

Teal Train

Written by Hasan Abir

My earthen pot in teal
Is topped with earth, although
It's all cement, its soil-sealed ground
For all the worms but me to sow.

It's sure impossible
To just sit by and stare
And not shut eyes and dribble down
To an opaque wormland somewhere.

You imploded this plant!
You, caterpillar train!
I may never understand why
You must bring me to such wild plains

Where one can but only
Drift by in time, aloof.
Unmake your mind soon; take me—I
Only grow on a garden roof.