

SABYASACHI NAG

WALKING COOPER

Grass is awake. Dead leaves shuffle.
Ghosts gossip behind wet boughs of bougainvillea.

Someone has left a ladder full tilt, undoing Christmas.
Sky is on slow burn; steel oats for breakfast.

Trees stand beside their shadows under dull lamps
like terracotta armies that stand and never fight.

Someone is stabbing the snow exactly where the salt
has gorged a blue eye. The wind is a chainsaw.

Squirrels in perfect symmetry, never out of step,
run up and down the untrammelled snow.

A tin lobster looks down from a high patio,
shiny with grease overlooking a hooded stove.

The draught cuts through newsprint putting
soggy deals face-up on fences like a tube man without limbs.

Walkers shuffle in smart hats unmindful of traffic,
smiles healing under slough.

Bobby's breakfast, churches, cemeteries, and Lowe's
will soon claim all cars.



© Sarah John