

Locus by Saronik Bosu

This is how people are made of places:
You smell the setting sun on them,
sometimes, not the fiery orb—
the verb. You smell the setting;
They come uninvited
They perch on your bed
And look! one end is a purple hill,
the other a crimson sea.

But this is how I know that you are not:
I look for you, even now
in between pen-scratches,
forcing meaning out of snatches
of words heard in the mist.
And beneath fairy lights,
The sense of a galaxy is swallowed by a star
The star whirls mindless until it's some earth
Then ocean, then mountain, then city, then room
I travel down bloodily,
through places never you.



Saronika Bosu is a research scholar at the Centre for English Studies, Jawaharlal Nehru University, currently pursuing his Ph.D. degree. His interests range from representation of economic inequalities and religion to Mughal architecture, post-rock instrumental music and alternative comedy. He is an amateur actor and a shy poet. Poetry, for him, has been about survival.
