POETRY

Alba

by Malavika M Nair



"Detour Moon" by Robin Young

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Six o’ clock and the sun brought
a quintet of silent crawlers to the concrete,
five glass snails on a line, lost
in plans of their morning walk: in circuits,
or dozed off stretches, or to topple
over lawn patches headfirst then
pirouette mid air till the shells break
their inch-long fall.

And the choir on the wired fence cackles,
now waiting then taking the brave one’s lead
to their needle grass weed rock chairs.
The light dims and the light blooms, a morning eye
still lazy to wake and with it the stardust
sprinkled on cemented floors;
on dewy electric wires and my coffee mug.

Maybe the fat dancers on needly stalks devour them, or
they fall asleep on grass roots. For now
they’re allies in the rainbow web-lined air
and this newborn lime yellow light, or in my mind.
All things twist, and all shapes quilt
themselves into comfort when the light is new,
when this morning’s eye is still an infant
snuck in tight, her golden fingers retreating back
into blankets. So I’ll close my eyes and believe the
deceit that the hours can’t turn her old.

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