

Medha Singh

THE MEADOWS

The slow tension of your step I know
so well, now its absence in air, a tunnel
whose trebled whistle I fall inside
into rivers of lavender burning through
our days as we lie in the meadows, kissing.
God's feints that bruise the rising moon
come for me as you leave a while, my cheeks
lonesome and saline now that it's clear
the sun only eats so much darkness;
darkness, sick of itself, a mendicant
praying for light – I alone enter the cave
of your mouth, I alone coddle
its alien tongue with mine.
would test a sturdier nerve than hers
but why waste words – she'd find out soon enough.
All the fool seemed utterly sure of
was never in her life would she be me.

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AFTER

You, whom I held under open heat
by a river that warmed and curved
in the distance, sloshed beneath
trains across that strange society.
Our dawns tapered under days turning
gelatinous within the deep grammar
of love. Today, you, for whom I heaved
through acres of poems. You, for whom
I peppered these quiet words across
the marmalade dusk, stand in a field
inside my solitude. There is a God
beyond plain logic moving her dark
hand over straits where the whales go
to calve. In shallows they find muster
for the buoyant new babe, blind
to the thousandfold tessellations
of the sea. The grass glitters clean,
daisies quiver in their windy groove
as you remember our time, a fable:
I couldn't gather you up, knowing
your nose, your tongue might meet
another shore. Snug in the air coiling
our concrete past, it now cracks
around the waists of women you
think you finally learnt how to love.
Think of me, lover, as a hand
in the pines from a purer time,
as error & ghost still coring
your chest: stubborn, unmoving.

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ZONE

Tornado, in the corner
of the car I held you, held
the unconsolated
chin, as my own. My cool
tongue, here.
Your mouth,
quiet & ear, wet.

– Slide

Segue –

– Zip

How we're thrown
from love
to love
never touched
the right way.

