

## The Haze

How can I confiscate it  
the other end of obscurities?

There are doubts in a world of traces.

Is it the host ritual,  
or blue, good drawings of my  
squandering inaction?  
Waiting

a thin around summer days  
when birds shift their leafy smiles  
and the grass unaware spreads vows  
I sit upon a discordant myth  
at the silent edge of my own perplexities.

Do I find a gap  
within this staggering evening of known secrets?

JAYARAM PANDA