

Aryani Mukherjee

Isolated System

farther from where the crop-mattress ends
a space isolated
in tremors i see i saw
in tremors on the see and saw
which breaks equilibrium
that is pre-condition
one
when the woods breathe in isolation
and breathe out green
from free tension
pure energy

to make work in an isolated system
several objects must create their own
heat and innate pressure
in the tremors i see i saw
from see to saw when balance strikes
there's no more work in isolation
it can find its grave and remember the species
of insects that fill the yard
the intrinsic flowers

let aerial pressure push the piston's life
a little gentler further into the cylinder
into a thermal equilibrium
a fine tremor then registers
as see moves to saw

devoid of pulsation
plunging into the weight of an equilibrium
there's no work left in melancholia
no breeze
no tremor

in tremors i see i saw

amidst a shade and garden untouched by the sun
or in a mild wave run through the blades of grass
an animal fruit in a lightening instant
in a moment itself unstill
transforming into what is still
unclear duality
no work records then in the lightening woods
observe the changing levels
keep your eyes on the glass
it's consciousness
remember
heat makes energy and there are no duals

if you could remember that there is a state
where fluid and ether can co-function
about the colorscents in nature
you would recall other forests that need
to be touched upon as part of the
transition plan, you would
remember the siblings of nature
their huts, roots, floral hairs
the suckling touch

how many mirrors have you seen
the apple under sky expected to be blue
was it ?
is blue liberty ?
what does the atom say ?

the causal element on the surface
of all the twists and phantasms
could alter the length of a wave
to make horizon red
and the apple will look brown
or applied red
its boughs would blossom roses
before the fruit arrives

watch and measure the levels of freedom
in the woods, the tremors
in the tremors we see and saw
to work in isolation
work
that needs to be.

meaning language

*mama, what is Language?
language is the house we live in.*

that terrace, and staircase. circular balcony and garage. meaning the flats on the other side as well. of the Andersons. Amardeep. Mr and Mrs Van Hoff. the Swahili speakers on the first floor. the quadrangle downstairs where the whiff of *puliyogare* before the curry leaves go in. these corners where dust scratches immemory in the dark. and down the stairway gender, adverb – always, 24/7. even, in the middle of the night sound rubs sound to metal words.

*somebody and somebody make nobody. come, let us all talk together. beautiful, the word - all. so many people. hundred, thousand, million. maybe, a whole city. the city of the future. alley, tramway, high road
towards a new language splitting its abdomen.*

the architect on the earthmover all day. forest meeting bog on the flyover. expertise followed by etymology. knock-down and spanking-new neighborhoods friendship. theater with the dusty garden on the nether side of the tramway. flowers come only as adjectives of eventime. railtracks laid in the recesses of the hyperreal. from *Nandighat* to the Anglo alley in five minutes underground. look at those air-conditioned vegetables. we think about the fourth world in the shopping mall.

*who are they? walking the ridges between the paddy to the barren land.
hey! where do you go? who are you?
no-answer answers no-answer.*

this group of nomads in search of new poetry have seen them. in *Mukutmanipur*. suddenly, the April burn in the skin of the wind. potters they, searching earth. no different from how you probe your feverish sentences between these paddy fields; they are on the elevation opposite. in line, silent. not like trees, the connections of man and earth. so secret, braised with the psychology of the sculptor. like you thought of the flyover, bridge,to where the birds fly and perch. where the metaphor achieves fullness. barren land finds rain. such supple wet earth in touch with new poetry. the potter filling buckets, go help him. he will douse insensate language with organic earth. we will search again.

*papa, how did these sea-shells come here?
the wave brought them. these are dead shells.
how many shells make the sea, papa?*

all the pickings of grapes, this fall. all the pages of the lexicon. all the crabs in the sand. think, the colony of poisoned ants bearing each word on every page to the hollow of the blue snake. writhing, the blue snake tries to emerge. the froth of salt in the last breath, this wave. the members of the blue snake within, non-expectant. the limpid blue eyes of the sea in it, here and there. shell is a dead word. its meaning-soul lost in the swirl of the water. still, we search. get the divers in. straight to the goldsmith if found. he teaches us to stitch the meaning of tears. that glistening buckle in the neck makes our belief in poetry so fetching this evening.

pomegranate

no one in the theatre. white screen. bengali word for screen. white barren. leaf-n-page.
absconding she. towards the left. laid scroll. letters. title theme. black arrangement. linearized. in
forest.

bare leaves.

white. green.

smoking copperleaf.

picked & pickled. mixed. gathered. selected. mashed.
chewable. suckled.

licking text. smelling lines. sweat of trees.

and pomegranate.

consequently pomegranate. on a white napkin.

sittingly pomegranate. gradually wet. unawaringly.

got up and fleeing. like Ushree. eighth-grade. red napkin.

pomegranate on top. like grenade me, po. I mean poetry.

unsmart pomegranate. unintelligible baby. weighed too
much without expression and with matter filling diaper.

in the jungle. all this. why jungle ? why inside the crumbling shell ?

unknown gender. arms length. choking grasp. squeezing circles on the trunk. on

cross section. gasping. between kisses. words gyrating but s l o w a n d c o
n v o l u t e d...

molten in mouth. and vaguely flying. UFO.

after all circles. tree trunks. their circles. on record.

long longevity. closely following lines. too close. circle. circular. semi-circle.

epicircle. old records. like song. all those. times. trams. crowded. sweat of late
spring. walking on chest.

grapes at the center. at nipple. desirous squeeze. wet lump

of shirt. soiled water. those words. sewer sounds. towards nirvana.

in the sun. on the sun. atop the plate. on the napkin. pomegranate.

menstruating. blooded region. from civil war. a wet map. el mapa mojado.

crushed geometry on. word about it. that classroom. memorabilia. littleness. little days. all circle.

carrom-men. their spaces. wooden discs. small town. decorated, before the blast. red capital.

center of it. all. vermilion dot. iris of third eye.

like this.

e n c i r c l i n g.....

to another voice. of the ventriloquist. projected poem. on white screen and
squeaky clean. whip of the white. detergent. shineburster & lackluster. both.

from the left. title card. of letters. laid scroll. from. to. to & fro. blood.

stream. flood. impalpable menstrual. of just not ladies but mens of the

rural. pain. unreturn. somewhere. in mind. squeezed. chewed. emptied.

hives. no buzz. honey soaked in rainflowers. lukewarm mildew.

compressed. heartlines pressed near lifelines. frictionhappy.

stung memory. time's beck. recycled pain. unedited.

all in the bag. shaken out. unfurled. sand. water drained. now dry. just wind. breeze.
grains. rains. yellow pollens. miniscule and elementary. not ours. hand-held face. eye-sketched
face. tears on black mascara. torn viola. he didn't. she didn't. why didn't ?

don't ask.

flying flowers to replace birds.

noise for honey.

quiet spadework.

dead hive.

crossword puzzle.