

Maitrayee Deka

Pomo

She who speaks through three people
is having to marry one end of an
autumn bush snapped in halves
one half missing the blossom
are straining the nostrils as cotton bulb,
a new way to breathe persona non grata,
they both are learning, each with
their phantom limb grabbing things
invented for the purpose of putting
two together, double decker bus, tandem
bikes, beanies, who came up
with these things

loss
an empty sky
spins into certified wholes,
whole milk, whole avocados,
whole grain, we need these things

traffic
lights stop unsteady vehicles,
now she a two is
fitting into a sample size.

Before Long

Apple slices upright
on goat cheese salad
humid halloumi shavings on
a pancake burrito suburbs
gone honky tonk in an all-American diner,
is there any other country that knows itself
more through its motels open throughout the night
and I have not even been to the country.

I often nibble my shadows for lunch,
slowly feel my teeth through the air from BnBs,
cut roses, fumes from TV, circling the ventilator
mice dropping on my lap, I can rewind to Victorian lanes
from the back of my neighbour's window, lunch grass is greener.

My bedroom pulls the wool over my eyes
and can't tell apart inside from the out.