



Count My Stories, Not My Years

And we did it — your young flesh against my glorified wrinkles. Your strong calf muscles and my disintegrating body. But what was magical were the moments when we kissed, drowning in each other. They connected us like arteries to organs. Allowed us to fall in and fall out. Held us together like a flowing stream. And as you picked up every bit of me, kisses flying like wild butterflies all over me, I let go of the number that identified me. I refused to let age tell me that I could not love you, just because you are younger. I refused to let it define the meaning of togetherness, the feeling of belonging and the sense of completeness. I chose my heart over a tag of mere numbers.

My body is as messy as your room, love. The stinking plates, the free cockroaches, the cigarette butts, the ashtray so full of itself. Look at you — you are a boy trying to discover, explore the adventures of lovemaking. You want to sleep and tell. And look at me. I am a woman — masked, unexplainable, stupid yet strong. Let me lead the path of love for you — I have fallen in ditches many times, only to rise and be loved again. I know it all. If nothing else, I shall gift you the feeling of conquering me, at least for a moment.

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Silence Must Be Heard

We talked our hearts out, laid bare our souls in no time;
You and I laid our deepest desires on a serving platter
And then you vanished into thin air,
Leaving me wanting more
Begging for more.

I poured you with messages
Of my love, lust, longing, pain,
Only to get back a pitch of silence.

Your silence let me build a world of my own — quiet and unheard
I filled it with a forest with no way out and dug only one road
That would lead you to my heart.

Instead of air to live, I created stories
Where you held me tight and loved me like it was our last
Where your every bone, every flesh craved me
And I, I surrendered to your pleasure.
But I couldn't carry the burden of this unreal world
It haunted me even worse than Death Himself
I bled rivers of solitude,
Dampening hope,
Crushing every desire to be with you,
To stop falling prey to my own illusion
And finally make a choice.

I replace every bit of silence between us
With a poem of love
A world of poetry has only yet to arrive.



Disconnect

I found a trail
Lonely as a summer.
The wind abandons you
In dust and butterfly dreams.

I enter you to discover
You are a locked room of acids,
Built with complicated chemicals,
A web of burning fluids,
Every emotion dealt with an enzyme.

You are not a body,
But a network of split mechanisms.

—

Spring refreshes.
I pack what is left of us
In a smiling *Plumeria*.
Leave behind the tiffs,
As much as the neglected periwinkles.



Poet's Exegesis

The prose poem "Count My Stories, Not My Years" and the poem "Silence Must Be Heard" were written based on a personal recount from a dear friend who fell for a guy ten years younger, and was on a high with this whole new experience of redefined love. The thoughts have been penned down to juxtapose the experience of a woman who knows how love works and a woman who doesn't know how to get out of this 'odd relationship'.

"Count My Stories, Not My Years" explains the dilemma of an elderly woman who has discovered her love in a younger person. It revolves around the idea that, in romantic relationships, it is only considered acceptable for the man to be older than the woman. This poem tries to explore the speaker's feelings in detail.

"Silence Must Be Heard" tries to explain the love of a woman who connects with a stranger in a very short span of time. While she continues to hold on to her lost lover, he has already moved on.

"Disconnect" is a poem about discovering love that is understood in bits and pieces, but never as a whole.

