Sanjeev Sethi

Implosion

Doorways to destiny’s legerdemain come alive after demitasse has leavened. Epiphanies: asymmetries must realign. Judging someone knocking at your door is incipient of intent. Unanointed by chrisms of understanding wayfarers of words graze with ease. There is no shortage of sheeple. Excess as in punalua is best eschewed. Parageusia freezes my feint to be listless in love. The tenuity of deus ex machina escapes no-one.

Disquisition

Searchlights within reveal the roost of my still small voice is on a glacis: nothing unusual, I’m getting on in years. Swizzle sticks are my way of keeping track in a bar. Nip between us glaces your eye, guttatim you defreeze. There is unrest between faultlines and fruition: believe me, I’ve detonated many. Yours is a phase. You too will curtsy. This is the charter of growing up.

Peccability

Alpenglow on your cheeks constellate me to our cosmos, quickening in this heliolater of calentures that never convalesced. Lost in its energy, I continue bird-dogging protocols for cushioning my passage here. It’s said: breathing is for one’s behoof. Engird this without forethought, and obliterate your embroidering of my heart with thread of tendresse. Grammar has no third choice, like guilt.
Blowout

Unveiling their shine on the cerulean sheet now pitch-dark, radiant studs, rhombus-shaped compete with beauty of bicephalous. When the orgulous are on a night out in their best bib and tucker covering their kytes, chill of westering winds add to the ambience. Presence of sapid puffs invites our olfactories to the divine, making me muzzy, and moved: even nature helps the well-heeled?