

Poems by Sanjeev Sethi

Acceptance

We do not require an anemometer.
Volatile puffs with placentious
moves permeate us with their
magic appending layers to our
well-being. But there is more to pash
and pleasantries than the elements.
Only His inclination effects our trim.
If this sounds logion-like, it is.

Karmic Codes

Math of collectanea of moves
results in condign release:
another chapter in edition
of human opus. *Moksh* is
for monks or signers of
cowl or such as cicerone.

Lenities

Sprout from your thighs remind me of
my miscarriage: scrawls on this selvage
are a merry-go-round of another type.
To peruse them one needs to be geared
in disparate reading glasses. These don't
come easy. They are stocked in unique
shelves in unusual stores.

Drupe

Few can slough over pleadings
of a disciplined brown-noser:
complexities come in quicker
than resolves to reset conation
through skin and its seams.

Temple

Ornamentation with which *almighty's* idol
is embellished has nothing to do with Him.
It reveals the devotee's engagement with
aesthetics. As with a forename. It illustrates
little about the individual: endorses subliminal
influences of the parent or caregiver.

Encompassment

Inventories of my awkwardness crawl
into cisterns without lids. Sarcasm vul-
gates your understanding of the situation.
Compathy isn't a cuss in any lexicon. Re-
runs of our chamber play wig me about
whataboutery. Remember smokestack
and green collar are on the same side?

Zigzag

I held my own hand and trudged the tenebrous
hallways. Your visage: furrowed and fossilized
warned me of the roundabouts yet to track,
the littleness of my tide. Is haplography haste
or shortfall in schooling?

Plus One

Through others we coze with ourselves.

Accept it not as amercer but as part of
biddle: poetry is purpose and parergon.

Centos is legit way
to plagiarize
like hurting in love.

Photographs never argue,
they carry stated positions.
If only we possessed their
pointedness.

Contrecoup takes me away
from excitations. Heartease
keeps me hidden and in
harvest. I need no drinking
song.

Mauve walls compensate
for loss in other categories
as virescent turns wise.
Periwinkle is embraced for
sacerdotal devoir saluting
circumference of His care.

*Natsukashii

Gristmill of grief seeks extension.
No cresset welcomes me, *gemuet-*
lichkeit is steps away until this
cardigan of charm pulls me in.

There's no spear or spindle side.
Post elders, coz prefer not to
connect. There's no repining:
another guide for growing up.

*Nostalgia