

Albino Onions

By Kushal Poddar

Albino onions from
B's garden go into the sauce

he can still smell the following
morning in every obscure

movement, love, yawning, yearning.

Fever

By Kushal Poddar

All left me.
Came fever.
Its nibbling
my inside
felt so hot.
A bird moves
against the wall.
Oh! Only
my hands, my hands.

I Wiggle Out the Pass mark in Geometry

By Kushal Poddar

The way you fill up
a bed, a rectangle
well made, a square,
a parallelogram
our ownership happens
to look like from the eye
of a chance falcon
passing by this morning,

and the way you complete
a circle so I may
step inside you,
jump and fall, jump and fall,
scream, my cheek burning,
eyes beaming glee,
so our neighbour spill
some coffee on him,

I shape and reshape myself.

Endeavors

By Kushal Poddar

The way a child dies
he sleeps.
The way he says, Don't die,
father,
because if father welts
he will,
he sees nightmares back home.
And there
exists no home. Here
exists
no exit door. Here
swells waves
but no shore. What you
know as shore
is a silent yard, all
children
playing hide and seek
and none
endeavors to find.

When Clouds Died

By Kushal Poddar

So
when the clouds crumble everywhere,
the battle over, breathing leaden,
hands held and yet this forlornness
farspread outward and within,
blue begins to consume me,
consummate, devours. I stand still,
all clear to me- here I be, here
I cease to mean anything.

So,
I need to fall, my knees pressed against
my ribs, my bottom blackened with
the clouds' blood, my head turning
towards me still standing. Sit, I urge.
I hear not a single syllable.

The Way Books Should Be Read

By Kushal Poddar

The snail rears the hardcover,
your gardening book, upside down.
The silent page says chapter on
winter floriculture ends here.

The snail reads between the hushed lines.
Its slime darts through the stained circle
I set my tea just to irk you.

Writing Raw

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Kushal Poddar bio: Kushal Poddar is widely published in several countries, prestigious anthologies included Men In The Company of Women, Penn International MK etc and featured in various radio programs in Canada and USA and collaborated with photographers for an exhibition at Venice and with performers for several audio publications. He is a lawyer and an English teacher presently living at Kolkata and writing poetry, fictions and sketching for an art-poem book. He authored, 'The Circus Came To My Island' (Spare Change Press, Ohio) and "A Place For Your Ghost Animals" (Ripple Effect Publications, Colorado Springs) and his forthcoming book is "Herding My Thoughts To The Slaughterhouse".