

FIVE POEMS

by Merlin Flower

WHY WE LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor Hezekiah writes... 'These five poems each extended that prickly head-rush—that warm tingling you feel when something connects. 'Safe in Love' explores the notion that lovers in the night are rarely the same person you wake up to—they grow darker with the light. And the stricken sense of an overloaded washing machine is all that remains. In 'Couldn't You Read Me? I, You?', 'anger' as 'worthy' in the dissolution of a relationship is inspired. Lines I intend to steal include 'delicate love festered', 'shy sun', groomed with light'—lake-like fog—' and 'the annoyed empty seat beside me.' And of course, the delicious... 'The drink inside remained innocent'. H.S.*

Safe in love

Riveted in the
'always there for you'
I slept peacefully.
The stars remained
glorious.
The overloaded washing
machine whirred.
The ruler kept
lying.
When I woke up, he had
absconded with
my best friend.

Couldn't you read me? I, you?

The lure of
your delicate love
festered.
Awful, it
was also overwhelming.
Somewhat boring too.
We dissolved the relationship,
without an argument.
Some anger would have
been a worthy departure.

we have only here.

The shy Sun still managed to
penetrate the car, filling it with vitamin D.
Groomed with light, the car and the sun moved
in the same direction for a while.
The forest welcomed both.
In a short time, they left the
woods and entered the city, again.
Sigh.

lover

The 'shut up' was exuberant but firm.
Overtaken by the alcohol, I
was blown away by the two words.
The drink inside remained innocent.

Snog

In Delhi, the first fog of my life.
Lake like, the white man-made fog pleased
my eye. The throat felt bit silly.
Well, eyes too. Yet, I
wished to see you- To joke on the
charming fog.
-to laugh at the species we are part of.
I looked at the annoyed empty seat beside me.
A mild disappointment
germinated veered away by the white fog
in no time.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *Reading the poems, it looks as if I had just undergone a breakup. Alas, not the case. The poems don't reflect my life. Yet, of all of which I dabble in, there's more of 'me and I' in my poems, than in the paintings, photographs and stories. Now, did I confuse you?*

BIO: *Merlin Flower is an independent artist and writer. She lives in India and can also be found on Twitter @merlinflower.*

