

## Untitled

By Goirick Brahmachari

Hang me at the gates of dawn  
for the road is long, a million miles  
and the rivers are all wary  
and the workers are all in town,  
fighting, hallucinating,  
making faces at the mirror  
defying their existential gong;  
for many suns to be munched  
like burgers, with extra cheese  
on hot summer mornings,  
when we bleed like a fish  
in greedy green salads  
rotten inside a bin  
for memory to rain  
over unpleasant smells,  
nonlinear like time-

and the future is a ghost,  
and love a dead ant  
for all the truths of this world  
to uncover unprecedentedly  
on a broken Sunday evening  
inside a big, black garbage bag.

**Goirick Brahmachari bio:** Goirick Brahmachari is a writer based in New Delhi, India. He hails from Silchar