

In Praise of Broomsticks With Names

At the cubbyhole, the broom, just as it was left.
A weak knot of jute yarn holds together, that
which dies to war, to retort, to elope, to see the
world, to be popular, no, reclusive, corrects the
next, to bask under varied moonlit coconut leaf
dreams—all brought to knee, to a common noun,
to an autoimmune silence, obeisance, leaving just
cryptic lattices of protest in the courtyard mud, to
be rewritten by insignificant cat paws and rain
fingers. Who sums us up better than this?

Aditya Shankar is an Indian poet, flash fiction author, and translator. His poems, fiction, and translations have appeared or is forthcoming in the Ghost Parachute (U.S.), Unbroken Journal (U.S.), Egophobia (Romania), The Expanded Field (Netherlands), 300,000 Years of Us (France), Otoliths (Australia), The Queen Mob's Teahouse (UK), Modern Poetry in Translation (UK), Armarolla (Czech, Cyprus), Kitaab (Singapore) and elsewhere. Books: After Seeing (2006), Party Poopers (2014), XXL (Dhauri Books, 2018). He lives in Bangalore, India.



The Pangolin Review; Issue 6, 8 September 2018