

Ashok Niyogi

PLANNED

Hibiscus hibernates
between umbrae
of lamps
that are her eyes,

and I am elated
that all is well
in the pale winter sun.

Comfort
is unevenly paved
like a cocooned cactus
beneath my park bench,

I am secure
in my effort
to rise once more
from ashes,

" Mr. Phoenix,
tomorrow, I promise,
I will clean out my ash-tray,"

today, it is time
to search for ticks
incessant, in their devastation
of geriatric pets.

CONCERT

for some time now
they have been up-lighting monuments
for the ambience
of late night
when you taste roasted nightingales
and snake's blood
on ice

a four hundred year tomb
that houses a lady in Hijab
is peeling and graffiti

and you sing semi-classical
this night
particularly well

I will have to go back to my park bench
and 'up-look'
stars through roots
that come curling down
from an unbelievable moon
now past its prime

she even sighs like her grandmother now
and all the future
of this youngish world
is on her large head
with 'camels' that they give
with Fritos
and supermen who are young
don't sigh like your grandmother
don't say
"pick them up"

GO

this is when
the watchman waves his wand
and then
lo and behold
the magic works
the stars sleep
banks are closed

in Moscow
they hosed down thoroughfares
with salt

I remember them
now
in camel dung

MEMORIAL

what struck me first
is how far away
the firing positions were
from the walls with bullet-holes

which now need preserving in wooden frames
rather innocuous
as a backdrop for tourists with digital cameras

such mayhem
must have required good aim

and then I am engulfed in shame

all my life I have tirelessly endeavored
to teach myself and train
that I could pick up the guns
of those that massacred
and learn their language
so that I could write to them