Shelly Bhoil

Meaning-making

it was about then when we didn’t understand what it is and set out into meaning-making exercises

i gently stole a strand of hair from my class-mate’s blazer and pulled one mine to juxtapose the two in sunshine. a few more strands got pulled and stolen. then my head scratched to not understand how some hair could be ‘thin’ and some not!

my talkative twin chased words that danced on elders’ lips and struggled to speak every split second their lips sealed that she should be speaking now because she has understood ‘conversation’ (at the end of which she was allowed to speak) means a word.

the father’s face became red while the mother tapped her forehead!

we traced the patterns of O and C in the moon, Y the trees we climbed, V W and M in valleys and mountains we saw, hanging from the trees, upside down. the mountains, a few walks away on our last birthday, became distant now. the grandfather explained this phenomenon to our growing tall.
we settled down to writing when my twin rhymed flower with shower. I wrote ‘a smiling flower in the rain shower.’. we tried to bring in even ‘power.’ then we discovered the dictionary and began replacing ‘condition’ with ‘predicament’

the rhyming became inexpedient as meanings socialized

those un-publishable poems and experiential meanings had a joy lost to us like those years in the years we have grown up to understand what it is and that my twin never was nor will be
IT sat on my tongue
and danced in the motion of
a bird opening its feathers
for the high sky
thereafter nestling on another tongue
and dancing on yet another

Tress of the mindscape
outgrow the mythical Eden
(ii)

THEY fly no farther than
the horizon
We close our eyes
pretending
blankness or newness
but them we find in the hanging house of dreams

an imaginary burns
to recycle
in the splintering rays of the sun