

## Wilderness House Literary Review 5/2

*Sunil P. Narayan*

### **Lost In Your World**

I see you lurking in bushes glaring at me from afar  
The lion has marked his territory tonight  
Crickets rub their hands together while soaking in your sweat  
You pant fast and hard like a wolf hungry for a fox

I know you are somewhere under the moon  
With those eyes so full and blotted by your penis's aroma  
Ohhhhh! I shudder for the scent simply tickles my tongue  
It's like sour candy teasing me while I peer into a candy store

Yes, even at that moment you stay in the shadows to watch me  
Ever man, child, woman....every one walks by minding their own business  
Their faces smooth and tight from the botox  
It's French with a bit of a rare slug...that's their recipe

Your stubbly face and cigarette hanging from the mouth  
You dart your unsteady eyes from the left to the right then let the shadow absorb you  
I know you are there my warrior  
Watching with a stare so rough it makes your skin soften

If one day you choose to leave the shadows to mark me as your territory  
I will be standing under the moon with eyes filled with pink water  
Pulsating but stealthy you crouch in the alley  
Broken bottles and the homeless man don't bother you

You are the lion so starved for affection  
No one cares but me, is that so?  
Come to me my husband and give me your past  
Shed your tears like Sara@yū did when possessed by Sūrya

Dawn is dismal as Sūrya goes back to his secret slave-whore

## Wilderness House Literary Review 5/2

She is in agony and tears her yellow sari into pieces  
Sūrya doesn't mind for it gives his sexual prowess encouragement  
Are you Sūrya before Uṣas is joyous again?

You whisper to my ears one morning after squeezing my thighs  
Pushing them together for I am a woman  
Your arms enclose my being and warm it with a tongue bath  
Your bravery filling my belly

Giving me your ivory horn till Rūpiṇī showers us with rose petals  
It is not a shame to be so open with our sexuality my lord!  
We are in perfect union...my devá...marking me with tears in the pink flesh  
Tilling me till your burning seed sinks into the soil to create a bed of love