

## 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,

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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

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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*