Aparna Halpé

Of This November, Mumbai

Ragath Surā Piru Vithin
Surath Thambaru Pethi Denethin
Puwath Nodena Bamana Gathin
Natath Ayek Surā Mathin¹

Surā Mathin
Surā Mathin

Surā  Surā
A
Sura
wine
of demons
wash me clean
again
eyes ears licked
by spider shadow gun
fire
in my brain
again
Colombo 7.10
dawns a bomb
again
Your twisted
license
plates my vision
screen

I long
to
forget.

Natath Ayek
Natath Ayek
Surā Mathin.

¹ “Bearing brimming wine goblets; With reddest lotus petal eyes; Swaying past with no knowledge of the news; The drunken ones dance by.” Thotagamuwa Sri Rahula, Salalihini Sandeshaya. Trans. Aparna Halpé.
Stop ears and heart
stop knowing soul
Stop Sister!
Sister
at the train station
Dead
Rabbi
Dead, I
dead
or sleeping
dreaming
Surā A Sura
Mathin mathin
dancer ride on
this apocalypse

Pass by
pass by
strew lotus eyes
Pethi Pethi Pethi
pass by

Spin spinner
Spin line from gore
from all this
otherness
Brotherness
Spin of bloodied shrouds
of distance
of the long lost
now lost
all lost
Beloved.

Your eyes
like
the lotus Surath
Surā
Surath
like redness
like something
tender
like sleep
or jet lag
your eyes
flag
breath lags
falters
and is gone.

*Surath Thambaru*
*Thamba*
RUE
WOE
WAIL
Your Eyes Asleep
asleep
from me.

*Surath Thambaru Pethi Deneth*
In
Memoriam
gaze on
this lotus bowl
of memory
a sip
of immortality
or bullet
petals
falling.

Pass by, pass by
strew lotus eye
*Pethi Pethi Pethi*
pass by.

Mumbai
Bhai
pass by.