

Shop Talk

Because of Te

In the rain
was the slip of the mind,
an almost wet knock on an empty door.
Footsteps on water logged timber decks
recoiled at the afterthought of laughter
from the pool where a man oar frolicked.
Dreaming perhaps of being a sea warrior
in this blue chlorine rink of an ocean.

The empty bleached algae green door
ajar with memories and shop talk
of eaten apples and other such glories,
caught in the swapped sweat of words
beaded in much laughter.

Pasty glue marks a poster
a face a design a touchstone,
deigned to stubbornly resist and stay
long after the e-mails have frayed at the corners,
and there have been other lapses in memory.

Here there is the refusal of rain to stop
punctuating the roof of these lines.
And I was left standing crow cocked on one foot
with the strong temptation to knock on the door.

MOHIT PRASAD