

## **The Trigonometry of her Body**

The Trigonometry of her Body  
The kid in her arm is a dilemma  
The fleshy Taj Mahal  
In heaven's naked bosom  
Millions lustful eyes play for a deal.

A wavy Chilika lake with two bulging breasts  
The salvation of Cleopatra  
Rain, spring and the Krishnachura  
In abyss  
The warmth breathing of two bodies  
Rush back to drink from heaven's palm.

The flakes of pain fling off the Konark—  
History's mysterious cemetery  
A few albums of nectar yell in poignancy  
Squint eyes of the moon long for  
Autumnal frankincense  
The trigonometry of her body  
The chemistry a fossilised you  
Two ends—solstice of love  
Yes, no wall in between us.

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