

dhanmondi morning metaphors

words and pictures on another dhanmondi morning...

This morning metaphors are everywhere, wafting in
with the smell of shit
carried on the haze over
gold-tipped mango trees.



There's confusion in the bookshelf, nothing fits



I don't recognise their names or faces, feel paranoid about sharing the house with strangers—



I should not double check the door's bolted at night
but instead turn their spines to face the wall.



A new hobby is studying my naked self in the mirror—

Of two of my sides
one is erect, the other relaxed

the limping life philosophy I embody:


<i>good/evil</i>	<i>energetic/idle</i>	<i>sharp/vague</i>
<i>manic/depressed</i>	<i>oversexed/underloved</i>	



If I have a mannish outlook on the symptoms of romance,

I blame the footwear.



A halved papaya with its seeds removed, resting on a dark wooden plate. The papaya is cut lengthwise, revealing the bright orange flesh and a hollowed-out center filled with numerous small, dark, oval-shaped seeds. The plate is set on a white tablecloth with a green floral pattern. A small blue ring is visible on the tablecloth near the top right.

I don't want to bake bread today,
or eat papaya, or wash the floor,
have bad men over the threshold or
pretend there's a normal fragrance in the air
to accompany the peculiarity of this morning

Instead,

I want to discern the metaphors
since they are this morning everywhere
and explain the ecology of my borrowed home.



The balcony has ten days of dust and dying plants egowater is required egowater mixes
with the dust to form a paste that marks the living room floor the kitchen floor the
bedroom floor and the bathroom floor where I attempt to cleanse myself any attempt
egotobring vitality back to the one dying section of your life pollutes those otherwise clean
so why not let the plants shrivel and the ground buried in dust
?

Everything on loan,

[including *home*
and *time*]

yet not a thing else helps.







Why not resign

to morning,

fan,

dust,

books,

smells,

Poetry,

looks and sighs—



Or else leave dhanmondi and the morning and the metaphors behind.



