

Anu Lakhan



Untitled I

Gentle, and more gentle still
like flowers, but fallen
or half drowned,
these small words like seeds
that grow into islands –
I see you have found the flat shadows
of mountains and the ends of meanings.

I cannot begin,
not knowing the way,
not believing the sign;
I wait and forget
and return –
The vining hand, this
branching sentence remains.
You remark upon the time.

