

MANDORLA

NUEVA ESCRITURA DE LAS AMÉRICAS • NEW WRITING FROM THE AMERICAS

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PRAGEETA SHARMA

TWO POEMS FROM *THE FUNNY OPPOSITE*

POETRY'S IMPERIAL SOCIAL SYSTEMS

A riotous mob blanched heedful poets with fever.
Accordingly, the poets found a clone heart forming someone's human shape;
but it deceived, sucking souls out to Rome, Boston, and Hell: cleave in cleaver,
montane in Montana, and yet finally an obdurate effect occurred: fate

had all the poets for dinner, no feelings were left. Something sunk,
a pediatric antic. And sojourning students played Orpheus
with the underworld; henceforth, no established rescue to the dunk
of morale, no point of refute, and no megaton in the nefarious

phylum. It was a physic of how pincers prick with pinch;
how poetry, too, gets pistol-whipped by haters
who enunciate each syllable of the chant, inch
by inch, pressing noses to the large lacuna: healers

looking for headfuls, for the right verbal phrase to heed.
Why were they all feasting on the heavy head of one stinking weed?