

Sanjeev Sethi

Letter to Self

Middlscence popped in some years ago
downers still underlie my march. You
jut in between nothing and nothingness.
Madrigals intoned live in morphemes,
let loose when there is need for *trouvaille*.
To emptiness you adhibited empathy
letting me earmark safeness of bumper-
shoots. Pathways were predesigned for
us to wandle in all kinds of inundations.
Handheld passages are no party.

Incunabulum

In the condensery of my mind
the osphretic moorings of milk
overrule. Anosmia lets me live.
Panegyriizing oneself on a public
pit is a good way to harm the
house. Like the *dramatis personae*
of a seasonable one-acter an unseen
dramturgist has pitched us.
Solemnity is in acquiescence, in
enduring flashbacks with finesse.

Espial

Self-induced harum-scarum hasn't vellicated me.
It isn't easy to ignore belabor whetted by the karmic
bounce? Heart can never be pitchforked into loving
or leaving when it wishes not to. Inner cellblocks
lug oddments that incarcerate with serfage of your
lubricity. Between us no one knows who the jailor
and the jailed is. Attentive to my needs, I keep away
from curse of emotive flip-flops. My return bag carries
osmosis of the supraliminal kind: there is imperfection
in seeking human perfection. I scribble what I should
never have, my need to alter the larger composition.

Counterpoint

Frush in eyes more flocculent than mimeos
of first love pushed me from safety to skint.
Turnaround of ardency is a procrustean bed
for panhandlers in its grip. Sequaciousness
is a confederate of ardor. I could not meet
your other phiz.