

A Digger's Secret

Written by Hasan Abir

Here floats a secret that won't split.
Sacred and bloated are what to call it.
In the same sense how an abandoned,
Yet-to-whimper, yet-to-be-whispered-to
Infant stargazes from the quietest bend
Of an endless highway, with neither blue
Memory, green thought, nor pink dream to
Work as pigments.

Of course, the little one will
Eventually bloom into an adult,
With a big broom to serve a cult.
Still, granted,
It'll stay true,
And yes, blue too.

The it (hush now):

All I urge to have whenever I close
My hands and stroke them together
Is a fat rope
Around the wrists.
All I picture for those beach hawks
Are iron coops,
Where time droops and twists.
All paradoxical to an old concept that bogs
Down on my soul when with their squawks
They say "One can truly find it past docks."
So, I walk past a rusty monument

And I part with its figments;

Its righteousness;
Its reclusion from
The world, whose
Righteousness
That it not loosely
But precisely
Replicates;
Its resistance
Against inviting its mother
Into this store world out

From the sob stories of a wet page.
Somehow her image is enough to engage
The old with the ones at the threshold of age,
While stirring all with the handle of her language.
Yet a digger such as I is unwilling to care
Or romanticize them as if it were my duty.
Why when there's a wilderness full of scares
To amuse me—to make the final scare a beauty.

