

## **Lilith**

Lilith,  
a sepulcher of stunted air

A thin laugh  
the drooping Venus tongues,  
ecstatic in the wedges of space

Hanging outside –

my garden blistered with their warm breath,  
their constant heaving

their inaudible, glaring presence  
thousands of purple baby fists  
hanging, just hanging  
the most precious of sights  
yet appalling,  
very appalling

Lilith,  
your large viscous being  
above these pockets of breasts

You stand  
with your tongue deep in my mouth  
A fine straw of divine ache

You stand still,  
deviously devoid of all language,

You stand,  
seeking neither forgiveness  
nor awaiting any,

You stand outside,  
outside breath, sense, being

You stand,  
outside of all human judgement,  
plain vicious,  
the glorious face of luscious lunacy

### **Vines**

The black fruits are ripe—  
perched in delicate silence

clasped fists,  
the dark centre slowly stirs  
as the sun's breath-less core

the diamond grape,  
rich like a dream,  
a full life in the giant's mouth,  
wholesome and sumptuous

Outside the window,  
a dream is running barefoot,  
naked among the vines,  
oiling all in its velveteen slime

Outside the window,

an eye is lost  
in the eternal static of the white night

Outside the window,  
not father nor mother, not love nor death

Outside the window,  
an invisible fire,

the great burden of murmurs,  
the faithless bark of heads

Outside the window,  
the most blatant ecstasy,  
a mulberry lake of frigid quiet

Outside the window,  
breath, breath,  
nothing but sheets of wispy breath,  
as cold, as eternal  
as the stone's riverine eye

### **Frailty**

A thicket of night  
weaves over clasped lips,  
sucklings on tiny blobs of flesh

Shadows and trees  
merge;  
tiptoeing and trespassing,  
tongue eloping with tongue,

molecules of aghast pleasure gulping the sky

A dangerous frailty stuns the chaff white air,  
the flushed artery,  
the flared eye,  
the divine red lip

and between the tremblings  
of the fallen night  
and the masting lip,

a lilt of ageless winds,  
the breathless day, the exhausted mind,  
pious dew and  
the abhorrent carelessness of life



***Aakriti Kuntal***, aged 26, is a poet and writer from India. Her work has been featured in various literary magazines including *Madras Courier*, *Tuck Magazine*, *1947 Literary Journal*, and *Duane's PoeTree* blog, among others. She was also awarded the *Reuel International Prize 2017* for poetry.

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