

## Sampurna Chattarji

### How Long?

How long must I look at a woman  
before she starts looking like me?

### Working

The world has collapsed  
between your car  
His tires screech  
The pulse in your head is throbbing  
The rage in your throat is choking  
The red in your eye is glaring  
You mirror each other  
linked by the fury of the road.  
The belch of smoke.  
No demons here.  
Glaring. Blaring.  
into obscene shards of speech.  
Working  
*I'm working out a way of opening the door, slamming it shut and running away.*  
It won't work  
Neither

### It Out

to the shred of air  
and the next.  
at yours.  
in his wrist.  
in his mouth.  
back at you.  
bastard brothers  
The honk of horn.  
It is hell the highway.  
Just men.  
Tearing themselves  
Primal men, they say.  
it out.  
out.  
will they.