

after erasure

scratch this land-skin,

TIL

there's no

more

any

*parasitical*

ITCHING

of your plans

scratch TIL there's

*value* secreting, black

-gold, copper-red copper, radio-

active junk - *it's worth it*,

azure rain filling there,

where

FLESH was

ploughed off.

scratch, scratch, this

land, this *plot*

might be

the winning

ticket.

*this overwhelming sense of*

scar(r)ed,

overwhelmed

by a fabric

of humanity

that feels wet

on the skin, wet

of the blood

of every victim

of a pointless act

for a pointless god:

is it pointless, all this?

i rest my soul(lessness)

in the moral superiority

of an amoral cosmos.

as long as i can bathe my being

in the waters of this common pool

that bleeds into eternity,

every fibre of me, you, them, us,

soaks, wet, the same blood, the same

lymph, that runs across the

cosmic pattern of the whole, where  
every individual point loses  
any semblance of consistency,  
and every drop of blood, every  
victim, every act, every  
god ain't any good nor  
evil, but a cruel witness  
to an en ever unfolding  
continuum of being  
in this one place  
and one time  
and intricate net  
and then no more and  
yet again  
til  
ever  
me  
you, us  
who  
else  
again? !  
when did I  
even

*confess*

let us                      in a sense

, where

any given word loses:

any semblance    of consistency

*ekphraseis from dryland*

sea calls for rust,

*waves eroding:*

our primordial soup

is a crematorium.

*clay mud dirt soil,*

we're a lump

yahweh spat on.

a chimaeric            belonging,  
to where            we have set  
foot, and will again, where we  
stand now, and the scars  
of foreign voices    that were  
chiseled    on our captive skin:  
to belong,            just as not to,  
gets layered            along  
time-space nostalgias

*counter-speech*

on being delicate,

on being fragile,

as a petal torn

by the weight of a sun ray,

on being a lamb,

the victim, on being

turned into the delicacy

at the centre of the platter

for a feast of the eyes,

on learning to speak

the language of flowers

when all other form of cursing

is never as powerful as

*blurting your sperm into the winds*

in the form of yellow dusts.

*(un)learn to sense*

- *sniff sniff*

a warm embrace of humus

*cocoa, cinnamon, cloves*

the moistness of

an entangled hug with earth

the green softness that

pillows our steps,

we should relearn

to caress budding tendrils,

tender hands

of a tentacular mother

soil as a womb of forgiveness,

sprouting its prayers

from an abyss of faith