

HIRAETHS FOR SHILLONG

—Aidan Syiem

strange now to
arrive
here at the thought of you
now that the waters of umïam
have bled dry
and bleeding dry
only to have left behind
some ill-formed impressions
of rock twig bone and carcass
of crest and trough
and cracks on wilted skin

for who'd ever dream
at the thought of you
or ever begin
to think of dreaming
your mythic face
now gorgeous now grotesque
now delirious

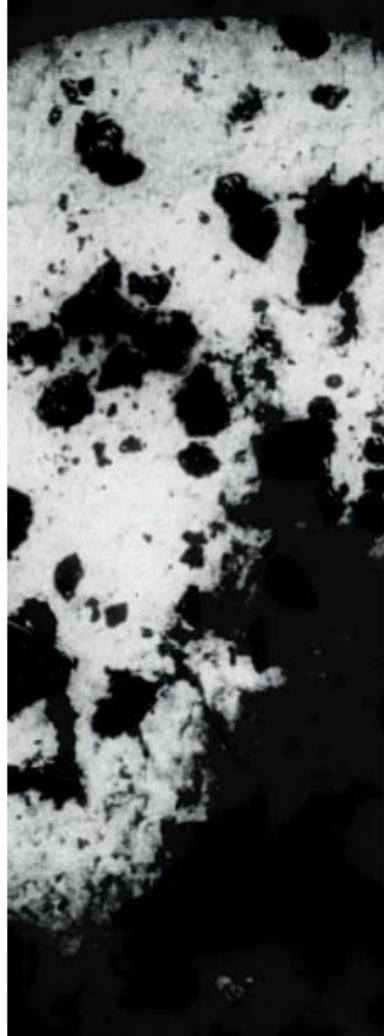
it was somewhere along the wayside
when listening in on the roots of mute passion

swoon
fold unfold
fold

droop weep and quiver under duress
slowly sickening with the wry air
dru-n-k as we were on an incestuous moon

(oh but please
please
don't be alarmed
please
what i speak of
please
has nothing to do

please
with vague notions of
please
i am under no illusion
please
no illusion
please
of what is oh so pure
and oh so sacred
and oh so ineffable
and—)



interludes intrude
by way of curious little
 inertias
while all the while
 perverting
 what passes
 passing
what is preserved
 preserving
 what perverts
our amputated memory
the haunts of our history

so what do we do then
what with all these anxieties of ineptitude
 all this clamor for language
 skirting 'round circles of entrapment
 stranger still to think of it all
 having to swear to myself
 over and over and over again
 to scribble down
 all these unfamiliar promises
utterly useless utterly desperate utterly deceitful lines
 something anything
before leaving this time around

and yet even now
after all these years
hearing those turbines twist and gyrate
i cannot help but wonder
how they spin this infernal centrifuge
drawing inwards here pushing outwards there
concentric chains gracing the life
of every old and newborn shadow
(of thought? being? desire?)

and just like everything else
knowing speaking feeling it all
here at this ungodly hour
here once more at the thought of you
as the wheels skid over every passing curve
is barely enough it never is
for once it starts reeling how it heaves how it claws
how it drowns you in its irrepressible fever
and by you i no longer mean you or us or me or them
meaning
falls
to
obsolescence

when weight stretches time
when allthatknitstogether must soon d i s s e v e r again

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It's the coil of this and that street;
the drift of this and that bend.
Yes, it is the edge of our intimations;
no, the limit of our loves.