

COME TO ME, GENTLY, WITH GLITTER CLUTCHED IN YOUR PALMS

POETRY

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Would I look at you and see violets and gold like my mother did
Her eyes shimmering and teary as they reflected the gold draped on me
Would I touch you and feel the velvet of your creases against my skin
Or would my calloused palms grapple with your delicate ones for space
Would I look at you and want to slip princesses and villains into your life
With their grandeur and unattainable tongues and hair
Would I need you like the matchstick needs its howling flames
Or would I weep as I turn into cinders, sorrow and melting glass
Would I depend on you like the moon depends on the sun to breathe upon
the world
Or would I ache that I'm no longer the sun
Would I smile when I touch my belly and know you're dreaming
Of colossal wishes and the genie in the lamp as you turn
Or would I scream in broken fractals of denial
Because the genie is a fiend who steals wishes as the clock strikes...
Perhaps
Perhaps I would hold, perhaps I would let go
Perhaps I would scream, shriek, break. Change.