

THE QUARRY

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Border Crossing

I set out on a pilgrimage
over the northern plains
of ice-steeped grass
and stones round as knuckles,
breezes sharp as kite strings.

so far from the sea
was I & yet
so near to the sky, the clouds
hovering
like small parachutes,
descending bodies
invisible in the glare. reduced
to threads, mere threads
of light, oh sun. why
do you hide death.

birds solitary as footless
minstrels, singing heat
down upon the curling curves
of snow-dust, evaporating
as softly as love-sighs, spirit-whispers
from pale mouths. the earth a
gently rolling corpse.

I left in order to put in order
a great many things, wings,
notes left unwritten, unfurled. dangling
participles. shoes & the feet in them

seemed ludicrous here,
raw-bone ache and callused blisters
making of the body a pulsing knot,
centered on two points
hot needles.

& still the sun sketched
perfectly geometrical shapes.
the wind rolled back & took
the black shrubs with it, bent them until
they touched their sturdy heads
to the soil.

the terrible tides
the perilous undertows of love
their impossible depths
& the heart within them,
desperately toothless
swallowing loss.