

RANJANI NERIYA

Workshop

slacken those jute-strung almanacs
blow-dust those shellacked urns
finger the flaky diluvium
of fragrant panniers

tread tenderly, it is a churn
of Minton, molten with star-fall
and tinted thimblefuls from
a bedewed belvedere

how brokenly it gathers
whole, this whispery coda
annealed in a fire
of anecdote

of kenaf tethered, roof
osiered, ashlar river-whorled
blue plink of adze, chintzy
all smoothed to life's music

how we slapped linen
at the rill, how we fired
a stone of joy
stoned a fire of grief

it's all about longings
as they say, be a drop
in the ocean to find
the ocean in a drop

the varied aggregate, mind-body
electrum, thirstful of the
damson trail, resinous fume
breath alight with ballade

fill the mazer, tipple and flow,
in the crook of heart to know how
one leaf it is mints the whole green glade
one nimbus wheels this cosmic clay