Sanjeev Sethi

Letter to Self

Middlescence popped in some years ago
downers still underlie my march. You
jut in between nothing and nothingness.
Madrigals intoned live in morphemes,
let loose when there is need for *trouvaille*.
To emptiness you adhibited empathy
letting me earmark safeness of bumber-
shoots. Pathways were predesigned for
us to wandle in all kinds of inundations.
Handheld passages are no party.

Incunabulum

In the condensery of my mind
the osphretic moorings of milk
overrule. Anosmia lets me live.
Panegyrizing oneself on a public
pit is a good way to harm the
house. Like the dramatis personae
of a seasonable one-acter an unseen
dramturgist has pitched us.
Solemnity is in acquiescence, in
enduring flashbacks with finesse.
Espial

Self-induced harum-scarum hasn’t vellicated me. It isn’t easy to ignore belabor whetted by the karmic bounce? Heart can never be pitchforked into loving or leaving when it wishes not to. Inner cellblocks lug oddments that incarcerate with serfage of your lubricity. Between us no one knows who the jailor and the jailed is. Attentive to my needs, I keep away from curse of emotive flip-flops. My return bag carries osmosis of the supraliminal kind: there is imperfection in seeking human perfection. I scribble what I should never have, my need to alter the larger composition.

Counterpoint

Frush in eyes more flocculent than mimeos of first love pushed me from safety to skint. Turnaround of ardency is a procrustean bed for panhandlers in its grip. Sequaciousness is a confederate of ardor. I could not meet your other phiz.