

Jane Bhandari

Lovers on Blue Field

The white cover spills across the floor,
its surf rolling over the flotsam
of our clothes. Blue sheets pleat softly
into the ripples of desire.

Outside, the afternoon sea still glitters;
clouds leave their long shadows
dropped across the shimmer
like garments cast off in haste.

We recline, swimmers at rest,
watching clouds couple with the sea,
spawning more ripples,
and the shuddering, lusting waves.

Return to Elephanta

We descended the steps to the boat,
Lurched aboard, sat rocking gently,
Looking out at bright sunshine
Sparkling on murky waters.
Jelly-fish pulsated like pale ghosts
At the edge of watery vision.
The boat sputtered, and was cast off.
Its wake knitted water and sun
Together in twisted braids.
We rode past the faint shadows
Of islands hiding in the haze,
Strung round with pipelines
And skeletal bridges sharply drawn.
A bright, brand-new dredger
Wrote Japanese signs with its cranes
Against the sea and the sky,
And was erased by haze.

The restaurant was cool as a cave;

We looked out at the delicate skyline
Of the city in haze, etched over
By the definite branches of a tree
Festooned with red flowers.

As we returned, the sun
Blazed across the crumpled water.
We landed. The steps rocked briefly.
We had not seen the caves: therefore,
They did not exist, and never had.