

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.

*...The rest of this poem should be published elsewhere
(This note is not part of the poem)*