

Anu Lakhan



Untitled IV

I packed:
Dry leaves, a toothbrush, a file
And went up into the mountain
To sleep.
I washed down on a wave
Awakened to rain, purring sky
Curled up in my lap, strong coffee.
The land seeped between my scales
I have been judged
Smooth
Whole
Now, seemingly seamless
I am more.
I walk east in search of tomorrow
And new words, like rows of gleaming teeth
Smile behind ink-stained hands.

