Two Poems

1. I Wait

At this moment of utmost purity
I await him
beside a lighted candle

something moves
I know him
better than anyone else

the only thing I’m sure of
he is past saving.

Just two seconds more
and then
his veins will writhe on the floor
like a lizard’s tail

one moment has just gone by
what remains
is the time
it would take to kill a butterfly.

He has come
behind my chair he stands
trying to talk to me

his breath disturbs me
the dagger handle is crushed
under my tightening grip

unable to endure it any longer
I spring up and turn.

‘Who will light a candle at noon?’
he asks and blows it out

and then
like a sudden sound dying out,
he dissolves into the air

for over a year now
I’ve been trying to kill him.

Tomorrow
at the same time,
beside a lighted candle
I’ll wait.
2. **Identity**

Read Nicanor Parra?
Interesting fellow.
Yesterday, a bird
read me poems.
I too feel like
writing a poem.
Why not?
Thus goes my poem:

I
They elected me pimp.
I’m the most secretive
man in the world.

II
Without me
everything will go wrong.
I can die in peace.

III
My birds get angry
when they hear I am writing.
My Lord,
me, a poet…!

IV
Tomorrow, the first thing I’ll do
is to hurl obscenities
at those who don’t approve of me.

V
Birdclub, writer’s club,
blackness, same race,
I will change my address
to be aware of my own identity.

VI
Praises are showered upon me.
Newspapers flash my picture on the front page.
It’s of young Ananda.

VII
I longed to be a pimp
even as a boy.
Why should you be surprised?
I laboured like a dog
to get this status.

VIII
My Holy Vasavadatha,
forgive me…
For a moment
I forgot
even to remember you.

_Syam Sudhakar_