

Shelly Bhoil

## Meaning-making

it was about then when we didn't understand what it is  
and set out into meaning-making exercises

i gently stole a strand of hair from my class-mate's  
blazer and pulled one mine to juxtapose the two in  
sunshine. a few more strands got pulled and stolen.  
then my head scratched to not understand how some  
hair could be 'thin' and some not!

my talkative twin chased words that danced on elders'  
lips and struggled to speak every split second their lips  
sealed that she should be speaking now because she has  
understood 'conversation' (at the end of which she was  
allowed to speak) means a word.

the father's face became red while the mother tapped her forehead!

we traced the patterns of O and C in the moon,  
Y the trees we climbed, V W and M in valleys  
and mountains we saw, hanging from the trees,  
upside down. the mountains, a few walks away  
on our last birthday, became distant now. the  
grandfather explained this phenomenon to our  
growing tall.

we settled down to writing when my twin rhymed  
flower with shower. I wrote 'a smiling flower in the  
rain shower.' we tried to bring in even 'power.' then  
we discovered the dictionary and began replacing  
'condition' with 'predicament'

the rhyming became inexpedient as meanings socialized

those un-publishable poems and experiential meanings had a joy lost to us  
like those years in the years we have grown up to understand what it is  
and that my twin never was nor will be

**(i)**

IT sat on my tongue  
and danced in the motion of  
a bird opening its feathers  
for the high sky  
thereafter nestling on another tongue  
and dancing on yet another

Tress of the mindscape  
outgrow the mythical Eden

**(ii)**

THEY fly no farther than  
the horizon

We close our eyes  
pretending

blankness or newness

but them we find in the hanging house of dreams

an imaginary burns

to recycle

in the splintering rays of the sun