

ALAMGIR HASHMI

CROSSING THE ALPS

Sort of placed here, yes, he remembers
being with you at some point
over there, crossing the borders and guards
whose vanity box has just one secret:

Keep Them Apart.

He found a way around it, froze
in the landscape, local twang and weather,
kissing you to snows relenting,
gaining time. But the sun forever slid off the Alps.
That snowman has since migrated

to regions he'd better keep to himself,
for their sake, for life needs saving;
its rigid grace invites the sunspots
to his face; cyclones, random cloudburst
in tropical streets winding back after all

to a sensible grove, the bending bough of seasons.
Thus he chose what he chose, credulous to a fault.
Just as the bluebells work heads down even here
as fancy streetlights. Facing these again
he tastes melting flakes, your salty letters.