

Ananya S. Guha

## Storm

And it is a storm, calm it  
let it repose in faith  
even when fishermen waver  
when distant seas ask for  
a plebiscite of meanings.  
How long will it last?  
This inferno of wait  
this sea strung madness?  
The hillock still stands  
and around hovers a little  
bird of wisdom.  
Studied in school, graduated.  
The hammock still stands on the wall.  
The storm still stands on the head.  
The mast flies. The sky gets redder.  
Oranges mellow.  
The storm is a house painted with hues  
that discolour at a distance. The sullied  
tree knows.  
The storm.  
Bedrock of motifs.  
Poetry is nothing. Truth.  
So is a storm, it walks down a road  
of half empty vessels.