

you never happen

...it so happened

Prasenjit Maiti PhD

2003 chapbook
scars publications

⊕ this year is like

blundering somewhere else
this year happens to be meeting
people people people
who kill me each moment
of our lovemaking

you do not step out
leaving our desolation behind
to stroke my nothingness
even once, reaching out
to our memories that are like us

hanging ever so loose and forlorn
like all those broken tiles
that line the inglenooks
of our sorrows

killing me each moment this year

One day should you be

lonely as you are walking
along winter roads
that are like indecisions

One day should I be alone
reclining like a pillar of shadow

Should I repeat so many blunders?


Should I recall evenings together
that are like nothingness?

Should I laugh and stroke my
merry celibacy? Should you
care like your full lips in bloom?

Like drawing blood on the rocks
like our darkening nights

Should we grow apart like trees?

Should we, but years
should we, but memories?



It was an afternoon

when she walked out of our lives
leaving me to savor our dinner
cold and alone
like a heartless collation



sadness

angst and afternoon
i savor our dinner
collation turns cold
stutter and sorrows
pastels like evening
eyes are closed

She used to make love

like quite another woman
and the night air was always cool
and fragrant during our foreplay

She could easily recall
all those heady flowers

the breeze caressed us
sprawled out wet
and spent like money

She was my recklessly
groomed lovemaking

She was like a woman in love
tending flesh, tending memories

Allow me to teach you

an old trick or two

You take your woman
in your arms like eggshells

and you tell her
what sex is all about

She may not be aroused

then you are to fall back
on your memories
and do nothing else

It so happened that

that evening was like your full lips
in bloom
I have written about your lips
elsewhere
and yet cannot recall them anymore
or even the evening
when those lips were so

there is now only your nothingness
that likes to hang around with me

and so we would walk cozily together
in easy camaraderie
into an evening that is so very mindless
of all those holidays spent with you
like prayers in rains

and lovemaking

What about a woman

without trappings?

What about walking along roads
that are no more?

What about my women
whom I do not meet anymore?

You never happen

to miss me anywhere
around your lips

while licking the froth
of quite empty eventides
alone in winter woods

or crying and rising and falling
like we were the waves once
breaking against
the endlessness of passions

in the swell and flood
of our desires perched
like birds and lusty beaks
you never miss me
when in love
or wistfully alone

She was spread like fresco

against the rock as I saw her

I like the way young women smell
my cheeks brushing her tender breasts

our lips were smothered and bleeding
and we were taken in for moments

eyes closed and serene
like everlasting stones

Let us go away

from all our women tonight

women are like wastelands

let us caress the fields of joy
where the haystacks groan

and the memories of our
lovemaking are rife with agony

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I seek the silences of your thighs, Calcutta, my expanse and my dwindling fury, as I spit on my grave and look back over my shoulders like my hunchbacked worries . . . I steal your lines and lose my job and kill our child and come sooner than your desire . . . The morning tram droops an early, hopeless return while the winter wraps around our windshield in and out the vanishing green . . . I walk back home in the company of mists, memories of battles and happen to wag my tail and my tongue when I run into my god ...

(info)

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