A THRENODY (from Pasan)

Abstract
The children danced the children hopped and screeched and pointed pointed as the thing swung
A THRENODY (from *Pasan*)

The children danced
the children hopped and screeched
and
pointed pointed as
the thing
swung
bobbed rocked as
the water
burbled solemnly, endlessly
sedulously murmuring
of peace, eternity, rainwashed sunshiny thickets
and green pastures and
sleepy hamlets;
it rocked,
the children pointed as
the thing
yawed and rocked and

doyi, doyi, doy, sleep my baby sleep,
bayi, bayi, bayi, bye my baby bye

rocked in slumbrous similitude of ease
all but

*kirimuttiya gangé-é giya*

but
the button, the wee nose, the
pretty, pretty johnny, the
tommy, the pretty
the pretty little
penis, bobbing in the eddies, and
the children hopped and pointed,
laughing, screeching, not seeing

there was no head any more
down in the river a pot goes floating by
over the waters the white cranes fly

Each new morn... – how not to Dali
the horrors plopped casually
morning after morning – ... new widows howl,
new orphans ... about
the succulent landscapes and so-peaceful homesteads
of the Resplendent Maathrubhoomi, reality
overtakes the surreal, heaven
isn’t struck, does not resound
imagine

a head
the eyes, the eyeballs finely veined in delicate pink over
eggshell blue, in one corner, the left, a black clot with
an orange-red surround, jagged, wicked; the eyeballs out, pushed
out, globed, the pupils black black points in a brownblack circle
circled by the veined whites the blooded lids the ditchsockets
parted by half a nose above blubbery leaky lips over a most beauti­
ful firm strong chin above
rags and tatters
white thongs and trails of skin hair veins
tangled and streaked above, above

nothing
imagine a head above imagine alltheabove
above nothing

move
two feet right, by the pool, our ornament, a
head above all the, yes, and
two more, yes, and
another three, yes yes and and
yes retch yes
gag yes

Remember
‘it is evil to forget’
the dismembered memberless gazes
stares, the screaming
of children as school-bus stalled
and stuttered, and in the pond
lotuses gazed gazed at the bluest sky