

## Sascha Akhtar

### Samstag

A full moon eclipses

I turn on the T.V.  
to learn when  
but all I get are heads  
talking

an antenna pokes me in the eye

\*

Paramour, it beckons  
indivisibility shared  
I close my eyes to substance  
I am watching revolution  
as it occurs in the bodies  
lined up in front of one  
another. I see the shadow  
of this planet I am on it  
is it red I can't tell  
the insides of my eyelids  
feel cold when I flap them over  
I am swathed in Icelandic wool  
genuflect to this I expect  
half-wolf to howl, a faint glowing  
spot in the sky exactly opposite the sun

gegenschein.

*from I-Body*

**I-Body 4**

is there, there is  
a past

only & present  
quickly becomes  
shuffle to

the next pan-destination

\*

wipe footprints  
off the floor

because I don't want to see them

everything has happened  
before me

perhaps your voice  
alone  
is chopped  
to cadence

if you end here, you.

\*

are distorted

he will get up & want dinner  
& tea

I will move effortlessly  
in plural, in feminine

in subjunct

mellow life.

\*

## **I-Body 5**

I can't read  
what I have somewhere

not written anywhere

but in this space of virtual  
other

I can only find with click  
shift

mind spewing.

**Sascha Akhtar** is a Pakistani woman raised by an English family, in Pakistan. She attended Bennington College in Vermont, U.S.A and attended the M.F.A poetry programme on a fellowship at UMASS Amherst, U.S.A. She is interested in how words alter, meld and sound rather than what they could or can or should or would mean, exactly. She likes to teach yoga and travel.