

THE QUARRY

Pooja Biswas

The Migrant

I know these silences of which you speak.
they emerge as if from a womb, and recede into the spaces
behind your eyes (concave; green-lit), spaces you do not recognise
for strangers have trampled upon them
& long since left their marks

I know these silences of which you speak.
they curl, quiet animals, beneath the dusk of noontday automobiles
& sheltered hands: heat-softened, quiescent, in untroubled sleep.
No voices wake them, nor thoughts disturb
As the hours pass darkly by, distant as marching feet.

I know these silences of which you speak.
Restive as the untilled earth, heavy as the unborn, ale
As the unwritten, upon the stone & hew of plough & sickle,
Between the creases of calloused hands, these silences
Coagulate, stubborn as old sweat or new blood.

I know these silences of which you speak.
The silences of crowds, of bees, in which no single speech
Can be discerned; the silences of foreign streets, an exile's dreams.
The rush & turn of wheels & wind, of dust & departing things,
The subtle loss of passing by, of passing on, becoming history.

I know these silences of which you speak.