

Cramped

I writhe and writhe,
the bend of the bow,
in my summer cramp

inside the pool of sweat.
So are we drowning, dear dreams?
Not yet. Not yet.

I amble for miles.
The guide says,
if the border guards see us,

they will end all our pain,
and I see the birds gliding back
toward the stream

for summer silver.
Soon some fish will writhe
in their clawed fists.

Not there yet.
Not there.
Yet.

The Day Her Red Pill Expired

Did you take the yellow one, pink, blue?
My mother moves her head.
She waits for their disapproval.

I know about medicine from sickness.
The days pass, and my mother shrivels
giving me a chance to learn anatomy.

The medicines expire, too.
One day a red pill died
and my mother buried it

in a porcelain tub
bought for some bonsai
we thought we had time to cultivate.

We agreed that bonsai
befit our lifespan,

even dreamt about small fruits hanging ripe

from miniature branches.

My mother, I imagine,
has no soft spot for her medicines.

Still she cries after the expiry of each pill,
curses the doctors for prescribing it
without foreseeing the future.