

## **Trisha Ghosal**

### **Separation**

Inside a jar at the bottom of a sea  
am I still listening for signs of vitality  
am I laying my ear carefully against my heart  
or is my head rolling against the wood  
making a picture of gentle obviation  
that drifts as on a still-born wave  
in a monotonic motion  
of just two frames?

As the imagination gets coarser and more personal  
as it gives away more than is fashionably disquieting  
am I losing your interest?  
am I losing your attention?  
Must I use more metaphor  
Show more detachment  
Should I sound more distant  
And act more resolute?

there is a romantic code to this,  
a process crafted to produce  
just the right side of beauty  
to ever so cleverly tug at the chord of your undoing  
but only in suggestion, only in passing.  
so I am constructing this trail  
to appear without emotion  
to be without hope or longing,  
appear beyond affection.  
i am leaving you a story,  
parts of my broken apparatus  
or is it a theory  
to foil my determined overflowing  
need for you?  
an explanation for the insincerity in your guilt  
for the self-pity in your sadness  
and in the doubt lingering in everything you feel  
everyone is bound to notice  
after all.