

# 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

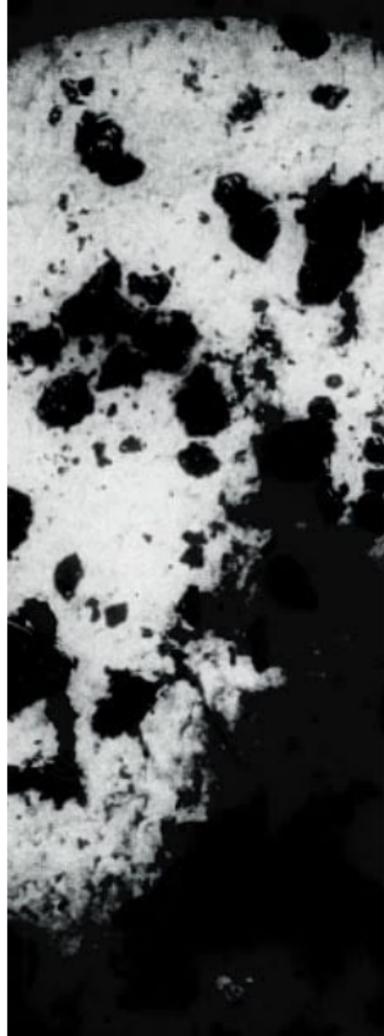
it was somewhere along the wayside  
when listening in on the roots of mute passion

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.