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(I)M(MO)R(T)ALITY OF THE ALPHABET

All of this will one day end, she says,

be it bigots, beauty, Beyoncé, the need for
commas, churches, car keys, all color and
desire. Seas will dry. Despair too will
end. Endurance is a myth. All eggs crack.

Fill your heart with a field of sunflowers,
gratitude for God, and a fawning for
heaven. She says my cries have no

I. I am immersed in inhibitions, I

jest, I jinx, I jumble my hopes, jingle my regrets.

K, she says, you lie in a kingdom of kindness,
lust and longing lining your bones. Maybe I am a
monster who does not want to reflect in a mirror —
nunchucks in my hands, a knife in my neck.

Or maybe I am afraid to lose the oars of my canoe.

PTSD has stolen my eyes. Perhaps, she says.

Quiet is the way she serves, quick the way I lie.

Refuse me a river, I will rage in the clouds.

She says no to suffering, yes to salt, no
to tirades, Oh-K to time, to trying for an alternate
universe, to unalloyed understanding, unlit
verse, volition. Do not forget to woo your voodoo doll,

whisper wind in its ears. Will and want forever wake us.

Except for the axis, what warms our planet? Sex. Exercise

your yearning till the sea is yellow. Say yes to yourself.

Zero will always exist, no matter what exits.

LESSON IN ARCHEOLOGY

Knowledge is covered by the absence of knowledge.

— *Bhagavad-Gita (5.15)*

Love remains cloaked
by the absence of love.

The yellow rose in your hair is punished
by the absence of earth — a dead man's neck.

The deluge outside your window
is veiled by the vacancy of clouds.

Mondays remain blinded
by Sundays, snow by fall, you by love.

Your scream waits under the absence
of your scream — a tear in the drumskin of sky.

Fire is mythologized by the absence of fire,
you by your silence.

A beautiful poem is sullied
by a poem that begins with love.

March apologizes to February for cutting its tail.

Underneath these gloves
are the crooked hands
of a pawnbroker.

Rivers are shrouded by earth, earth by rivers.

Peel the onion of lies,
what remains
is truth.

A banyan is buried inside a seed, wind inside a bubble,
a bee under a crown, a blade inside your clavicle.

When you lose
your body, hear the spring singing:

scratch white to discover a rainbow,
now to be on the other side of *always*.
Let absence be your plow.