Trisha Ghosal

Separation

Inside a jar at the bottom of a sea
am I still listening for signs of vitality
am I laying my ear carefully against my heart
or is my head rolling against the wood
making a picture of gentle obviation
that drifts as on a still-born wave
in a monotonic motion
of just two frames?

As the imagination gets coarser and more personal
as it gives away more than is fashionably disquieting
am I losing your interest?
am I losing your attention?
Must I use more metaphor
Show more detachment
Should I sound more distant
And act more resolvent?
there is a romantic code to this,
a process crafted to produce
just the right side of beauty
to ever so cleverly tug at the chord of your undoing
but only in suggestion, only in passing.
so I am constructing this trail
to appear without emotion
to be without hope or longing,
appear beyond affection.
i am leaving you a story,
parts of my broken apparatus
or is it a theory
to foil my determined overflowing
need for you?
an explanation for the insincerity in your guilt
for the self-pity in your sadness
and in the doubt lingering in everything you feel
everyone is bound to notice
after all.