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Akhila Pingali

Show Me Art

I – The Painting

So I was walking back home one night With a wrapped painting in my arms One I'd just bought at an auction And I bumped into a man The parcel fell and came undone The painting caught his eye He stopped and looked at the colours And the strange way they mixed Down to a twinkle in the woman's eye That seemed to shine in the darkness The man stood there, gazing Lost in thought And then finally he nodded And turned back I asked him if he wasn't going

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Where he was headed five minutes earlier He shook his head and simply said He was a killer on a mission But the woman he was after Looked like the one in the painting And perhaps her eyes twinkled like that, too.



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II – The Song

A song floated out of a window It drifted into a bird and out of its throat And wafted down with the wind It hummed among the wasps and bees And whirled through the leaves It glided up the tinkling stream And pranced among the twilight fields Hovered above the city lights And poured into the drunk man's ear And he forgot to beat his wife And fell asleep.



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III – The Poem

Drop a word into the ocean And watch the ripples spread To the trembling sand and Through shaken bodies, And rise Like steam Till the air shimmers Till the whole sky shudders in ecstasy As it soars, expands into a poem That drops back into the ocean And washes ashore Bringing with it the whole world And laying it at your wet feet.



Newspaper for Breakfast

On a lazy Sunday morning I don't want to make breakfast

At the tiffin place under the bridge they give me my idly

I bring it home. It is wrapped in old news about climate change and the like,

On one side there is half an article about someone who ate beef

And is now dead – could be food-poisoning, they're saying.

Sunday morning newspaper in front I sip my tea

And sit with the crossword. That is the way to make words stay:

Meanings don't change in the little boxes and they'll still be useful tomorrow,

Even when it's someone else's turn to die of writing or eating or praying.

Meanwhile oil is oozing into the meaningless ones,

Either that, or they suffocate under neatly folded clothes

Behind neatly closed doors, or warm up a bunch of peanuts -

So cheap, so cheap, at the cost of lives.



Akhila Pingali

Akhila is pursuing Ph D in English Literature at the English and Foreign Languages University, Hyderabad.

Some of my poems have appeared on an online platform called Terribly Tiny Tales, and one of them has found a place in their anthology entitled 99 poems.

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