



## Before Feminism

He slips through her fictions  
the way fish searches food, in the club's

aquarium; its ambition to grow  
fins fit for oceans and myths

is as round as eyes trapped on  
its head, sentenced for

diminutive freedoms  
encased in dim glass-boxes.

She keeps a museum of  
loose endings, charms

that parenthesize what  
she must keep

away from him. Foggy  
weekends of neon

device entrapments for her,  
through glasses with

overlapping thumbprints.  
She's the invisible

nymph hiding behind  
the fake blue-corals,

waiting to be rescued, into  
someone's odyssey.

## Age of Permutations

There are nights his doubts splinter into  
legs in mini-skirt, with lipstick glossy as rivers in sunset.  
They cup nights in coffee, stretch them in car-chases  
at a multiplex, before their moons huddle  
in creased bed-sheets and glasses of wine.

When not legs, nights take the  
shape of hollow moons, the way leggy lips approximate  
pasts that refuse remembrance. He keeps a small  
museum of them, nights  
of engagements and repose,

like how some images flirt into his viewfinder's line  
of sight, unplanned, and become memorable  
as shattered certainties.