

Aparna Halpé

## Of This November, Mumbai

*Ragath Surā Piru Vithin*  
*Surath Thambaru Pethi Denethin*  
*Puwath Nodena Bamana Gathin*  
*Natath Ayek Surā Mathin*<sup>1</sup>

*Surā Mathin*  
*Surā Mathin*

*Surā Surā*  
A  
Sura  
wine  
of demons  
wash me clean  
again  
eyes ears licked  
by spider shadow gun  
fire  
in my brain  
again  
Colombo 7.10  
dawns a bomb  
again  
Your twisted  
license  
plates my vision  
screen

I long  
to  
forget.

*Natath Ayek*  
*Natath Ayek*  
*Surā Mathin.*

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<sup>1</sup> “Bearing brimming wine goblets; With reddest lotus petal eyes; Swaying past with no knowledge of the news; The drunken ones dance by.” Thotagamuwa Sri Rahula, *Salalihini Sandeshaya*. Trans. Aparna Halpé.

Stop ears and heart  
stop knowing soul  
Stop Sister!  
Sister  
at the train station  
Dead  
Rabbi  
Dead, I  
dead  
or sleeping  
dreaming  
*Surā A Sura*  
*Mathin mathin*  
dancer ride on  
this apocalypse

Pass by  
pass by  
strew lotus eyes  
*Pethi Pethi Pethi*  
pass by

Spin spinner  
Spin line from gore  
from all this  
otherness  
Brotherness  
Spin of bloodied shrouds  
of distance  
of the long lost  
now lost  
all lost  
Beloved.

Your eyes  
like  
the lotus *Surath*  
*Surā*  
*Surath*  
like redness  
like something  
tender  
like sleep  
or jet lag  
your eyes  
flag

breath lags  
falters  
and is gone.

*Surath Thambaru*  
*Thamba*

RUE  
WOE  
WAIL  
Your Eyes Asleep  
asleep  
from me.

*Surath Thambaru Pethi Deneth*

In  
Memoriam  
gaze on  
this lotus bowl  
of memory  
a sip  
of immortality  
or bullet  
petals  
falling.

Pass by, pass by  
strew lotus eye  
*Pethi Pethi Pethi*  
pass by.

Mumbai  
Bhai  
pass by.