woman
still continues to sell
last vestiges of her fruits
to the haggling, irate buyer
whose bitter mouth
would savour that one last
taste, touch-
when school children
will shed off inertia
and behave like this
irksome wind, I will
sit by the window
and dream of poetry
in hour glass
in a transparent house
of books, words, shelves
with a dancing elf, and
the wind's legerdemain
hoisting boisterousness
to write a poem, with these
emerald shaped hills,
standing in vastness of monoliths.
History unceasing, high priests calling;
the dahlias fading, and streams bursting
into seams of violet hues.

The winds will whisper of evenings

and encrypted souls who lived
in this hill town traversing history
like gladiators in a war of hope.

I will go to the monoliths again
to see their ancient inscriptions
while those sacred groves remain
in muted silence, horizons of
distant skies.



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