The light is pink through the backs of trees

can be pine or larch or pear

kinship terms more familiar than names

can be distancing diminutivizing affirming no longer unfamiliar

power cut no inverter

use the gas make tea

slab bakery rising a smell dettol-like heavy vaporous low-lying toxified

can come will be there

Above polished granite compound brown beyond trees hills disappear into houses

concrete lain over rebar hand-torqued into convexity

forms a solid gray unbeveled arch from hilltop to roofline to madan

ostensibly maybe probably to keep errant exposed flanks of illegally-mined sand at bay

because beyond the trees within city limits resources are extracted

thin though thin through competition thin like *chats shillongais*

thin through taking thin through selling thin through use thin alkaline

from our royal blue Maruti 800 we marvel (‘I’ve never seen anything like this’)

Belt that looks like it’s in inches

measuring the land they wanted to measure right up to the drain

he demanded they measure four feet from the drain they wouldn’t

they measured two feet from the drain

Multiply 1300 per sq foot by 150 by something

it comes to seven crore and something

are you accusing me of making a mistake he said

it’s eight

The light is still morning light

thin but full and not paining bright

cat Kyntiak(later disappeared leaving

jean thread hangings tangling attachment

the vox-hollow bereft missing swipes)

motionless intent springing

curling into grass shadowed by reeds

shaded by the backs of trees

Like citrus vapor the light emulsifies

micronic droplet *flamande*

Kyntiak intensifies

muscles tighten dainty

to articulate tip

the jaws pink bat-like

begin to open and close rapidly in a clatter

like toy teeth hers are needles on a wound spring

she in a trance flashing the teeth

the jaws opening and closing very rapidly

from the throat an involuntary chatter

an ek ek ek

frightening until a short echo sounds

she’s imitating in the grass

a small black bird nearly perfectly

as a kind of lure staring intent involuntary

Let out in the afternoon moon

hens

sawdust sticking to their heels

forking

but ignored draw lines in the wet grass pushing up

pyrjong mosquitoes

intimate gossamers but gossamers

require cosseting to be expected to survive

Not *th* as in *thy*

voiced and voiceless two-character plosive

melded double-wound copper core

damp down mutton bone thlone

trains the tongue to make *h* cluster

aspirationally close the windows it’s after 5

it’s already two hours

since the mosquitoes left the shallows for the sha—

Cat as cowboy

astride

the white chickens

thick

compound I

notas in *thy*

we freely

take

Too hot to paint

corrugated tin all last month

too wet now in back to whitewash or paint the doors

green enamel islands fleck

into Sintex

yellow print black catchment

tin roof in the rain

too wet to paint

Nature where encroachments and distortions are everywhere

nuclear minority Romulus and Remus same she produces wastes

Romanized orthography botches

epenthetic lot

extension

takes another plot

down the garden path

switching on the pump

Starting construction the land by Royal Enfield accommodates

another concrete abode

outdoor tube-lights

fail to explode

Golflink Lodge stupendous

can’t get a liquor license

the Garo church down the lane objects

the Cherokee Room at rs. ----- remains empty

And this house itself a dacha outside the city limits this city

Salzburg sma ksem

where Mozart came and Julie Andrews

fashioned love out of drapes

what is it ringed by mountains like a berserk

Maypole sticking up from tech park proclaiming vanquished cloud corpora

Salzburg while down the hill toward the private pinus psychiatric hospital

a rural health mission strops youth in clime or was that just in Golda’s mind

The red light atop the black plastic speakers’ subwoofer beats

in waltz time

jaggery candy striper wound round spindle leading down to three men

in basement rooms the khrumfor clandestine Buds

I think in America you don’t see very many ladies in saris

there is no more native dress anywhere I think only India is beautiful

Morse bill of lading

Ezekiel trading

The light is fading

the bed is mading

the heart is beating

bp-bp bp-BP!

chattering teeth

like polished teak

repeating

reap