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Implosion

Doorways to destiny's legerdemain come alive
after demitasse has leavened. Epiphanies:
asymmetries must realign. Judging someone
knocking at your door is incipient of intent.
Unanointed by chrisms of understanding wayfarers
of words graze with ease. There is no shortage of
sheeple. Excess as in punalua is best eschewed.
Parageusia freezes my feint to be listless in love.
The tenuity of deus ex machina escapes no-one.

Disquisition

Searchlights within reveal the roost of my still
small voice is on a glacis: nothing unusual, I'm
getting on in years. Swizzle sticks are my way
of keeping track in a bar. Nip between us glaces
your eye, guttatim you defreeze. There is unrest
between faultlines and fruition: believe me, I've
detonated many. Yours is a phase. You too will
curtsy. This is the charter of growing up.

Peccability

Alpenglow on your cheeks constellate me
to our cosmos, quickening in this heliolater
of calentures that never convalesced. Lost
in its energy, I continue bird-dogging protocols
for cushioning my passage here. It's said:
breathing is for one's behoof. Engird this
without forethought, and obliterate your
embroidering of my heart with thread of tendresse.
Grammar has no third choice, like guilt.

Blowout

Unveiling their shine on the cerulean sheet now pitch-dark,
radiant studs, rhombus-shaped compete with beauty
of bicephalous. When the orgulous are on a night out
in their best bib and tucker covering their kytes, chill
of westerling winds add to the ambience. Presence of
sapid puffs invites our olfactories to the divine, making
me muzzy, and moved: even nature helps the well-heeled?