

Poetry

Lethe

by Jayant Kashyap

after Lethe by Yoko Kubrick

Tonight it stands in your garden
both an image of afterlife

and in time we
shall bend down at its side to drink

to our changing names

when we shall decide what
to remember,

what to forget —
to begin again this cycle of

living and living and reliving,
our cups emptied,

filled again and again —

before it all stops somewhere
or until we are too scared

to stop somewhere —

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